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GREAT SOUTHERN PREACHING

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Great Southern Preaching

Vital Christianity as Interpreted by the Sermons of Some of the Leading Contemporary Exponents of the Gospel Message in the Southern States

Edited by

Charles M. Crowe

With an Invocation by

Joseph Fort Newton

New York

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

There is a place in the sermonic literature of American Protestantism for a collection of sermons that will express the power and spirit of the contemporary Southern pulpit. The present volume, in attempting to fill that place, seeks rightly to set forth the preaching characteristic of the South. It consists of sermons delivered in the ordinary course of busy ministries by some of the leading preachers of the Southern states. It is offered in the hope that it will increase the numbers of those who are lovers and admirers of great Southern preaching.

In the selection of the men represented herein the editor has been assisted by such leaders in the several churches as editors of religious periodicals, deans and presidents of colleges and seminaries, bishops, lay leaders, and others. The list is interdenominational in character and has been compiled without reference to creedal belief. It is intended to be merely a representative one. There are many other preachers equally as distinguished as these in a section as rich in living faith and vital Christianity as is the South.

The editor wishes to thank the preachers who have contributed to the collection for their generosity and coöperation in making this volume possible. He is indebted also to Dr. Joseph Fort Newton for his kindness in inscribing the Invocation and to Dean Paul B. Kern, of the School of Theology of Southern

Methodist University, for valuable assistance while the collection was being made.

CHARLES M. CROWE

Dallas, Texas.

INVOCATION

It is both an honor and a joy to invoke a blessing upon this book of Great Southern Preaching, the first we have had for many a day. It would seem to bespeak a new interest in the art of preaching, and let us hope an equal interest in the tidings which it is the duty of the pulpit to bring to the bosoms of men. The Gospel is not sectional, but the tones of its teachers naturally take rhythm and color from the life and faith of the people to whom they minister, as flowers take hue from sun and soil, the variety of accent and emphasis adding to the richness of the common testimony to the love of God surpassing the power of words.

To a son of the South such a book brings back many memories of great preachers of the days gone by, whose voices, so melodious in comfort and command, still echo in our hearts from behind the hills. Each will have his rosary of recollection, but such names as Broadus, Hoag, Dudley, Carroll, Tucker, Hemphill, Jones, Palmer, Hawthorne, Judson, Wells, recall the faces of men whose hearts God had touched with insight and the magic of the necessary word—adding the witchery of genius to the witness of the Gospel. Men of divine pathos, they served their generation, in many keys and tones eloquent with a full-throated music, and each received a prophet's reward. To us they left a shining tradition of an art which

was also an incarnation, and if they were sometimes stately and ornate in style they were also rich in an unction we seem well-nigh to have lost.

In the pages following we hear voices of our own day proclaiming the old Gospel in a new age of rapid and confused transition, in a manner less stilted and more direct, as befits the times in which they speak; but their testimony does not falter or fail—albeit one misses notes of emphasis upon the social meanings of the Gospel heard more often in other parts of the land. It is a goodly, gracious company of men moved by one sacred impulse and endeavor to make God in Christ real and vivid to their generation as the Savior of man and the Solver of his problems of life and duty and destiny. In contrast with the preachers of other days, what we lose in splendor of color we gain in clarity, cogency, compelling directness of appeal, and that touch of life which turns truth into a weapon of battle and a wand of blessing.

The voice of the preacher will never be hushed while human nature is what it is, because life and love and death—beauty and pity and pain—drive the soul of man to seek meaning in the mystery of life, refuge amid its perils, and solace in its black sorrows.

> For men are homesick in their homes,
> And strangers under the sun,
> And they lay their heads in a foreign land
> Whenever the day is done.

Every day is a great day for the preacher, if he loves his age, trusts his message, and knows the need and aspiration of his fellows; and the great preachers of the South, as this book attests, are not remiss in their urgent insistence upon the revelation of God in Christ

as the solving word for a generation which has sought out many inventions but has not found what it most needs.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Memorial Church of St. Paul,
Overbrook, Philadelphia

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GREAT SOUTHERN PREACHING

ROBERT FISHBURNE CAMPBELL

Robert Fishburne Campbell, M.A., D.D., is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Asheville, N. C. He was born in Lexington, Va., Dec. 12, 1858, and graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1879 with the degree of M.A. After teaching for three years he took his theological training at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia (D.D., Davidson College, 1893). Dr. Campbell served several churches in Virginia and North Carolina during the years prior to entering upon his present pastorate in 1892. The following pamphlets and addresses have come from his pen: *The Race Problem in the South; Classification of Mountain Whites; The Ideal and the Practical; Sunday Laws and Liberty; Union Seminary in the Pastorate* (Centennial Address); *The Synod an Evangelistic Agency* (Centennial Address, Synod of N. C.); *The Removal of Union Seminary* (Address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the removal of the Seminary to Richmond).

GOD AND MAN FINDING REST

Robert F. Campbell

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion." . . . "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." . . . "And God rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made." Genesis i. 26, 31; ii. 2.

I

God's Rest in Man

We read here that God rested. When did God rest? And wherein consisted His rest? Rest is only another name for satisfaction. It is the quieting of the heart by the attainment of the heart's desire. God is a social Being. The fact that He has existed from eternity in three Persons testifies to the fact that He is in his essence a social Being. And so we read, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God." The Greek word for "with" here used is not the ordinary word for "with"; it is a word which means, rather, "toward."

Now, we can be with a person who is very uncongenial and still not be drawn toward that person. But we are told that the second Person of the Trinity was with the first Person of the Trinity in such a sense that they stood "toward" each other, face to face. They held close and mystical fellowship one with the

other. The Eternal Father, the Eternal Son, the Eternal Spirit constitute the blessed Trinity, One God in three Persons.

And yet God did not rest content in the satisfaction of His social being which flowed from His eternal existence in three Persons. He seemed to have a longing (of course, we speak in human terms, and we must speak very reverently, remembering our limitations, and that the ground on which we stand is holy ground); it seems to us, I say, that God did not rest content with what His own nature furnished in the triune fellowship, but He desired fellowship also with creatures of His own making. His infinite heart craved finite beings whom He could love and who could love Him, with whom He could hold communion, and who in turn could hold communion with Him, whom He could nourish and develop and bless.

And so, in the beginning He created the heavens and the earth with this end in view. And God's rest, as described in the text, consisted in this fellowship. The account of the creation records the steps that God took toward this rest.

There are three great preparatory steps that He took. He brought order out of chaos. The earth was without form and void. God shaped it and filled it. And then, in the next place, light took the place of darkness. There was darkness upon the face of the deep, and God said, "Let there be light. And there was light." But there was still a third step, and that step was imparting life to dead matter. And God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life. Let the earth bring forth the living creature." And so God gave life to a lifeless world.

And yet God did not rest. When did He rest? He rested only after He had made man. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Why did God want a being, a race of beings, in His own image, bearing His own likeness? Because spirit can hold fellowship with spirit alone. "The Father seeketh such to worship Him." It was desire for fellowship through man's worship and God's acceptance of that worship, it was this that moved Him to make man in His own image and after His own likeness. God could not rest in dead matter. It could not satisfy Him. God could not rest in the lower forms of life. He could not rest in the contemplation of the grass that carpets the ground, the flowers that beautify the earth, the fruits that adorn the trees. God looked upon these things and said, "They are good"—good as far as they go. In none of these forms of life, vegetable or animal, could God find that satisfaction which He sought, that rest toward which He was moving in the creation. He waited for the soul of man. He waited until He had crowned creation with the life of man, and had set man in His own image in dominion over all that He had created, to be, as it were, in the place of God over God's creation—to be God's vice-regent on earth; to think God's thoughts after Him; to enter into sympathy with God's plans, and to coöperate with God in the carrying out of these plans.

And so we read that on the sixth day God made man. And on the seventh day, after this creature had been made in His own likeness and after His own image, on the seventh day, and not until then, did God rest. Before the creation of man, "God looked upon all that He had made, and it was good"; but, after the creation of man, "God looked upon all He had

made, and behold, it was *very good.*" The superlative indicates man's place as the crown of God's creation, and points to man's high dignity of fellowship with God. "The man who is My fellow," God says in His Word. "The man who is My fellow!"

And this Bible is full of the thought of the fellowship of God with man, and the fellowship of man with God. God's desire for companionship was not satisfied until He had made man. Then it was that God rested.

II

Man's Only Rest Is God

Now, if it be true that God finds His rest in man, is it not also true that man finds his rest, and can find his rest, only in God? Whose image and superscription is this that man bears? He is a creature made in the image of God, a living epistle inscribed with the finger of God. "Render unto God the things that are God's." This likeness between man and God testifies to the fact that man belongs to God. And so we find that the happiness of Eden consisted in man's fellowship with God. God came down into the garden to talk with man, to hold fellowship with this being whom He had created for purposes of fellowship. I said a while ago that God could not find satisfaction in material things. No more can man. Some of you are trying to satisfy yourselves with that which is material: you might just as well expect the son in the far country to satisfy himself with the husks that the swine did eat.

God planted in man's breast a longing for higher things. There is one book in the Bible that is a record

of man's quest for satisfaction—the Book of Ecclesiastes. The experiment was made on a large scale with every advantage that a man could have, by the king in Jerusalem. He tried heaping up wealth. He tried surrounding himself with all the instruments and resources that could give pleasure—men singers and women singers, ivory palaces adorned with shrubbery and flowers, fountains and streams and singing birds. And none of these things could fill his heart. He turned to knowledge, to the pursuit of wisdom, but not even in this could he find satisfaction. And after all his experiments in this great quest, on this large scale, he declared, "It is all vanity and vexation of spirit!" "Thou hast set eternity in man's heart," he cries. Only eternity, only the infinite, can fill man's heart and satisfy man's longings. And so he reaches the conclusion of the whole matter: "Fear God and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." "This is the whole duty of man"—fellowship with God, man yielding his will to God, fearing God, keeping his commandments, walking with God.

Man ought not to be satisfied without realizing the whole of his destiny; man ought not to be content with a part. We cannot quench our longings with the material things of life, however abundant. "Our hearts were made for Thee, and they are restless until they find their rest in Thee." "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?" That is the cry of the human heart. Deep down in your heart is that muffled cry. That is the voice you cannot stifle. That is the hunger you are trying to feed with earthly things; but the heart was not made for these. It was made in the image of God, in the likeness of God, to feed upon

God; to be satisfied with God alone. And so man, even when sunk in sin, is reminded that he was made for something higher and holier.

III

Sin Makes a Change

After the creation of man God looked upon all He had made and pronounced it very good. But, if you go on from the first chapter of Genesis to the sixth, you will find these words: "God looked upon the earth"—this same earth, of which He said, "It is good"—"God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt, and the earth was filled with violence, for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart, and the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the ground." What is the matter? What has wrought this change? What has brought discord into the music that rang out when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

It is sin that has made the change; man, made in the image of God and for fellowship with God, was not satisfied to abide in this fellowship, to abide with God in obedience and faith. And so his heart went out after forbidden things. He saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, and he took the fruit thereof and did eat. Not content to hold communion with God in creaturely obedience, he aspired to be as God, the equal of God, as the serpent persuaded him he would be.

That was the trouble in Eden, and that is the trouble now. If you do not hold fellowship with God it is not because you were not made in God's image, or because God does not desire fellowship with you, but because you have fallen away from God. Not satisfied to rest in God, you are seeking rest elsewhere, and so you are restless. I say to every man who does not live in fellowship with God, that his life is a restless life. It is like the troubled sea which cannot rest; whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee"—and there is no other peace. Why should you go on this endless and fruitless quest? Where can rest be found? Only in fellowship with God: but the reason we don't find our rest there is because the restless fever of sin has taken hold of us. We want to be independent of God. We have committed two evils. We have forsaken Him, the fountain of living waters, and we have hewn out cisterns for ourselves, broken cisterns that will hold no water. No wonder that we cannot quench our thirst at these cisterns—we, who were made to drink of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God in Paradise.

If you stop to think—you who have not sought your rest in God and are still restless—if you will stop to think a moment, will you not in your very restlessness lift your heart to God in thanksgiving for that restlessness, that He has so made you that you must be tossed to and fro until you find your rest in Him, and that God is denying you peace in the creature that you may find peace in the Creator?

IV

Sin Has Marred God's Image in Man

How is this image to be restored? How is God to find rest in man, and how is man to find rest in God? How are these two, alienated by man's sin, to be brought together again? "Christ hath made peace by the blood of His cross." He came to restore God's image in man. Christ came to efface the marks of sin, and to restore that fair likeness of God wherein man was created. He came to fashion man anew. He came to redeem from sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And God will not find His rest in man restored until that redemption is complete.

And so the Son of God said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Not now the work of creation, but the work of re-creation; not the work of generation, but the work of re-generation. His work was to renew man after the image of Him who created him. "He that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature," a new *creation,* the Greek word means. And thus God takes this marred image—which man has defaced by his sin—God takes it, and He sends His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh; and in the incarnation of Jesus Christ God furnishes the pattern man, the ideal man, man as he was in God's purpose when He created him. Look then at Jesus Christ: He is our model. In Him is the fulfillment of God's high destiny for man. And God will not be satisfied until the redeemed awake in that likeness. "My little children of whom I travail again in birth until Christ be formed in you," cries the great Apostle, "until I see in you the image of God restored through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ,

and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost."

And this is God's purpose for us. "He hath predestinated us to be conformed unto the image of His Son." Then shall we be restored to the likeness of God in which we were created.

V

Two Sabbaths

And so there have been two Sabbaths, both of them symbolizing God's rest in man and man's rest in God. We have the ancient Sabbath, the seventh day, when God finished the work of creation. When He looked upon His complete work and said, "It is very good," He rested from all His work; rested with satisfaction, in fellowship with man whom He had made in His own image. But soon that creature, through his own sin, broke away from that fellowship, and God began a new work, a work of redemption, and this Bible is the record of that work. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work"—and they work to one end, and that work is the restoration of man to the image and likeness of God.

And so, since the resurrection of Christ, which marked the completion of that work, we have a new Sabbath. Sayce tells us that according to the Babylonian etymologists that word "Sabbath" means "the rest of the heart," the heart's ease. What a beautiful thought that the Sabbath was intended to be the day of rest for the heart! Oh, the restlessness of the human heart! How it beats, and beats, and with what feverish haste! How it sends out its longings and its

desires, blindly feeling after, if haply it may find, that which will give satisfaction! And the Sabbath comes to bring God's rest to the restless heart.

We Christians, then, have another Sabbath—not the seventh, but the first day of the week. Very early on the first day of the week, when the women came to the tomb at sunrise, they found the stone rolled away, and the angel that sat there said to them, "Be not afraid, ye seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is not here. He is risen." The Lord, who said, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest," rose on the first day of the week, very early in the morning. Isn't this the fit day to be the Christian Sabbath—the rest of the heart? "Ye shall find rest unto your souls!"

"From the creation of the world to the resurrection of Christ God appointed the seventh day of the week to be the weekly Sabbath, and the first day ever since to continue until the end of the world, which is the Christian Sabbath." And this is the day that some men would trample under their feet—this, the symbol and seal of God's rest in man, and man's rest in God. The hum of business must not cease, and the giddy whirl of pleasure must roll on. Man has not yet learned that he cannot find rest for his soul in material things, in trafficking or in trifling. And God's purpose is so far defeated and the Sabbath, "the rest of the heart," the heart's ease, after the toil of the week—that rest man puts away from him.

But, let us remember, we cannot gain this rest of the heart by keeping the Sabbath in a mechanical way. We cannot find this rest in the Sabbath of the Pharisee, restricting ourselves with petty rules and regulations and binding heavy burdens upon the shoulders of our fellow men which we will not lift with one of

our little fingers. In order to find that rest of the heart, we, like John on Patmos, must be "In the Spirit on the Lord's day," filled with the fellowship of the Holy Ghost—fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. And if we fill our hearts with thoughts of business or of worldly pleasure, we cannot be in the Spirit on the Lord's day. Oh, it is a day when the heart of man should be turned toward Heaven, that the sunlight may come in; the windows should be thrown wide open that the Spirit of God, the breath of the Almighty, which He breathed into man until man became a living soul in the image of His Creator, that this breath of God may come in and fill all the chambers of his soul! O man, seeking satisfaction elsewhere, God seeks His rest in you, and invites you to seek your rest where alone you can find it, in Him, in Him!

Praise be to God that He has made us in His own likeness, and after His own image. Praise be to God that He has "set eternity in man's heart," and that man cannot be satisfied with that which passeth away! And so let us rise to our high destiny. Let us rise to meet God in His own house and on His own day. He comes to meet us. He comes to walk with us that we may walk with Him. Shall we not enter into this fellowship to which God invites us to-day through Jesus Christ His Son?

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee, a Mighty One who will save: He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing."

CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

Clovis G. Chappell, D.D., is pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Memphis, Tenn. Born in Flatwoods, Tenn., Jan. 8, 1882, he was educated at Webb's School, Bellebuckle, Tenn., at Duke University (D.D., 1920), and at Harvard (D.D., Centenary, 1920). Dr. Chappell joined the Methodist ministry in 1908 and served pastorates in Texas (Fort Worth, Gatesville, and Dallas) for nine years, going, in 1918, to Mount Vernon Place Church, Washington, D. C. He remained there for six years and assumed his present post in 1924. Dr. Chappell has written a number of books including: *The Village Tragedy; Sermons on Biblical Characters; More Sermons on Biblical Characters; Sermons on New Testament Characters; Sermons on Old Testament Characters; Home Folks.*

KEPT

Clovis G. Chappell

"Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." I Peter i. 5.

"Kept by the power of God." What a heartening word! How it builds a fortress about us in the presence of our enemies! How it quiets our fears! How comforting, like the sheltering arms of a mother to a tired and frightened child! "Kept by the power of God." Surely he who has that protection has security enough. Surely a refuge so strong leaves nothing more to be desired. Certainly the most timid soul alive ought to rest within the shadow of these great words in perfect joy and peace.

I

"Kept by the power of God." Who are these elect souls? Who are these that are so blessed? They are not certain people on whom worldly fortune has especially smiled. They are not those who have grown rich and powerful and strong. They are not the people who have waded through slaughter to a throne. They are not those who are exempt from the world's ills and who have somehow won their way to ease and wealth and fame. The Apostle speaks of them as strangers scattered abroad over the earth. For the most part

they are persecuted, impoverished, and despised. Yet they are kept by the power of God.

Who are they? They are the twice born. They are those who have been begotten again. They are people who have passed out of death into life. They have become partakers of the divine Nature. They are those who have received Jesus, and through receiving Him have become sons and daughters of the Most High. They are the children of the Kingdom. Of course, there is a sense in which all men are kept by the power of God. But He reserves His peculiar and full and complete keeping for those who have given themselves to Him by a definite surrender.

II

And notice who keeps them! That is the most heartening part of the text. Who is the keeper of these scattered strangers? Who is the keeper of these weak and persecuted saints? Who is your keeper? Somebody is. At least somebody is trying to be. I wonder if that somebody is equal to the task. Happy is the man who has a keeper who is abundantly able to accomplish that which he undertakes.

It may be that you are your own keeper. There are many men who have undertaken that difficult rôle. The rich farmer of whom Jesus tells thought he was sufficient for the task. He did not ask God or man to keep him. He felt able to keep himself. He thought he could accomplish the task by raising large crops and building roomy barns. But he was miserably disappointed. His efforts ended in utter and heartbreaking disaster.

There was a time when Napoleon felt adequate to the task of keeping himself. He had won victory after

victory. So thoroughly had he swept everything before him that he declared that God was on the side of the strongest battalions, that is, that God was not a factor to be reckoned with at all. He himself was sufficient. He could ignore God. In the grip of that idea he marched on Russia. Under the same impression, he went to Waterloo. But, as with the rich farmer, the end was disaster. Napoleon could not keep himself. His crown slipped from his brow, and his scepter slipped from his hand. And all he had at the end of the day was an old pair of military boots that he insisted on having upon his cold feet when he died.

It is fine to have the backing of a great nation. I rejoice in the privilege of living under the stars and stripes. I remember coming into Hampton Roads some years ago when the American Fleet was drawn up there. As we passed those great battleships one by one, I was prideful enough to congratulate myself on being an American, and of feeling the security that comes from having a great fleet and a great nation behind me. It is fine to be a citizen of a mighty nation and to enjoy the keeping power which that nation gives.

Some years ago a man was arrested in far-off Abyssinia and thrown into jail. It so happened that the man arrested was a subject of the British Empire. It was six months before the news of his arrest reached London. A demand for his release was sent out. That demand was ignored. Ten thousand men were then put upon transports and sent to the rescue of this one British subject. They landed at the nearest port, marched seven hundred miles, battered down the prison door, and brought their fellow citizen liberty. I suppose he appreciated as never before the fact that

he was a part of the British Empire; that he was kept by the power of Great Britain.

But these scattered strangers spoken of in the text are far more fortunate than he. They are kept by the power of God. They are in the keeping of Him in the hollow of whose hand "the seas rage and roar." How secure they are! How free from fear! They are not only as safe as men and nations can make them, they are as safe as God can make them. And that means that they are infinitely safe. They are perfectly secure. Therefore, they have a right to rejoice in their security with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Now, I am afraid that we of to-day do not have the glad sense of safety that belonged to many of the saints of old. How that sense of security sings its way through the Psalms! "The Lord of Hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge; therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea." "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want . . . though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust. Surely He will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence."

This sense of security becomes, if possible, even more joyous in the New Testament. "At my first defense no one took my part, but all forsook me: may it not be laid to their account. But the Lord stood by me and strengthened me; that through me the message might be fully proclaimed, and that all the Gentiles

might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. The Lord will deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto His Heavenly Kingdom." How secure was Paul in spite of his imprisonment! And Jude shouts, "Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory without blemish in exceeding joy." These early saints had a beautiful sense of safety under the sheltering wing of their Lord.

That same confidence is found in many of our choicest hymns:

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing,
Our helper He amidst the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

III

This keeping that God offers is from every kind of evil. We are to be kept from everything that would mar our lives. This does not mean exemption from conflict. It does not mean that we shall never be tested; that we shall never be tried. It does not mean that there will be no battles to be fought. It does not mean that there will be no fiery furnace along the way. But it does mean that when we come to the fiery furnace, He will either keep us from it or keep us in the midst of its horrors. That everywhere we shall be kept, not from trials, I repeat, but from the one enemy,

Sin. "He is able to save unto the uttermost"; and that does not mean simply from the penalty of sin, but from the deep damnation of its power.

Then He is able to keep us in all conditions and in all circumstances. He is able to keep us in times of hardship and poverty, when we are having a hard fight to keep the wolf from the door. He is also able to keep us in the more trying days of prosperity, when everything we touch seems to turn to gold. He can keep us when we are in the full vigor of health and when the roses bloom upon our cheeks and we feel that sickness is impossible. Then He can keep us when the roses have faded and when pain is walking with fire-shod feet along every nerve of our tortured bodies. He can keep us when we are slandered and shamed and misunderstood and disgraced. He can also keep us when we are honored and flattered, and our pathway is strewn with flowers.

Then He can keep us at all seasons. He can keep us in the days of our youth when life's young blood flows hot in our veins. He is able to keep us in the stern stress of life's middle passage when the poetry of life has in some measure changed to prose; when we are too far from the morning to be romantic, and too far from the eventide to be softened and humbled by the thought of our going home. Then He can keep us when our strength has failed, and when our right hand has lost its cunning, and when we are so old and bent and weak that we need a strong arm upon which to lean.

> E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
> My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
> And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
> Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

IV

And see how these are kept. They are kept through faith. Now that is not an arbitrary condition. It is no more arbitrary than to say that the blinds must be lifted before your room can be flooded with sunlight. It is no more arbitrary than to say that your eyes must be opened before you can look upon the world's beauties. Faith is the hand that takes hold on God. It is that by which we appropriate. It is that power that opens the windows of our soul out toward the heavenly Jerusalem so that we may be illuminated by the light that flashes from the very face of God. Without faith it is not only impossible to please God, but it is impossible to make our own the blessings that God longs to bestow upon us.

It need not make us wonder that faith is the condition of our being kept by the power of God. Faith conditions the ordinary affairs of our lives. Without faith it would be impossible to carry on the commerce of the world. Kill faith in the business of this city and it would lapse into utter chaos at once. It is faith that holds our homes together. Without faith there would not be a home in the world that would not become a wreck. Faith is essential everywhere. Therefore, we are not to be surprised that it is essential for a right relation with God.

Now this faith by which we are kept is a positive, active something. It is a faith that leads to obedience. It is a faith that recognizes that there are laws that govern the spiritual world just as there are laws that govern the physical. Should I take a notion to swallow some bichloride of mercury or to jump out of the upstairs window, depending on the Lord to keep me, I would not be showing faith in God. I would simply

be presuming on God. Or if I were to take a notion to live without eating, or to build up a strong body without exercising, I should still not be showing myself a man of faith, but a man of folly and presumption.

But there are not a few who are guilty of a like folly in the spiritual realm, and they fancy that they are trusting God. For instance, you deliberately and knowingly do things that hurt your religious life. You go to places that you know you ought not to go and fancy that the Lord will take care of you. You put your head in the mouth of the lion and pray the Lord not to let him close down on it. You fancy that God will hear your prayer for forgiveness when you have done wrong when you expect to go and do the same thing the next day. Such an attitude is not fair. The prayer you need to pray is: "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins."

And, what is more common still, you leave off your known duty and expect God to keep you. You would think a man very foolish if he expected to be strong physically without food and exercise. But you fancy that you can get on while you neglect the Word of God, while you neglect the place of prayer, while you neglect the services of the sanctuary—even while you leave your church membership a thousand miles away from you. Again I say such conduct is not faith, but the rankest presumption. A faith that is real is a faith that obeys. And God can keep you under no other conditions.

V

What is to be the end of our keeping? The answer to that question is very important. And the answer

as given in the text is very beautiful and very gladsome. "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." That is, you are not being kept to be thrown into a little ditch called the grave at the end of the day. You are not invited into this high fellowship with God to rejoice for a little while and then to lose that fellowship forever. You are kept for salvation.

This salvation means, first of all, perfection in character. There is a sense, of course, in which you are saved the moment you trust in Jesus. If the vilest man in this world were to come to this church this morning and here and now believe on Jesus Christ, God would forgive him and make him whiter than snow. He would be saved. But he would be only an infant. He would be a babe in Christ. He would be far from full-grown manhood. He would be far from perfection. But the salvation of the text means complete salvation. God is keeping us for that good day when we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

Then He is keeping us not only for perfection in character, but for perfection in environment. He is keeping us for the inheritance that He has reserved in Heaven for us. If I should go back to the home of my boyhood this morning I would find it the loneliest spot in all the world. This would be the case not because of any great physical changes that have taken place there. The old house still stands. The sturdy trees still fold their arms about it. The sentinel hills still lift their tall heads in the background. The prattling spring is as refreshing as ever, and the Buffalo River sings the same silvery song. Yet, I repeat, it would be fearfully lonely. Why?

Because nobody lives there any more. It is no longer "kept."

But there is a home that is being kept. That is that winsome home up yonder. It is being kept for you. It is being kept for me. We are being kept for that home. One day our Lord is going to bring the kept soul and the kept place together, and that will be heaven. Therefore, we may well shout with Peter: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time."

ABRAM EDWARD CORY

Abram Edward Cory, M.A., D.D., LL.D., is pastor of the Gordon Street Church of Christ, Kinston, N. C. Born in Osceola, Ia., Aug. 13, 1873, he was educated in Eureka (Ill.) College (B.A. 1894), and in Drake University, Des Moines, Ia. (M.A. 1898), taking his theological training in Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary (D.D., Drake, 1914; LL.D., Eureka, 1915). After serving fifteen years in China as a missionary in secretarial and educational work, Dr. Cory, in 1912, engaged in general work for the Disciples of Christ in America, before entering upon his present pastorate. He is secretary of Foreign Christian Missionary Society, Men and Millions Movement; represents Disciples of Christ in Federal Council of the Churches of Christ; was associate secretary of the Interchurch World Movement of North America; secretary of the United Christian Missionary Society of Disciples of Christ; acting chaplain of the First U. S. Infantry in the Philippines, 1900; served overseas for the Y.M.C.A., 1918; and was president of the International Convention Disciples of Christ, 1923-24. Dr. Cory has written the following books: *The Trail to the Hearts of Men* (1916); *Think Peace* (1916); *Out Where the World Begins* (1921).

MOSTLY BACK STREETS

Abram E. Cory

Scripture: Matthew xxii. 1-10. Luke xiv. 16-24.

Why Back Streets?

One of the struggles of religion has been to keep from centering itself on Main Street and the mountain top. The temple, the cathedral, or the place of worship centrally located has not only fixed its geographical position, but it has also seemed to give direction to the attitude and approach. The Master differed with those who opposed Him—not alone in doctrine, but in the great outreaches that religion should have. We are familiar with the marching orders given at the last of His life: "Go ye into all the world," and with the program that the gospel was for every man, as was indicated when He said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him. . . ." These are familiar passages, yet our methods of thinking have kept us to Main Street, the crowded ways of life, or to the mountain top, instead of sending us to the last man in the most remote place in the world. It may be remembered that remoteness may be caused either by distance or attitude. It would take a review of all the teachings of our Lord to make clear His total program. Nowhere, perhaps, is it clearer than in this parable of the great

supper. When it seemed that the folk who ordinarily would come to this feast refused, He ignored all precedents of tradition and custom and sent His messengers with haste and authority into the byways and hedges. That the Master meant a ministering of back streets as well as boulevards is indicated in His quotation of Isaiah: "He has anointed me to proclaim good news to the poor; He has sent me to announce release to the prisoner of war and recovery of sight to the blind." This is but one of the many clear indications of a back-street ministry.

The failure to grasp the all-inclusiveness of the gospel and to minister to the back streets of the world is the basis of many of the charges that Christianity is a class religion and that it centers itself in prominent places and ministers only to those who are powerful. If it is a class religion, we have made it so. Nothing is clearer than that the divine Son of God meant it to be total and inclusive in its geographical, racial, and spiritual outreaches. He meant that His ministry should center not only in the market-place and in the high places of life, but that it should run to the darkest corners in the world.

The Back Streets of the World

Our imagination is challenged by the back streets of the world. How little of New York and America is Broadway; how insignificant to London and the British Empire is the Strand; what an inconsequential part of Paris and Europe is the Boulevard; and Shanghai and China find their population not on the crowded Bund, nor in the wealth of Bubbling Well Road, but in those far back streets that are in villages and towns remote from the city's glamour! It may be

said that the temple or the cathedral lifting its high head on some boulevard or some mountain top draws all of the people. Would that it were so, but the facts are that the boulevards many times touch only the boulevard folk. The Church has explained its neglect of the back streets on the ground that in the centers and among the educated and powerful it would find its leaders. Our Lord went to the bypaths of Galilee to secure His leadership. Somehow we must get divine vision rather than human wisdom.

In seeking the back streets of the world we must not only think in terms of geography, but in terms of life. The great missionary conquest which marks one of the most important developments in the history of our gospel reaches the far back streets of Africa, India, Tibet, China, and the islands of the sea, but that is not all; the movements that touch the lonely immigrant, the alien races, and the poverty stricken reach important back streets, but that is not all; the turn to the country and to the mountain bypaths is a turn to the back street, but that is not all. Perhaps the most important turn and one not often interpreted as reaching back streets is the present move toward the human heart itself. Our religion has found much of expression in outward form and service, but the final call of our Christ is to go into those far mystical recesses of the soul and there reach those back streets that are the controlling influences of individual life.

The front doors of the cathedral must be ever open for the crowds that will throng the stately edifice and worship therein, but its back doors must swing outward and through them must go the consecrated of the Church to the back streets of the world and of the heart. Until this is the total ideal there can be no

adequate completion of the divine task to which the Son of God has committed us. It is this high idealism that the Church must ever keep before it, for if it ever takes this from out of its life it loses its high ministry and our very mission is thereby destroyed.

Standing one day before the ancient palace of the Czar of Russia in Leningrad, we were looking upon the great statue of an angel that is on a very high pedestal of marble. The Bolshevists had taken down every bit of statuary that glorified the past, either political or religious, but the angel was still at the top of this high pedestal. As we looked upon it Dr. Burham, of the United Christian Missionary Society, asked why they did not take the angel down, and the Russian gentleman who was with us said, "They tried to but they found that, because of its height and weight, to take it down would mean destruction of anyone who attempted it, and so it must stand." This is but a parable of all of life, and it is peculiarly a parable of the religion of our Lord. If the angel of universal idealism is for a moment moved from the high pedestal of our vision, the program is destroyed. Christ's high idealism and vision must take us into the back streets of world and of heart if our gospel is to be vital and victorious.

The Problems of the Back Street

As one honestly faces the highways and hedges, as the Master so aptly put it, or as our more modern language would express it in the terms of back streets, he is overwhelmed by the problems that face him. The missionary enterprise in its geographical extent is utterly overwhelming. We think we have made remarkable advances, and as one views the statistics of mis-

sion stations, missionaries, and particularly the group of nationals that are working in every country, the thought comes that surely Christianity has reached the back streets of the world. But even in mission lands religion has gone to the center, as it should; but it must not stop there. The present feeling of India and China and the terrific charges against centralized religion made by the Soviet Government make us know, indeed, that the missionary enterprise is only in the days of its beginning. No more glorious record has been written on the historic pages of the Church than what missions have accomplished, but out of its very mistakes and the very problems it has created and the conditions now being faced in this new commercial, material, and international age there comes the necessity for more than the crossing of national, racial, or religious lines.

The attempt of the modern mind to work within logical limitations has been one of the causes of our partial accomplishments. It is true, of course, that approaches must be made within limitations, but the vision must be total or the limited approach will and must fail in its ultimate objective.

In the line of these special approaches many gospels are being put before us, and not one of them is unimportant. The great gospel of law enforcement is striking a note to which every Christian must listen and give earnest heed, particularly as it applies to the cause of temperance. It is unthinkable that the Master would have His followers take any other attitude than that of utter destruction of this damnable traffic, which has blighted and ruined so many lives and homes. Coupled with it, of course, are the narcotic practices of our own and other races. It must be re-

membered that these are centered not on the Boulevard, Broadway, or the Strand, but out in the far hidden woods and hovels.

Again, the gospel of labor cries out for adjustment and consideration. From the last back street of the mine, hidden far underground, there comes the insistent demand that the Son of Man alone can light the darkened back streets of the toiler and lift his heavy burden.

In this age of great fortunes there comes the gospel of wealth. What about these hidden treasures, many of them representing the very blood of fellow men? The rich man may ride in ease on the boulevard, but out from the back streets of his wealth there come the intimations of those eternal judgments that eventually must confront him.

The catalogue list of special gospels is unending. We hear the insistent demand of the gospel of flaming youth, with its strange mixture of conservatism and liberalism. Youth must be heard and heeded. The gospel of the home demands a place in our modern life, or divorce and materialism will rock the foundations of this sacred institution. With war constantly lifting its murderous hand the Church must preach the gospel of peace as never before. The world growing smaller because of invention and knowledge demands a vital gospel of internationalism. These are all back-street gospels, as are many others that might be named, but no one of them is sufficient in itself. As one bears these special emphases—and not one of them but has the vitality of great and insistent truth in it—there comes the thought that after all the great problems of the world are hidden mostly in back streets. There is the need to touch the deep

problems of human life wherever they may be hidden.

Leaders on the Boulevard, Broadway, and the Strand are continually refusing to come to the feast because of the insistent calls of modern life; yet the Son of God is saying, "Throw open the back doors of the cathedral and send My gospel out." Never was God so ready to sound His note in the world as He is to-day, if His followers can only be attuned to Him.

We stood one day under a great bell in one of the cities of Europe. As we stood there we questioned its use, for there was no clapper suspended in its center. A lad came out with a flute in his hand, and as he played the flute while walking slowly about under the bell, the bell itself began to speak. Its beautiful tones filled not only the building, but reached out across the Boulevard and the Palace and spoke its last high word into the far back streets of the city. So must we let the high notes of our Lord's gospel reach to the highways and hedges, which will include the last back street of the world and heart.

Back-street Compulsion

The history of Christianity is the history of back-street compulsion. David lived in the hidden fields, and Jesus came from despised Nazareth. If one could but catalogue what the back streets have given to our life and history, what a list it would be! Out of the farm, the mountain recess, the slum have come the leaders of the world. How many painters have spread their glorious canvases because of a youth spent in a hidden mountain or upon a desert; how many poets have sung songs that they learned beside some brook far from Broadway and the Strand; how many leaders

have declared for freedom and for righteousness who have come out from the hovel or the slum, where the burden of life has borne heavily down upon them; how many mothers, themselves unknown and unsung, have sent into the world sons and daughters from the hidden back streets of life! We love to walk in the glare of the searchlight and to mingle in the crowd, but as one faces our clamorous civilization he is impressed that only by the totality of the gospel finding its expression in every phase of life can the world be saved. There is a need of carrying the gospel to dissipate ignorance, to alleviate pain, to adjust human relationships, to give justice to race and to territory. Organization is necessary; expression of belief is helpful; scientific investigation is illuminating; education is fundamental—all of these have their important part; but the one great essential thing that is needed to-day is not only the agreement of doctrine and understanding, but a vision of total approach. The gospel of our Lord will be vital to our modern life only in so far as on the lips of our civilization it puts His message and can be framed in the word "friend." In the dark recesses of the bypaths of an olive grove He said to the one who had sold Him for silver, "Friend, what seekest thou?" The back streets of the world clamor for friendship, and this divine friendship will cross the lines of race, nations, religion, and of heart—if we will but let it.

Out on the plains of Turkey, in the city of Adana, is one of the great heroes of Christian missions, although he himself would shrink from that title. Dr. Haas, of the American Board of the Congregational Church, worked there during the war. The British Government had asked him to care for their prisoners

who were sent back through the Turkish line; he was a friend of the Turkish general who was stationed at Adana—the general was a Mohammedan. Dr. Haas had worked with comparative freedom in the early days of the war when America was not in the war. Then America entered into the conflict, not officially against Turkey. The Turkish general came one day with his passport and transportation and said, "Your minister has sent this." The good doctor thought of the little family at home in America, and with eagerness he grasped the passport and transportation; but the general, looking him squarely in the eyes, said, "You are not going, are you? You are an American, I am a Turk; you are a Christian, I am a Mohammedan; but we are friends, and if ever I needed a friend it is now and I ask you to stay, my friend." A few nights later a convoy of British prisoners was sent through Adana. The doctor went with several nurses to select those to take to his hospital. In crawling over these sick prisoners and trying to determine which he should take, he contracted typhus fever. An Armenian doctor cared for him, but the Turkish general was a constant caller. One day he came and asked, "Is there nothing that would save the doctor?" To which the Armenian doctor replied, "Only ice or snow will save him." Hurrying away, the general sent a convoy of soldiers into the recesses of the Taurus Mountains and there they dug snow and ice. The emaciated body of the little doctor was placed in it, and they waited. At the hour of the crisis, runners were sent to every Mohammedan minaret, saying, "Tonight when you call for prayers call upon Allah to save Dr. Haas." And so out of this simple story of friendship comes the only means of reaching

the hidden back streets of national disagreement, of racial hatred, and of religious antagonism. We must go into the last bypath with the word "friend" upon our lips, proclaiming the message that Jesus, who came out from the back streets of Nazareth and Capernaum, is the Friend and Savior of the last man in the world. Our approach may be special, but our vision must be total.

MONROE ELMON DODD

Monroe Elmon Dodd, A.B., B.O., D.D., is pastor of First Baptist Church, Shreveport, La. Born in Brazil, Tenn., Sept. 8, 1878, he was educated in Union University, Jackson, Tenn. (A.B. and B.O., 1904) and took work in the University of Chicago and Crozier Theological Seminary (D.D., Clinton College, 1908; Union, 1909; Baylor, 1917). Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1902, he served the following pastorates before going to Shreveport in 1912: Fulton, Ky., 1904-08; First Church, Paducah, 1908-11; Twenty-second and Walnut St. Church, Louisville, 1911-12. Dr. Dodd was sergeant in the 2nd Tenn. Volunteers, Spanish American War, and served overseas for the Y.M.C.A. in the World War. He is trustee of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, and a member of the Baptist $75,000,000 Campaign Committee. In 1919, Dr. Dodd preached the Southern Baptist Convention Sermon, Atlanta, and in 1923 he traveled in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. He is the author of: *Jesus Is Coming to Earth Again; Baptist Principles* (1916); *The Prayer Life of Jesus* (1923).

FAITH'S EXPLOITS

M. E. Dodd

Scripture: Hebrews xi. 23-29.

In the landscape of biblical history and prophecy, the titanic character of God's man, Moses, towers like some Alpine peak above all the lesser hills at his feet. As a statesman, lawgiver, poet, prophet, priest, and general he has no equal. He possessed in a marked degree those three absolute essentials to success: talent, energy and ambition. From his Hebrew ancestors he inherited those qualities of character and religious principles which form the surest foundation for life's highest achievements. From the cultural influence of the palace and court of Pharaoh he learned the arts, sciences, and literature, which stood him in such stead in coming years and gave to him the facility of expression that enabled him to interpret the thoughts of God to man in a remarkable way. In the desert experiences in Horeb, climaxing with the vision of the burning bush, there were woven into the woof and fiber of his character those climacteric forces which produce superior manhood. These latter experiences transformed him from the bold and impetuous murderer to a timid, modest man of God.

As a statesman at the court of Pharaoh he was versed in public affairs and in all the principles and art of government.

As a general he performed the miraculous feat of leading more than one million ignorant, superstitious, complaining slaves for forty years. He taught them, organized them, and guided them with such wisdom and strength as to mark him a man of unusual powers. In spite of the disgraceful, unthankful, idolatrous, and cowardly conduct of his people, who had four hundred years of servitude behind them, he transformed them within forty brief years into a united, cohesive, and mighty nation.

As an author, his writings found in the first five books of the Bible have stood the test of thirty-five centuries. They have been attacked with the keenest weapons which the literary and scientific geniuses of the centuries could fashion against them. But there is such poetry, such pathos and eloquence, such simplicity and beauty, such rich and varied lessons of human experience, such treasures of moral wisdom revealed in the single book of Genesis alone, that the universal human heart clings to it, in spite of all the materialistic, rationalistic, and evolutionary attacks upon it. "These are not dry and barren annals, but descriptions of character and unfolding of emotions and sensibilities, and insight into those principles of moral government which indicate a superintending Power, creating faith in a world of sin, and consolation amid the wreck of matter."

His poetic genius flares forth in the Song of Exodus xv. and in the sublimely beautiful 90th Psalm, transcending even the tragedies of Shakespeare, the sublime visions of Wordsworth, or the religious emotions of Tennyson.

"The moral code of Moses, by far the most important and universally accepted, rests on the funda-

mental principles of theology and morality. It appeals at once to the consciousness of all minds in every age and nation, producing convictions that no sophistry can weaken, binding the conscience with irresistible and terrific bonds.

"Never was a man armed with such authority so patient and so self-distrustful. Never was so experienced and learned a man so little conscious of his greatness."

This New Testament interpretation of the character, life, and work of Moses ascribes all of his exploits to faith.

"By faith when he was born"; "by faith when he was come to years he refused and chose"; "by faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing"; and "through faith he kept."

Faith was the force which kept him alive, bore him onward, inspired him upward, and exalted him gloriously. These are some of the exploits of faith.

Faith is not a passive experience; it is an active force.

Faith is not something which is done to us, but something which is doing in us. "Faith that worketh by love"; "faith without works is dead."

Faith is not a tacked-on adornment of life: it is an ingrowing endowment of character.

Faith is not a submissive servant; it is an aggressive master.

Faith is not a destructive antagonist; it is a constructive coöperator.

It is faith that plows a path across the trackless seas and discovers new worlds.

It is faith that blazes the way through the forests and builds new empires.

It is faith that rises into the air and carries the commerce of nations.

Faith builds railroads, constructs cities, organizes banks and big business, establishes colleges, builds orphans' homes, and erects hospitals.

Faith glorifies God, crowns Christ, honors humanity, makes manhood, and secures success.

Doubt is destructive, dangerous, deadening. Doubt depresses, discourages, dooms and damns.

Faith works, builds, constructs, progresses.

It was faith that made Moses.

In the Scripture before us we have:

FAITH'S CHOICE.

FAITH'S VISION.

FAITH'S REWARD.

I

Faith's Choice

"By faith Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God."

He refused a life of luxury and chose a life of poverty. He refused ease and chose hardship. He refused a throne where he would have enjoyed the praises of the people and chose the life of servant to the whinnying whims of an unappreciative mass.

This choice was the most daring, the most adventurous, the most sublime, the most self-sacrificing of all time. "The world has seen no nobler act than that when Moses passed through the gates of Pharaoh's palace, the fragments of whose glorious architecture we are still wondering at, and housed himself in the dark reed huts where slaves dwelt."

But there have been many similar choices inspired by the same heroic faith. A young man named Borden, a Chicago millionaire, chose appointment as a foreign missionary to a far-away land rather than the bright lights and fast automobiles and faster society of his homeland. A Miss Levering, of Baltimore, born in the lap of luxury, reared with the best of cultured opportunities, turned her back upon the blandishments of worldly ways and went to China as a missionary. There are those who say that she has buried herself. There are others who say that if buried, there will one day be a glorious resurrection. The associate pastor of a wealthy and influential congregation in one of our great cities resigned his remunerative post to give his life to the slums of his city. Nothing but faith could inspire such heroic choice; faith in God, faith in God's Word, faith in God's work, faith in one's self, faith in the possibilities resident in the poorest of people. Faith alone inspires such decisions.

This faith overcomes all obstacles, and mounts above the forces massed against it.

Look at the triple-headed monster which blocked the path of Moses: the pleasures of sin, the treasures of Egypt, the dangers of death. These three have barred the way for many a man to a fadeless crown of glory and honor. But faith can overcome them.

This faith of Moses was implanted in domestic life by his mother nurse. This is where all noble manhood and heroic living must begin. Many men who have become great may have had an unworthy father, but no man was ever great who did not have a great mother.

This choice of Moses made by faith was also nurtured by patriotic principles. It was the call of

blood, the call of his own people, the call of his own nation.

This choice of Moses inspired by faith was, furthermore, the result of religious zeal. It is deep, vital, spiritual religion which brings worthy choices to their climax. A man will do more for his religion than for anything else in the world. Moses chose persecution and rose to prominence. He chose loneliness and rose to leadership because of his religious convictions.

Colonel W. S. Crittendon was condemned to die in Cuba, and when ordered to kneel before the firing squad, he answered, "A soldier kneels only to God," and stood erect.

Gabriel Petite, a brave Belgian girl, being led out to execution by the Germans, was about to have the hood placed over her eyes when she refused it, saying, "I want the world to know how a Belgian girl can die for her country."

A soldier of the cross kneels only to God Almighty. He will make no choice, no decision, no step that his conscience, born of faith and nurtured by God's Spirit, will not approve.

II

Faith's Vision

"By faith he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." The world owes a debt of eternal gratitude to its visionaries. "Where there is no vision the people perish." The world's dreamers have been its greatest doers. Its seers have been its mightiest servants.

Spiritual vision is the most productive, the most ennobling, the most uplifting force in the universe. The man with the conscious blessing and power of God

upon him becomes more than a mere man. The man without spiritual vision lags below his largest possibilities. He becomes a cringing, craven coward. Without God a man is "a weltering chaos of despair, the plaything of time, the vagabond of space, and the wail of eternity."

The vision of faith enabled Moses to lead a race of slaves to become a well-organized, well-trained, unified nation, which the persecutions of forty centuries have not been able to destroy. Faith's vision enabled Paul to lift the Epicurean stoicism of Greece out of the mire of despair, the groveling materialism of the Roman Empire out of its weltering shame, and to send spiritual forces gleaming across the centuries. Faith's vision transformed our blood-drinking Anglo-Saxon ancestors into the position of world leadership which they have enjoyed for a thousand years. Woe betide that people or nation who lose their spiritual vision. Faith's vision inspired Martin Luther to condemn the godless ecclesiasticism of his day, and to set a nation free, only to be wrecked again by the crass materialism of Nietzsche. Faith's vision gave Charles Wesley the power to shake a cold and worldly state church, dying in its lifeless formalism, and to revive vital religion on two continents.

Faith's vision saw a nation of slaves transformed into an autonomous, God-honoring kingdom. This is what Moses saw in the desert. It is what Washington saw at Valley Forge. It is what Wilberforce saw when he heard the clanking of chains on ten million slave feet. It is what Chalmers saw when, looking down from Castle Rock upon Cowgate, he exclaimed, "How beautiful!" All that men of materialistic minds and temporary sight could see was a poor, squalid, dirty,

ignorant, superstitious mass. But men of faith and vision could see the radiant spirits, the divine possibilities, the ultimate glory of these human beings.

And then faith's vision sees God and believes. Only the pure in heart see God. Fra Angelico, the greatest of all painters of angel faces, found it impossible to paint a worthy face after a night of dissipation. Faith's vision is not simply a supernatural unveiling of the eternities and a revelation of the divine personality, but it is a practical acknowledgment of God in everyday affairs. It sees God in the tint of the rose petal, in the rhythmic rippling of the brook, in the calming cadences of the clouds, in the burst of the sunrise; the presence of God everywhere—in the heart, in the life, in the mind, in the will, vitalizing, strengthening, reinforcing all.

III

Faith's Reward

"By faith Moses had respect unto the recompense of the reward." He yielded that which was immediate for the winning of the distant. He had the treasures of Egypt and even the crown itself at his disposal. But no immediate and temporary gain lured him. It is a great testimony to his real worth and also a revelation of that force which entered into the production of this worth that he esteemed the eternal as of more importance than the temporal. It is the absence of such faith in the future that makes many a man, teacher, preacher, politician, or what not, contentious for the little thing immediately at hand, and robs him of the great thing that is just ahead.

To a man of faith the ignoble and fleeting pleasures

of the present pale into utter insignificance beside the glories of the great and divine reward of the future. A man of faith having become a real man puts away childish things. The paltry toys of childhood are nothing beside the achievements of a great life. Earthly delights shrivel and fade and disappear when the light of the recompense of God shines upon them. "The sight of God, the vision of judgment, will make earth's pleasures paltry, earth's treasures dross, and earth's dangers contemptible."

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The power to choose the spiritual rather than the material; the vision which sees Him who is invisible rather than that which only the eyes of the flesh behold; and the ability to strive for the eternal reward rather than the temporal—these are the forces which lift man to the loftiest heights and present him to God and the world as the chief asset of all time, namely, a purposeful, highly resolved, nobly consecrated personality.

D. WITHERSPOON DODGE

D. Witherspoon Dodge, B.D., D.D., is pastor of Central Congregational Church, Atlanta, Ga. He was educated in Davidson College, N. C. (B.A., 1909) and in Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va. (B.D., 1913). Entering the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he served from 1913 to 1917 as pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, Anderson, S. C., but later transferred to the fellowship of the Congregational Church, serving as pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Anderson, S. C., 1917-1921. After teaching Bible and ethics in Atlanta Theological Seminary for two years, he assumed his present pastorate.

LIFE'S SUPREME VISION

D. Witherspoon Dodge

"We would see Jesus." John xii. 21.

These are the words of certain Greeks who attended the last feast of the Passover at which Jesus was present before his death. They were spoken to one of his disciples who might bear the message to the Master. So great were his name and fame at the time that it was but a natural desire that all men should wish to see Him. And what was true then is many more fold true to-day, for since that time His name has gone throughout the length and breadth of the world—identified with every movement for the uplift of the race, worshiped by millions of loyal followers and respected by every historic character that has risen to the height of greatness.

It is not, however, merely the external sight of Jesus such as these men were seeking that would satisfy the desire of men and women to-day. It is rather insight into Him, the understanding of His teachings, knowledge of His personality, acquaintance with the man Himself, which is desired to-day. It is also these things rather than the many institutions established in His name that appeal to the modern mind. Many of the latter, far from adequately representing His mind and spirit, are gross misrepresentations of Him. Their voices, too, are also quite contra-

dictory, making it very difficult for one to judge which, if any of them, sounds the true note.

Hence, it is Jesus, the man Himself, whom the thinking people of our day want to see; and I venture to call this sight of Him "Life's Supreme Vision."

I

There are three reasons why the seeing of Jesus gives to one the clearest and highest vision of life, the first of which is that to see Him is to see God.

The fact as to whether there is a God has disturbed many sincere souls. Perhaps their perplexity has been caused as much by the pictures of God which they were asked to accept as by the God-idea itself—if not more. Surely there will be no unanimity of agreement among all people as to just what God is like, but there will be few who will dissent from the fact for which the word "God" stands. And the most potent influence in determining this belief is, not the marvelous revelations which our scientists are discovering in the uniformity in the laws of nature, all of which imply mind and purpose, but the revelation made in the personality of Jesus called the Christ.

Incidents from the lives of two ministers might serve to illustrate this claim. One of these ministers was heard to use these words in beginning a public prayer: "O God, we thank Thee that we do not have to explain Jesus." Other ministers present had a different feeling about the matter. It was their conviction that there rests upon the human mind the eternal necessity to give some explanation of this fact of history—the character and work of Jesus Christ. It is so greatly out of the ordinary that it deserves all of the attention, study, and efforts at explanation of which man is

capable. To date, it has received more of such labor than has any other fact of history, and that on the part of the world's most reverent and profound scholars, and always with the result that, after all human explanations have been offered, there remains an irreducible minimum of mystery which can be accounted for only by that fact which we call God. By all means let men seek to explain Jesus—it will but result in establishing or confirming their faith in God as they face frankly and honestly such a fact.

The other incident is from the life of Dr. Geo. A. Gordon of the Old South Congregational Church of Boston. In one of his books he tells of having practically lost his faith in the earlier years of his life, while he was shifting his theological beliefs. It resulted in the shaking of those things that could be shaken so that those things which could not be shaken should remain. And the steadying power which kept his faith in God was a daily reading and close meditation upon some incident from the life of Jesus as recorded in the Gospel records.

Besides assuring us of the fact of God, however, Jesus satisfies our souls with the knowledge of the character of God. If it was a great word that the author of the fourth Gospel gave us when he wrote, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," it was a greater word still when the Son himself said to his followers after they had companied with him for three years, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Men have had gods aplenty; but what kinds of gods and God they have sometimes believed in! Even some Christian theologians have said to other Chris-

tian theologians that the God whom they believed in was their devil. In the great word quoted from the lips of Jesus we have two descriptions of the true God which are equally satisfying. One of them is that we are to think of Him as a Father; the other is that He is like Jesus. Of the two, perhaps the second though less thought of, is the preferable. For the human heart can ask no more than that there be in the heart of the God of the universe the attitude and spirit that were in Jesus Christ.

II

The second reason that we think we have in Jesus what constitutes life's supreme vision is the fact that we see in Him what man is intended to be and can be.

Exception is sometimes taken to the statement that Jesus was a man. This is very unfortunate. It robs us of at least half His value to us. For if there is not contained in Jesus the revelation of a way to the Father—a way that all of us can walk in for ourselves—as well as the revelation of the Father Himself, then are we left with knowledge only, but with no power. The passion for reality that stirs in the breast of the modern man—as it stirred in that of Jesus Himself—leaves him unwilling to accept any interpretation of religion that parts with experience. All external authorities, unless they can also be made internal, have lost all meaning and value for the people of to-day. Hence, it is not only what Jesus tells us as the Son of God, but what He experienced as the Son of Man that makes Him precious to us; for therein lies the prophecy of the possibility of our repetition of His experience.

Altogether apart, however, from this necessity that

Jesus should be a man if He is to serve the highest value for us, there is the New Testament picture of Him as a man "made in all points like as we are," yet so perfectly normal at every point that in no way did He miss the mark of the Father's will for His life. He was "the man Christ Jesus." He experienced a process of development—physical, mental, spiritual—until He arrived at His full-orbed maturity as "God manifest in the flesh." He ate, He worked, He grew tired, He rested, He slept, He loved human companionship, He even had His moments of uncertainty, of doubt, of perplexity, and so was the subject of faith as we all have to be. Thus was Jesus truly a man.

But He was in it all the true man as well as truly a man. Two things—to mention no others, for they are not necessary—prove Him so. The first was His faith in God; the second—His love for man. In the terrible darkness through which He passed (and passed successfully, be it noted), He but echoed the experience of a saint who lived many centuries before His day, when the heavens seemed to be brass and his God far away, in the appealing question, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" But He did not "curse God and die." Rather, He closed His eyes in death with the confidence of childhood: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

No less truly than He trusted the Father did He love man. He had proved it in life by the varied ministry that He had rendered to man, serving him whenever He and the opportunity for doing so crossed paths. He proved it also in death, going to this experience with no spirit of bitterness, but with that love for His enemies which He had taught others to practice, enabling Him to pray for them in these wonderful

words: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Here is man as God intends him to be and as he can be. The perfect model is before us in Jesus Christ. God will not be satisfied with less; nor will man either be satisfied with less. It is a divine challenge, awakening all that is in man and making him seek the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God until he shall come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

III

Jesus completes the supreme vision of life by representing to us in epitome that which will some day be true of the life of the world as a whole.

There is a pregnant verse in the Epistle to the Hebrews which uses words after this wise: "We see not yet all things made subject unto Him, but we see Jesus." Here are two clear pictures. One of them is of the discordant, disorderly, distracted, disobedient world. God's will is not yet done on earth as it is done in heaven. All things do not happen in accordance with the Father's will. It is a world in the making. The whole creation groans and travails in pain, waiting for the manifestation of sons of God. There is sickness, sorrow, ignorance, ill-will of man for man, social maladjustment, war. All of these things make it perfectly clear that life has not yet been made subject to God. He may be the Ruler of the Universe and the King of Kings, but His authority is not acknowledged. Hence, our God is a God of war, a Fighter against all that opposes the reign of that righteousness and love that will issue in a real peace.

The other picture in the words from Hebrews is

of a Perfect Personality that has conquered life and death, risen from the grave, and now reigns in harmony with the conquering God. "My Father worketh even up until now, and I work." He had said it during the days of his flesh; He could say it just as truly now. Nothing could stop Him in life—neither misunderstanding, nor opposition, nor persecution, nor death. And those that followed with Him believed that nothing ever could stop Him until every knee bowed and every tongue confessed that He was the Christ, and until the kingdoms of this world had become the Kingdom of their Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In this picture lay the prophecy of that world order of peace and of good will, of love and of righteousness in which the noble souls of all the ages have believed, which Jesus taught and embodied in His own spirit, and for which His followers labor to-day.

Verily the fields are white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few. He calls for more followers who will also be laborers. There are many perplexing questions about life which are still unanswered; there are some in regard to this Jesus called the Christ Himself. For many years to come there will continue to be many "ifs" and "ands"; but we shall find these to vanish in proportion as we make our own and act upon the holy resolution of the poet:

If Jesus Christ is a man—
  And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
  And to him I cleave alway.
If Jesus Christ is a God—
  And the only God, I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
  The earth, the sea, and the air.

THOMAS FRANK GAILOR

Thomas Frank Gailor, M.A., S.T.B., S.T.D., D.D., LL.D., is bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was born in Jackson, Miss., Sept. 17, 1856, and was educated in Racine (Wis.) College (A.B., 1876; M.A., 1879) and in General Theological Seminary (S.T.B., 1879; S.T.D., Columbia, 1891; General Theological Seminary, 1893; D.D., Trinity College, 1892; University of the South, 1894; Oxford, England, 1920; LL.D., Oglethorpe, 1921). Ordained deacon in 1879, and priest in 1880, he has the following record of service in his church: rector, Church of the Messiah, Pulaski, Tenn., 1879-82; professor of ecclesiastical history, 1882-90, chaplain, 1883-90, vice-chancellor, 1890-93, University of the South; coadjutor bishop, 1893-98, succeeding to bishopric on death of Bishop Quintard, Feb., 1898; declined bishopric of Georgia, 1890; chancellor and president of Board of Trustees, University of the South since 1908; chairman of the House of Bishops, Protestant Episcopal Church since 1916; presiding bishop and council since 1919; president of the National Council, 1922-1925. The books that have come from the pen of Bishop Gailor include: *Manual of Devotion* (1887); *The Apostolical Succession* (1889); *The Divine Event of All Time* (1890); *Things New and Old* (1891); *The Trust of the Episcopate* (1897); *The Puritan Reaction* (1897); *The Master's Word and the Church's Act* (1899); *Apostolic Order* (1901); *Christianity and Education* (1903); *The Episcopal Church and Other Religious Communions* (1904); *The Fruitfulness of Sacrifice* (1907); *The Communion of Saints* (1908); *The Christian Church and Education* (Bedell Lectures, 1910); *The Episcopal Church* (1914).

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF LOVE

Thomas F. Gailor

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . . . This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Matthew xxii. 37-39.

Religion—the Christian religion especially—is not primarily an aspiration, but an obedience. It is the acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as God and Savior. "Take my yoke upon you," He said, "and learn of me." So the character of Christ and the commands of Christ furnish us with principles of action, with a moral criterion and a standard of judgment.

And that which makes a man's life worthy is his faithfulness, that is, his fidelity to principle. As Carlyle said, "A nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes"; and a man's principles are the elemental, fundamental postulates of his being—what he takes for granted in all his reasoning—and thus they become the standards of all his thought and action.

This is true of the individual. It is true of the nation. It is true of the Church.

In the text Our Lord lays down two fundamental principles for the guidance of His followers, as the standards of all their life and work; and, by assuming that men can accept and live up to these principles,

He gives us the divine measure of manhood and womanhood. The ancient philosophers debated the questions: What differentiates man? What distinguishes him from the brute creation? Is it thought or consciousness, or the gift of speech, or the power to laugh? Our Lord says that it is the quality of unselfishness. He builds His kingdom on that truth. The fact of human brotherhood and the capacity to accept and act upon the relation of brotherhood are the real index of man's superiority in the scale of being. It is the evidence of His divine birthright. "This is the first and great commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God; and the second is like unto it: Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself."

And since the day that that word was uttered and embodied and actually manifested in the one life of glad surrender by the crucified Christ, that example and appeal of loving service have taken root and have grown and asserted their power in the minds and hearts of men. It has made heroes and saints, the wise and great in history. It has built hospitals for the sick, and homes for the poor, and asylums for the blind, and schools for the ignorant. It has produced the unnumbered philanthropies of Christian civilization and the glorious results of Christian missions. It has put to shame the heresy in that question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It has given a new meaning and dignity and value to every individual human life; and its triumph to-day over all other motives, and forces and ambitions, if that triumph can be brought about, will secure the permanence of this Republic.

For we are indeed our brother's keeper; children of the same family; all carrying burdens; all tempted,

tried and driven; victims of sorrow and under the shadow of death; members of the same body, Humanity, sharing its hopes, its fears, its destiny. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with him; and for every violation of righteousness and every contradiction of purity, in the community or the nation, we are, each one, in some degree responsible.

This is patriotism in its original and divine form, which knows no limitations of family or race or country, and includes, in its interest and service, Humanity itself.

And this is coming to be the ideal accepted by all good men and women in our time. It is consecrating and elevating our science and art and literature. It is inspiring the great democratic movements of the world—the passion for liberty, the efforts for social, industrial, and political reform.

The unity of nature and the unity or brotherhood of mankind, these are the accepted and acknowledged axioms of the time. To deny or ignore them, in theory or practice, is sheer barbarism. The avowedly selfish man is not only a savage; he is an anachronism.

Am I my brother's keeper? Let us be thankful that the whole civilized world, in profession at least, says, "Yes; that question has passed the stage of argument."

Well, then, our responsibility is twofold. (1) We must insist upon the fact that this idea is a religious idea and depends for its growth and permanence and power in the minds and hearts of men upon the inspiration of religious faith, and the hope and confidence in God and God's revelation of Himself to men. Yes, it is not only a religious idea; it is a Christian idea. Whatever dim and uncertain approaches to it may be

found in the teaching of philosophers and other religious teachers, this is true: that the practical, actual interest in human lives, as redeemed of God and children of one Father, originated with the cross of Jesus Christ. As Victor Hugo said, "The first tree of liberty that was ever planted on this earth was the cross of Jesus Christ, from which He proclaimed for the first time the liberty, equality, and fraternity of mankind."

Let us remember this and not be afraid to declare it: The truth that human life has spiritual and eternal value must precede any effectual effort for the permanent improvement of human conditions. The Church must be able to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," before she can say with any effectiveness, "Arise and walk." And she can say to sin-ruined souls, "Your sins be forgiven," only because she has learned the reality of sin, and the need of repentance, and the blessed truth of redemption at the feet of Jesus Christ.

Therefore, Our Lord says, "The first and great commandment is to love the Lord Thy God."

(2) But once again. The worship of God and communion with God come first, because this conscious relation with God is the *sine qua non,* the indispensable basis, of our moral and intellectual life. A great modern scholar has recently called our attention to the fact that all truth, moral and intellectual, comes to us always as a revelation from outside ourselves. We apprehend truth in the world and make it our own in three ways, by observation, by experiment, and by reflection.

So truth comes to us from divers sources; from the scientific study of nature; from the study of human history, and from our own experience; and it forms a

progressive, expanding series, viz., the knowledge of nature, the knowledge of mankind, and the knowledge of ourselves. All these apprehensions of the truth are saved from confusion and incoherence, and are related to one another and brought into actual unity, only by the revelation of God in Jesus Christ.

Thus the unity of the universe and the unity of mankind in one brotherhood become real only by and through the belief in God; and this is the fundamental truth which underlies and guarantees the progress of science, of society, and of civilization. As the great French philosopher said, "The belief in God is the great conservative and progressive factor in all civilization." This is the first and great commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

We give thanks to-day for the wisdom and courage and sacrifice of the generations of men and women who have kept the faith and made this contribution to the extension of His Kingdom among men.

For is not this the real meaning and value of the Church? To hold before men the glory of an ideal which will lift their thoughts above the passion, the contention, the selfishness of the mere earthly scene; to assure them that they are born of God, with the inherited privileges and duties that belong to the sons of God; and then to be the agent, the ministrant, the dispenser of the grace and help that come from God, declared and guaranteed by His dear Son, "Who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor," and "His own self bare our sins in His body on the tree, making us who are dead live through Him."

Surely we have a right to say that, in spite of human infirmity with which she has to deal, in spite of human incapacity and unwisdom and ignorance through which

she has to do her work, the Christian church is a saving force in our country, teaching and sending out army after army of men and women who have learned the secret of life, who have made the surrender, and have acquired the inspiration; and who, through intelligent effort and daily sacrifice and humble obedience to the Lord's command, are giving us a better world and a happier world, with the sunshine and the joy of those who are trying to love the Lord their God and their neighbor as themselves.

The critics of American life tell us that we are a commercial people, a frontier people, hard individualists, worshipers of success. And perhaps to a degree we are. Our Republic is only one hundred and forty years old, and there are seamy sides to our democracy; but the hope for the future is in the courageous challenge of the Christian church and those who represent it. And that challenge means the repudiation of class consciousness and class antagonism, and the assertion, by word and conduct, of the brotherhood and mutual responsibility of all men of every calling and rank and station.

Of course, I know that it is a delicate and difficult task to be just and fair, and yet to be honest and brave. It is easier to be a blind partisan than to be just to all.

Christians must take the lead. We must study conditions; we must inform ourselves as to methods and practices and ways of living and of doing business, of carrying on government, that definitely and unmistakably contradict the fact of brotherhood and destroy in men's minds the idea of brotherhood; and then we must call attention to such contradiction, such inconsistency.

It will not do to declaim simply in brilliant and

vague phrases, to cultivate a grouch, to bring a general indictment against one's own age and time, and indulge in rhetorical fireworks. As honest people and good Americans we must be sure of the facts and know for certain what we are talking about—yes, the circumstances and causes that have created the conditions and the men and women who are really responsible for them.

That is our duty as Christians. We are not commissioned as Christians to endorse and promote particular political and economic and industrial schemes and programs, or to advocate particular theories and nostrums. Our obligation is to worship God, to learn of God, to assert the law of brotherhood in Jesus Christ; and to make known present-day conditions that need improvement.

And here are some of the questions that demand an answer from American Christians: (1) With all the greatness and glory of our country, can we say that the sun rises and sets upon happier and sweeter homes than formerly? Ah, the sweetness of that word "home." Is the family life, the home life, of our people so moralized and spiritualized as to be producing better men and women for service to the Republic?

(2) Are the little children all over this land—the little children, who some day will be men and women and take our places and carry on our free institutions —are they given the chance they ought to have of health and strength and happiness, of mental and moral vigor and development?

(3) Again, are there conditions anywhere existing in this free country of ours where men and women are, without any choice or fault of their own, robbed of self-respect, condemned to hopeless poverty, and de-

prived of either the incentive or the opportunity of self-improvement?

(4) And is there disease and crime, either created or encouraged by the environment, the ignorance, the evil circumstances, under which human beings—Americans—are forced to live and toil?

These are some of the questions which this precept of our Lord compels us to reconsider in all their ramifications, in order to ascertain the actual facts and then to bring to bear upon them the sympathetic and helpful force of a Christian and enlightened public opinion. And this, not because we have some scheme to try, or because we are failures ourselves and have a grudge against constituted society and government or because we are infatuated followers of some will-o'-the-wisp of a perfect human world, but because the love of Christ constraineth us, and we are trying to follow His example and obey His law to love our neighbor as ourselves.

And we know, to our sorrow, that it is no easy task we set ourselves. Right across the path of our common realization of this fact of human fellowship and brotherhood cuts the ugly chasm of human sin, of accumulated wrongs, that have bred mutual distrust and prejudice and fear and repulsion and rebelliousness; and there is no bridge that can span that chasm except the cross of Jesus Christ—and that cross spells sacrifice, the love that is willing to surrender, yes, to surrender darling plans and hopes and contented self-complacency. We believe in the coming of the Kingdom, for He has promised in the New Heavens and the New Earth, wherein is all achievement, all righteousness and justice and peace. And, after all, our one consolation is that His blessed spirit is working in the minds

and hearts of men, and that He permits us to be fellow laborers with Himself, and that every man who raises the tide of righteous judgment and unselfish service in his own heart and life is raising it by so much in the world. And the Judge of all the earth will bring it to pass. As He has said, "Don't be afraid; only believe."

O import, deep as life is, deep as time;
There is something awful and sublime,
Moving behind the world, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, and weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong;
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong;
Be hushed before that High, Benignant Power,
That goes invincible toward His reckoning hour.

IVAN LEE HOLT

Ivan Lee Holt, Ph.D., D.D., is pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, South, St. Louis, Mo. Born in DeWitte, Arkansas, Jan. 9, 1886, he was educated in Fordyce (Ark.) Training School, graduating in 1901; Vanderbilt University (A.B., 1904); University of Chicago, 1907-10 (Ph.D., 1909); and traveled and studied in Europe, 1911, '21, '22. He was professor of Latin and Greek, Stuttgart (Ark.) Training School, 1904-07; ordained to the ministry of the M. E. Church, South, 1909; pastor University Church, St. Louis, Mo., 1909-11, Centenary Church, Cape Girardeau, Mo., 1911-15; professor of Old Testament literature, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex., 1915-18; also chairman of the theological faculty and chaplain of that university. In 1918 he assumed his present pastorate. Dr. Holt is a member of the American Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Religious Education Association, and Phi Beta Kappa. He is a frequent contributor to magazines and periodicals and is the author of *Some Babylonian Contract Tablets* (1910).

THE POWER OF THE INNER LIFE

Ivan Lee Holt

"And when they were past the first and the second guard they came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out." Acts xii. 10.

Men have long dreamed of Utopias. In the days of the Hebrew monarchy great prophets of that race looked forward to a Messiah's coming: a highway would stretch across the desert on which the captives might return from distant Babylon; the desert itself would rejoice and blossom as a rose; the ransomed of Jehovah would obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and sighing would flee away. Through the Christian centuries there has been a keen anticipation of Christ's coming to establish a reign of justice and mercy in human hearts. Groups of Christians crowded the highways of the world on the night of December 31 in the year 500, in the year 1000, in the year 1500, and at other times, ready to meet Christ and join with him in the overthrow of the mighty Babylon of evil, and in the establishment of a kingdom of joy. Another group has sought with consecration and zeal to bring in the kingdom of Heaven, convinced that Christ has not left this world or its people and that He must reign until He has put all enemies under His feet; these Christians are sure that He will give to all whose hearts are open the gift of more abundant life here and hereafter.

At the close of the War of the Roses in England the people were impoverished and the land desolate. Hearts were heavy when Sir Thomas More dreamed of Utopia, in a distant island of the sea. Here the economic problems of production and distribution were solved; men learned to live together as brothers, and the less favored groups were the care of all the favored; men learned new standards of value, and they were perfectly happy. In another period of confusion Francis Bacon pictured the ideal society in his New Atlantis. Centuries before, Plato had given a glowing description of the mythical kingdom of Atlantis which had been engulfed by the sea. Bacon found the principal institution of the New Atlantis a great university whose investigators went to the ends of the earth in search of knowledge. As wisdom grew happiness increased and wiser men became ever better men.

It is in periods of distress that men with burdened hearts and souls dream of Utopias—Utopias that lie a long way off in time or place. Our own generation has read the prophecies of Bellamy and Wells, and has felt the thrill of human brotherhood. The League of Nations has awakened hopes in thousands of hearts where war had left its darkness and despair. Multitudes of men of all races have been living in a new day.

But our situation has its tragedy. A Locarno pact is followed by a return to secret agreements and a suggestion of the old diplomacy; the boundaries of new nations and the hatred of old days constitute a menace of war; greed for gain and selfishness persist. Miss Royden has recently interpreted for us a new religion in Europe, the religion of despair; it numbers its adherents by the millions. Cynical smiles and looks of disappointment are noted everywhere, and in this

reaction doubt has driven faith into a corner. What ought to be the attitude of Christian men?

There are some incidents that suggest an answer. There was a time of defeat in ancient Israel: a great army was advancing on Jerusalem, destroying as it went, and slaying women and children. A prophet of the Lord faced the question: Is there any justice in the world, any God anywhere? He went to God Himself with the question and took his stand on the mountain top to hear the answer. When God spoke, He simply said, "The righteous man shall live by his steadfastness." Be loyal to the best each day!

In the fourth century a leader of the Church, living in North Africa, was taunted thus: "Rome is falling into the hands of barbarians as soon as it becomes a Christian city; its pagan gods have protected it for centuries. Where is the Christian's God?" Augustine replied that the city of God exists and will exist as long as there is a single citizen. While he lives there is a city of God, and one day it will include all men. One must be concerned about the quality of his own faith.

A bishop of the English Church was walking one day with Thomas Carlyle. "You know, Mr. Carlyle," said the bishop, "my faith gives way sometimes, and I wonder whether the Kingdom of Heaven will ever come on earth." Quickly the old philosopher answered, "You should not be discouraged. The Christian is the only man who can afford to wait." Any man with faith in God must be a meliorist!

We ought to face the future with assurance, but each of us longs for the fruit of his work and sacrifice. We would like to usher in the Kingdom and live in the

Utopia. If it is to be a million years in coming we can never know its joys. The problem is the same as the prophets of Israel faced. Should the Messiah come and establish his kingdom, what of the faithful through the generations who have long since died? Is there no word of cheer for us, who wait, save only that the work is worth the doing? Fortunately, there is.

A follower of Jesus heard him speak often of the Kingdom, and remembered a thrilling phrase, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Men would seek it here and there, look for its signs in the heavens, only to find it in their own hearts. Peter preached this "Kingdom within," and was imprisoned. About him were the thick walls of a Roman prison; in front of him were its iron gates. He had no physical strength to break down walls or open gates, but one day he "came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city, and it opened of its own accord, and he went out." There was a strength within before which iron gates opened of their own accord, and the prisoner walked out into the liberty and joy of the city.

There are prison walls that shut in the mind, and the soul, and the spirit. A wall around a human mind is a misfortune. One is in doubt; the churches are torn by dissensions; a conflict between religion and science disturbs; the average religious man feels like a straggler along the highway, following in the wake of a defeated or victorious army, scarcely knowing what the fight has been or will be. Where will he turn for answer to his question? What attitude will lead to satisfaction? To everyone distressed in mind Jesus says, "Follow the truth; the spirit of truth will lead you unto all truth." The man who is concerned to "Ask, and seek, and knock" in his search for truth

will find the prison gates of the mind opening of their own accord.

A wall around a human soul is a tragedy. One is a prisoner of sin! The word sin is not a popular one to-day; we prefer to substitute foible, or mistake, or slip. But two things are apparent to every student of human conduct. The principal reason for our failure to establish a perfect society, to usher in a League of Nations, to prepare the Kingdom of Heaven, is the fact that we are dealing with such imperfect men. "We can never make an A-1 Society out of C-3 men." In all our discussions of covenants and agreements it becomes more and more apparent that men must be redeemed from selfishness and sin. In the second place, ethical instruction and beautiful mottoes will never bring redemption. There is a mighty passion for war, a passion for greed, a passion for lust; only a mightier passion can redeem, a passion for God as Savior! To every sinful man Jesus offers the water of righteousness, the bread of life, the release from sin. "And if I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

A wall around a human spirit is a calamity. As in every generation man to-day wants to know whether the universe is friendly. There are so many sorrows in one's life and so many tragic injustices that God seems often to have left His universe. Man turns to his religion and is impatient when his questions are not answered. "It is not the principal function of religion to answer questions," says Principal Jacks. Its function is rather to give a man courage to go on in the face of perplexities. Hear Jesus urge, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God." "The Father knoweth." In every trying personal experience Jesus

points a way out and insists that a man may know the kingdom within, and experience such strength of soul that prison bars slip back, and prison gates open of their own accord. How many there are who have found it so! How many have learned the power of the inner life!

Peer Gynt goes out in the world seeking adventure and happiness. After years of wandering he returns home to find the happiness he had sought afar. Maeterlinck sends children out to seek the bluebird of happiness under the guidance of a fairy. They go to the past and then to the distant future; finally they return to find the bluebird in their own home, where he had been all the time. Emerson once wrote, "Though you travel the world over to find the beautiful, you must carry it with you or you will find it not."

I remember a visit to a small town of three hundred inhabitants. As a friend and I drove through the main street we passed a house with a beautiful flower garden. I became acquainted with the woman who lived in that home. For years she had been there and she decided to make it a place of beauty. So many women are restless, sure that they could find happiness in some other environment; they believe that a larger city would afford more entertainment, a country home more liberty, a different group of friends more prestige. So they reason, and forget that one must carry beauty in one's soul if he would find it, and that any place can be one of happiness.

Basil King sat one day in the gardens at Versailles. Near him were the magnificent buildings of the palace and around him were flowers and rows and rows of trees. He was sick and despondent; disease had fastened itself on him, and the books he had planned would

never be written. He contrasted his failure with the success of the architects and gardeners, whose glory was made known to generations visiting Versailles. Then he thought of the continuousness of life and began to sense the divine life behind all generations and flowing through each. The animal changes his coloring in response to that life that persists through changes of climate and environment. The life that gave vitality to those of an earlier generation flowed through his life. He was thus a sharer in their accomplishment and a partaker of the same abundant life. He went back to his work with a new spirit and found again the strength for his task.

Sidney Lanier could find God in the swamps because he carried God in his soul. Surely a man must be independent of anything that can happen to him when he can sing in the marshes:

And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the lengths and the breadths and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore,
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore.

. . . . . .

As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies,
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;

By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me hold on the greatness of God.
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

In spite of illness that was fatal and disappointment that was keen, Sidney Lanier could hear something singing in the mud and muck of things.

In the year 1851 a girl was born in a family residing in the valley of the Susquehanna, near Binghamton, New York. Her father completed his medical course after she was born and became a country doctor. As a young girl, her education came almost as much from trips with her father, when she came close to nature and human suffering, as from her courses in the academy. When she had prepared herself for college there was none near that admitted women, and she journeyed West to enter the University of Michigan. During her college days many misfortunes overtook her: she was ill; members of her family were ill; her eighteen-year-old sister died; and her father lost all he had saved. She won her degree at Michigan, taught for two years in a high school, then became professor of history at Wellesley. She held that position in this new college for women only two years when she was elected president. Through six years of administration she won the hearts of all the girls, and rendered so conspicuous a service to the cause of education that three universities gave her honorary degrees. At the height of her career, Alice Freeman decided to resign that she might become the wife of Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard. The sneers and criticisms of the press, suggesting that a woman would surrender any place of leadership for a bit of sentiment, led her to say that she was conscious of an advancement to a higher order of service in becoming a wife and the maker of a home. However, she was not permitted to retire from public work; appointments to service came from the Governor of Massachusetts, and William

Rainey Harper would have no other woman as the first dean of women at the University of Chicago. To-day, on the Chicago campus, beautiful chimes ring out in memory of Alice Freeman Palmer, who died at the early age of forty-five. In her beloved Wellesley is a memorial, showing a woman as a guide, with her hand outstretched to the future over the head of a girl. Eagerly the child seems to advance! Many would have surrendered all effort, confronting the obstacles she met. But no prison walls or iron gates could restrain Alice Freeman Palmer.

Here are those who know the power of the inner life, who have experienced the kingdom within. "Though you travel the world over to find the beautiful you must carry it with you or you find it not." "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." "And when they came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city it opened to them of its own accord and they went out."

BURRIS ATKINS JENKINS

Burris Atkins Jenkins, M.A., D.D., is pastor of Linwood Boulevard Christian Church, Kansas City, Mo. Born in that city, Oct. 2, 1869, he was educated at Bethany College (A.B., 1891), and at Harvard (S.T.B., 1895; M.A., 1896). Ordained to the Disciples of Christ ministry in 1891, Dr. Jenkins was pastor, Indianapolis, Ind., 1896-1900; professor of New Testament literature and exegesis, 1898-1900, president, 1899-1900, University of Indianapolis; president of Kentucky University, 1901-07, going to his present pastorate at the end of that time. In 1919-1921 he was editor and publisher of the Kansas City *Post* in addition to his duties as pastor. He is the author of the following books: *Heroes of Faith* (1896); *The Man in the Street and Religion* (1917); *Facing the Hindenburg Line* (1917); *It Happened Over There* (1918); *The Protestant* (1918); *Princess Salome* (1921); *The Brace Girdle* (1922).

THE DROPPED BRIDLE REIN

Burris A. Jenkins

"Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile." Mark vi. 31.

Far back in the eighties of the last century, when the Cimarron country of eastern Colorado and northern New Mexico and Texas was open range, that is, with no fences anywhere, I used to ride that range with the cowboys. Oftentimes during the long hot summer days, when we had ridden hard from daylight until late afternoon with nothing to eat and nothing to drink, our lips cracked and parched by the wind and the sun and the alkali dust, we would ascend a little hill, or a mesa, and beside a spring, or under a scraggy cedar, we would rest awhile. On such occasions we had only to draw the reins over our horses' heads and drop the long ends to the ground. The cow ponies were trained to stand thus as if tied. At any rate, I never knew one well trained to move away. No doubt they were just as glad to stand as we were to sprawl out on the ground in a bit of shade. Perhaps you are thinking now of the horse that David Harum sold to the deacon—the deacon who could not trade on Sunday, but who could discuss all the preliminaries of the trade and settle them, and get his money next day; the deacon who was never known to be beaten in a horse trade. David Harum guaranteed to him that this particular horse would stand without hitching.

And the next day after the deacon bought him he did stand, indeed, in the middle of the road all day long, without being hitched and without any bridle reins hitched and without any bridle reins trailing, but that is not the kind of horse I am talking about.

The lesson of the dropped bridle rein is plainly the lesson of necessary rest both for man and beast, the utter relaxation for tired muscles and nerves which now and again must come to all of us if we are to keep going, whether our task be rounding up the cattle or gathering up the skeins of life in the city, on the farm, or in the village. Jesus recognized the necessity of it when he called his disciples away from the crowd and the intensities of his life of evangelization, saying, "Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile." Sometimes old Mother Nature forces us to rest as she forced me, eighteen years ago in lovely San Antonio, to drop the bridle rein. It is sometimes not an unmixed evil when she puts us to bed for a week or six weeks in spite of ourselves for a relaxation of tense strung nerves which without her help we seem unable to take. We protest against the confinement and bemoan our lot, when perhaps she knows a great deal better than we when it is time for us to drop the bridle rein.

We are told that the American people suffer more than any other nation from what is called "nerves," and that nervous prostration is the national disease. This cannot be due, as some have said, to the brightness of our climate with its radium atmosphere. There are other quarters of the world where the sun shines as brightly. It is due much more probably, to our consuming ambition, of one sort or another—for money, for certain positions to which any American can freely aspire, or to an ingrained desire to lead in

the game or race of life. As a result of this ambition which we refuse to check or limit we frequently die early of apoplexy or of one or another of the manifestations of so-called nerves. We must learn as a people to rest. We already know how to ride hard, to work hard, to plunge ahead over plain and hill, but we have not adequately learned to rest. We should heed Emerson's word, "Why so hot, little man?"

Professor Peabody of Harvard once told me about a colleague of his who had reared a brood of pigeons in a cage. He kept them there until maturity; they had had no chance to fly. Then one day he took them out, one by one, tossed them up into the air, and spreading their broad wings naturally and easily they sailed away into the blue. After they had all flown about for some time, he observed that they showed signs of distress, coming back and circling round and round him and their cage. Narrower and narrower the circles grew, as closer, and closer they drew to him. Then, finally, one by one they dashed against his breast and fell panting to the ground. They knew instinctively how to fly; but they had never learned to alight. I am wondering if it is so with many of us Americans.

We should learn the secret of the dropped bridle rein, of short periods of complete rest. The English have a prescription for longevity—frequent and short vacations. Three weeks or a month in summer of continuous vacation is not so good as two or three days taken frequently through the year. The English all rest over the week-ends. We scarcely know what a week-end is. And if by chance we get a week-end, do we really rest, or do we dash away madly on some nerve-racking expedition that leaves us more tired

than when we set out? True, a change of work is a rest in itself; that is why employees in a factory who have worked one set of muscles to exhaustion can to advantage get out at noontime on an open lot and play baseball, thus working a totally different set of muscles.

But what most of us need to learn is for a half-day at week-ends, at least, or a day or two days, to do nothing, absolutely nothing. Great profit comes from unmitigated loafing for just a few hours at a time. Have you learned how to do it? A favorite saying of Walt Whitman's, who was so strong and vigorous in advanced age, as well as so sane and wholesome, was "I loaf and invite my soul." Henry Ward Beecher, when asked one time how he was able to accomplish so much work, replied, "By turning one day into two." He meant that he slept a little while in the middle of every day, an excellent practice. William Jennings Bryan endured so well the fatigues of his phenomenal campaigns because he was able between speeches to come back into the car, lie down on a seat, and immediately lose himself completely in sleep. Whatever else this indicates, it surely points to a body under the mastery of the mind, to a soul at peace with itself and with the world. Our Master Himself, when after the fatigues of teaching great crowds He entered a boat to go six miles across the lake, lay down in the stern upon a pillow and went fast asleep. On the hot dusty journey through Samaria He rested on the curb of Jacob's well.

Nor is the secret of living sanely, strongly, efficiently, confined merely to certain periods of rest, the dropping of the bridle rein now and again; but the secret is also to be found in the relaxed condition and

position of body and mind with which one does his actual work. One ought to ride with a loose rein and guide his horse by a slight pressure upon the neck. One ought to yield to the motion of his animal by a relaxation of nerve and muscle; the best riders are almost one with the body of their mount. A tense and high-strung rider fatigues both himself and horse. The real cause of seasickness is the inability to relax, to yield to the motion of the ship, to surrender one's self and become a part of the moving whole. Seasickness then is a nervous disease. There are lots of seasick people on the great ship we call life. Mr. Blackman tells me that one of the secrets of good boxing is a relaxed frame. If your whole figure is relaxed, a blow cannot hurt you greatly. You yield to the blow, you give with it, and it becomes more a push than a blow; but if you stiffen against it it shakes and jars your whole being. How many of us know how to take the buffetings of life with a relaxed frame, to let the blows of fate fall upon heads that yield and sway, and so in the end may be bloody but unbowed?

A certain great physician has declared that the difference between a genius and an ordinary man is that the genius does not suffer from inhibitions due to repressions, to hardening and stiffening against life, while the ordinary man is thus limited by his inhibitions. In other words, the genius knows how to relax all the while that he is working. His work therefore is easy to him; it is play, nothing more. Perhaps you will recall Mark Twain's rules for longevity uttered at a dinner he attended in New York in his advanced age. Somebody asked him how it was that he was so hale and hearty at over three-score and ten. He replied, "I have a set of rules which fit me; they may not fit

anybody else, but they suit me exactly. When I eat anything that disagrees with me, I keep on eating it till one or the other of us gets the best of it. I never smoke—more than one cigar at a time. I never go to bed as long as there is anybody to sit up with, and I never get up till I have to. And I never did a lick of work in all my life." Now, Mark Twain as we all well know was one of the most industrious literary men we have ever had; but what he means is that his work was all play to him, that he enjoyed every bit of it, and every minute of it. What we need to learn is the secret of making play out of our work. I know there is much drudgery in the world and that many people have not found the kind of work which they can turn into play. Nevertheless, it is true that most of us could by relaxing, by taking life easier, enjoy our work much more than we do. What's the use of taking it all so seriously? Most of us take ourselves and our work far too seriously. Life is a huge joke. Oftentimes the joke is on us. Smile, then, and take the joke at your own expense.

Believe me, I am not trifling with this subject. I am dead in earnest in insisting that all of us—myself among the number—except the geniuses, are meeting life with nerves that are strung too taut. We have not found the secret of relaxing, of yielding to life, of taking it as we find it, of taking its blows upon head and body and laughing them away. This is no easy task, I am well aware. It calls for a natural aptitude which the genius possesses, or else it calls for long, painstaking, conscious discipline at relaxation.

There are great philosophers who have maintained that life is nothing but play after all, a game of make-believe to which the key is, "As if." I have just read

the latest book of Havelock Ellis, one of the ripest, oldest, and most honored scientific and literary men of England. He sums up his whole philosophy of life and calls it "The Dance of Life." Life, he holds, is all a play, a dance. And he maintains that dancing is the most universal and the most inevitable thing we do. Nations have always danced in their supreme moments. They dance for war, whether they be Zulus, American Indians, or German Infantry executing the goose-step. They dance for religion, whether it be David dancing into Jerusalem before the ark of God, or whether it be Greek youths and maidens, old men and women dancing in the Eleusinian mysteries just out of Athens. The early Church danced at the Eucharist or communion; and not only Eusebius but also St. Paul had to chide them for eating and drinking too much at these holy festivals. They danced for sex, for mating, for courting, just as the birds and the animals do. Herein lies the hostility which the Puritan era has created in our blood against the dance. In our primness and our prudery, in our shamefacedness and our hypocrisy, we have tabooed everything in word or deed that even suggests the natural beauty to be seen in mating creatures of the field and the wood as well as among youths and maidens. But all the Puritans, with all their somber, turgid stream of melancholy, taking themselves so everlastingly seriously, have not been and never will be able to stamp out the dance from human life. It is a good thing they are not. Why, we can't help but dance. Every time we sing "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," I see scores of people tapping their feet and swaying their shoulders or rhythmically moving their hands. There are certain dances among South Sea Islanders

executed with the hands; and I have seen many a deacon and many a ladies-aider dancing with fingers and forearms and wrists just after Billy Sunday had delivered his most terrible invectives against the dance. They were dancing and knew it not; and neither apparently did he.

Not less play in life, but more play, is certainly what we need, if we are not to die young, burnt out before our time. The greatest enemy of man, and may I say particularly the American people, is the inability to relax, to ride with a loose rein, to take life easily and joyously and happily as a delightful game. Hurry, worry, and fear—these are our mortal enemies. What's the use of going so fast? You may get to the grave sooner, but no place else. You may save a quarter of an hour in a day; but what will you do with it? The oldest civilization on this earth and some think the most beautiful, until Western life invaded it with its opium and its militarism, is old China. They say that every street was like a home—pleasant, gentle, kindly. Nobody ever hurried; nobody ever worried; nobody ever seemed to fear. Milton in his lofty language pictures the hosts of heaven, the messengers of the eternal posting over land and ocean without haste; and then he beautifully adds, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

And worry? What does it ever gain us? Crossing bridges before we come to them, anticipating evils before they even threaten us, being anxious for the morrow, which is fully capable of taking care of itself —what possible strength can such overanxious forethought bring to a human life? I know it is the most utterly futile thing in the world to say to anyone, "Don't worry." You can't talk against worry. Words

are helpless to dissipate worry. You must reason about your worry. You must put your finger on the cause of anxiety and squeeze it out like emptying a blister or a boil. If you can't do it alone, then get somebody to help you.

Then there is fear, the arch-demon by which so many are possessed. Human beings are timid creatures, perhaps the most timid of all the animals, because they have imagination with which to conjure up fears.

Why be afraid of anybody else? Be assured he is afraid of you or of another. Why be afraid of pain? Pain is one of God's messengers; and the greatest thinkers know that there is no pleasure but is mingled with pain. Pain is an essential element of happiness; you can't be happy without it. In the supremest moments of life are mingled ache and joy. Why be afraid for your salary, for your job, for your taxes, for your bills? Somehow they have always got paid. Somehow there is work enough for all to do and food and clothes enough to go round. The Great Master in a much more poverty-stricken land than ours declared that God cares for every bird in the air and that not one falls to the ground without our heavenly father. He said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not; neither do they spin; they only play; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye, of little faith?" And he acted, too, upon his own words. He went about without a job, without a salary, without provision, and with only the clothes on his strong young athletic back. He sent out seventy of his disciples to teach and preach and told them to take no

money but to live off the people and the country. Here was a demonstration of relaxation. Here was genius without any inhibition. Why be afraid of death? It is no more than an anesthetic, rest, relief, a beautiful adventure.

What is it you fear to-day, my friend? What is the shadow that hangs over you? Surely this is not the darkest moment in your life. Whatever the fear that assails you, think back to that other day, that other hour when something so much more tragic threatened you or your home or your loved one. Perhaps your dear wife trembled between life and death. Perhaps a little child, your child, seemed slipping through your fingers out to the broad sea of eternity; perhaps he did go; somehow you survived the shock; somehow you weathered through; the fear you entertain to-day is surely not half so dreadful as that you endured at that other time.

Or perhaps it is the very darkest hour in your life. Then think of what Abraham Lincoln said in the darkest hours of even a darker life than yours, when he used to bow his head and his shoulders and murmur, "Even this will pass." I don't know that I can anticipate or describe your fear; you may not be able to yourself. A mysterious thing is the inner working of the human soul.

One thing I know, and that is that the Great Physician of us all can conquer for us and with us the inhibitions that hold us down, that limit us and restrain us and confine us. He can unwind them as if he unwound bounds that tied our hands to our sides and our feet together, and set us free. Resisting life as we do, tense and taut against its movements, our powers function at only one-tenth of their efficiency.

We have the best authority for declaring that we could all accomplish and we could all become ten times what we do and what we are if only we could get rid of the restriction and the imprisonment to which we subject our own spirits that ought to be free. Jesus came to set us free, to give us the truth that makes us free. He came not to restrict us, not to confine us, but he came that we might have life and might have it more abundantly. Religion has been defined by some of the choicest spirits among men as unity and harmony with the world of which we are a part. To find that peace, which flows into the life that is in tune with the world, in tune with nature, in tune with God—that is religion.

Jesus was such a one. He knew how to rest; He knew how to relax; He came to give others rest and peace and relaxation. He is here to-day to teach us this so simple and yet so profound secret of life—the quiet, the rest, the peace that nobody can take away. This is His place; this is His hour, whether in this house or in homes or shops or hospitals, miles away from this building. He is here; He is there. "Ah, I have sighed to rest me"—this is the song, the unuttered song of many who read these words. Take the rest, the rest that He offers, the rest that flows like a river out of His great love.

> Rest, rest for the weary; peace, peace to the soul.
> Though life may be dreary; earth is not thy goal.

This is the song that comes to us out of the sky, out of the blue, out of the cloudless beauty of this day of rest and peace. It is His message to the hurrying, worrying, fearing souls of timorous men and women and children of the earth.

For this one hour, then, this one little hour in all the

week, can we not accomplish the difficult feat of thorough and absolute rest and stillness?

Shall we not quiet ourselves like the weaned child, the sobs and sighs all gone, upon our mother's breast? Can we not find the peace with ourselves, with our fellow men, with nature, and with Him who is back of it all, our Father—the peace that He said He came to bring us? "Peace, I leave with you. My peace I give unto you." Dropping all the leading strings of life, throwing off all the restraints of the mind and of the spirit, looking up above all the shadows, real and imaginary, that shut out our light, let us have one hour of freedom, one hour of soaring, one hour at home in the mystic blue.

Trudging over a farm on our Western prairies with a countryman, who you would think had no poetry, no romance in his soul, I was one day startled by this word he spoke, "Isn't this a grand view? Sometimes I come to this hill all by myself, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening, and here I just stand and look. Everything just fades out of my life. I forget who I am, what I've got to do, and I just sort of dream and lose myself in this sky and these prairies." For that one occasional hour now and then in his life he is the mystic, he is the seer, he is the child of God, at peace, relaxed, absorbed in his Father's beauty and joy and handiwork. Be assured that all his other hours, when he comes down from that hill, are refreshed, vivified, ennobled, by that brief period of meditation and exaltation which we call, without exactly knowing what it is, Prayer. He didn't know he was praying; he would be surprised if you told him he was praying; he was not asking for a single thing —he was simply absorbed and exalted.

Life tides on a crescent seabeach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
In from that distant ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod.
Some call it aspiration,
And others call it God.

If we have had an hour of such mystic communion with the Eternal, with the world of nature, with humankind, with all that goes to make up the garment and the being of that Spirit back of all for which we have no other name but God and Father, can we not carry that hour with us and go in the strength of it, in the rest and the calm and the peace of it, for many days? So that other such hours, wherever we may be, in home, in office, in shop, in hospital, in business, or at play, which after all is the same thing, may be lightened and we may enter into that quietness and that peace which belongs of right to every one of us children of the Eternal.

MEREDITH ASHBY JONES

Meredith Ashby Jones, D.D., LL.D., is pastor of Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo. Born in Lexington, Va., Nov. 1868, Dr. Jones was educated at the University of Richmond, Washington and Lee University, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and the University of Virginia (D.D., Richmond College, 1904; LL.D., Oglethorpe, 1926). Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1893, he served several pastorates in Kentucky and Virginia until 1906 when he went to Georgia, where he was pastor of the following churches: First Church, Columbus, 1906-1908; First Church, Augusta, 1908-17; Ponce de Leon Avenue Church, Atlanta, 1917-26. In the spring of 1926 he accepted a call to Second Church, St. Louis. Dr. Jones has been at various times counselor of the National Religious Education Association, member of the National Board of the Y.M.C.A., of the Home and Foreign Mission Boards of the Baptist Church, and a trustee of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and the author of *Text and Pretext.*

THE VALUE OF A VISION

M. Ashby Jones

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. There was a man of Macedonia standing, beseeching him, 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.'" Acts xvi. 9.

Paul the Apostle was essentially a pioneer. He blazed the way along which others were to follow. He was himself the prophecy of a new era of life—the premise of a new system of thought. He was a propagandist of the most pronounced type. Bursting through the narrowed limitations of a provincial religion, he pressed on toward an ever-widening horizon of discovery and conquest. In reading his life we are so swept along by his restless activity, his exhaustless energy, that we are apt to overlook the fact that this daring doer of deeds was first a dreamer. Every great change in his career was born of a vision, and every great enterprise of his life was inspired by a dream. The Damascene road, the conquest of Corinth, the invasion of Europe, are all lit with the radiance of a light from within. We are fond of distinguishing between "visionary men" and "practical men" as being of different orders. It is readily granted that there are those who dream without doing, and we rightly distrust them. But let it be remembered that there are many more who do without seeing—blind workers. In the darkness they work coarsely, and often cruelly.

These are the dangerous men, for whom there must ever ascend the prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then, is there not a demand for men who see clearly that which should be done—men with visions of tasks which preface a performance? It is from this standpoint I would speak of Paul's experience, and seek to discover the value of a vision.

But what do we mean by a vision? In one's daily experience the five senses serve as the soul's reporters of the world without. What they bring into the life is the material out of which the world within—the thought world—is to be builded. Countless pictures flash upon the retina of the eye, and innumerable sounds strike the ear which float through the brain on a ceaseless stream of consciousness into an ocean of oblivion, leaving no deposit on the life. Then there are other impressions, which are caught in attention by the personality. They are read by the light of the soul's past experience, harmonized with these experiences, and made a part of the soul's self.

It is thus new ideas come into being, new sentiments are born, and new aspirations challenge the life to endeavor, and summon the will to achievement. These are the soul's visions. It is that which is seen and heard and felt after the eyes and ears and hands have done their work. The form does not matter—whether it be a picture, a voice or an idea. It is that which is seen *within*. It is that which counts, for this is the soul's interpretation of life, what it is and what is its significance.

It is from this standpoint I would inquire whence came the midnight visitor to Paul—whence the Macedonian voice? Paul, with the young Greek,

Timothy, passing through Phrygia and Galatia moving westward, turned aside by the Holy Spirit from entering Bithynia, had reached the coast town of Troas, bewildered as to his next move. I fancy him wandering along the shore that evening, his eyes turned westward. In his soul is the vision of a conquering Kingdom of love. Just across the dancing waters of the Aegean Sea lies Greece. As he strains his eyes if perchance he might catch the faint outlines of that far-famed coast, I think the world-conquering Greece must have challenged to its very center this world-conquering soul of Paul. Greece, with all the irresistible fascination of her story, entered the spirit of the Apostle. And it seems to me that it was inevitable that that night he should be fronted with a Macedonian in his dream, and a voice from Greece should call him to conquest. But that Macedonian was born in the soul of Paul, and that voice was a voice from within.

The contention here is that this experience was not an unnatural, or a supernatural, but an *innernatural* experience. I believe profoundly the little Maid of Orleans heard voices call her to the conflict. It was the voice of her beloved France. But France was within her heart, and it was her own soul calling to the rescue. Patrick Henry, in the midst of his impassioned plea for liberty in old St. John's, said he could hear the roar of the artillery on the plains of Boston. But those guns were not on Boston Common. What he heard was the passionate plea of his own soul, eager for the fray for freedom. Some Schumann-Heink is singing her "Home Memories." Those waves of melody burst upon the heart of a man in that audience and mingle with the music of the past. With eyes closed he sees the pillared porch of a house beneath the bend-

ing blue of a Southern sky. Voices long forgotten break the silence of the soul. I hear him mutter, "I will arise and go to my Father." One who has walked through the slums of a great city, and goes home with his heart tingling with sympathy, hears that night the moans of the damned breaking over his soul like waves upon a wreck-strewn shore. And it is equally true that not until He who stood upon the brow of Olivet and issued His command stands in the center of your soul, garbed in compelling need, and says, "Go ye into all the world," will His voice have for you the accents of final authority.

It is readily granted that there is a great mass of hallucinations, optical illusions, and nervous disorders which find all sorts of hysterical and distorted expressions. But is there not a test for the value of a vision? It is the test of translation. Translate it into terms of life. Work out that which is within, and let us judge it by its fruitage. Read this record: "And when he had seen the vision, straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia"; and further on, "setting sail from Troas." As it turned out, that dream figure was Europe's call to Asia for light. It was civilization pointing the pathway to history. And when that little boat set sail from Troas, the Kingdom of God moved westward to triumphs undreamed of by the little Jewish dreamer.

Is not some such vision the familiar preface to all achievements which are worth the doing? All that we hold dearest and best is but the translation of these dreams into form. . . . The sculptor must first see his angel of beauty within, ere his chisel touches the lifeless marble. The composer first hears his symphony throb in beauty through the corridors of his own soul

ere his fingers touch an instrument or his pencil a score. The architect must see a temple in his heart ere its columns cast their shadows upon the earth, or its spires point their fingers heavenward. In this age, when we buy in bulk and contract in cubic yards, we are apt to forget that what has gotten itself inwrought into the permanent life of the world is the visions of men's spirits. Greek wealth of commerce and weight of armed phalanxes have been swept into oblivion, but Greek ideas carved into marble, builded into temples, sung into poetry, and translated into philosophy still dominate the life of men.

In the old assembly hall at the University of Virginia there was an almost perfect copy of Raphael's picture, "The School of Athens." In the center of this picture stands the figure of Socrates; on his right, Plato; on his left, Aristotle. Standing next to the great logician is the figure of a slight, delicate youth, his great dreamy eyes looking into the distant future. This is Alexander the Great. On one occasion, when Professor Noah K. Davis was interpreting this picture to a brilliant woman, he said when he came to this figure, "This certainly seems a flaw in the great artist's conception. Who would think of painting Alexander the Great as a dreamy youth?" His companion looked intently for a few minutes at the face, and then her eyes lighted with that feminine intuitive appreciation, whose sympathy outruns the lagging legs of logic, and she explained, "No, Mr. Davis, Raphael was right. He who would conquer a world must first dream that he has conquered it."

After all has been said, what has any man to contribute to the world save that which is within him? There are too many men who are but shadows of

living men. They echo their words, mimic their movements, photograph their pictures, and prattle their phrases. Of themselves they give nought, when this is all that is worth the giving. Let a man paint what he has seen within. Let him tell what he knows of himself. Let him sing what he has heard within. Let him build that which is in his own heart. It may not be great by the prevailing standards, but its value will have that quality of the eternal that makes it real.

The world will never forget Jesus the Real as He faced Pilate the Poser. "Art thou a king?" asked the prattler, who knew not a king when he saw him; and the Master, searching the shallow soul of this man, replied with another question, which is vital to every speaker, "Sayest thou this of thyself?" That indeed is the test of truth, the test of character itself. It makes little difference what a man says, if it be not an expression of himself. But, on the other hand, that which he speaks, though having little truth for others, is true for him, if he be true to himself.

Here, indeed, is the redemption of every man—that he work out the best that is within him. For it is in that process that the soul grows. Thus buried talents, latent possibilities, sleeping ideals, come into conscious life. The outward man goes on decaying, but the inward man is renewed day by day.

Here is to be the basis of one's faith, after all. The visions of one's soul are for him final in their authority. Doubt here is spiritual death; disobedience is fatal. For if God speaks not within, where can one be certain that he will hear His voice? His message may come through the revelation of nature, or be seen through the acute eye of the microscope; it may be read in a book, or heard from the lips of a man. But not until

His voice sounds through the judgment hall of your spirit, is caught up in the conviction of your conscience, and throbs in the urge of your own moral impulse, can it have the accent of authority for you. But when this does take place, let no priest nor preacher, no teacher nor theologian, halt you in obedience, for it is God's voice to you.

We have far from exhausted the significance of Jesus' words to the Pharisees, when they asked Him when the Kingdom cometh. "It cometh not with the vision of the eyes," said He. "Neither shall they say, lo here, or lo there [on the outside], for lo, the kingdom is within you." Yes, the Kingdom cometh with the coming of the King, when he sitteth regnant within the heart and issues His commands. Loyalty here means loyalty to the King. What a triumphant note that was in the voice of Paul, when telling his Damascus experience to Agrippa he cries out in conclusion, "And I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, O King Agrippa." Such also was the experience of Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms. All through those wearying hours of inquisition he cried out over and over again, "Convince me and I will recant." But failing to do so, he finally burst forth, "Then here stand I. I can do no other, so help me God."

I think this is what Paul is saying when he insists that you "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh within you."

HARRIS ELLIOT KIRK

Harris Elliot Kirk, A.B., D.D., LL.D., is pastor of the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md. He was born in Pulaski, Tenn., Oct. 12, 1872, and received his college education at Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn. (A.B., 1897; D.D., 1905). Ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1897, he was pastor of Cottage Church, Nashville, Tenn., 1897-99, and of First Church, Florence, Ala., 1899-1901, going to his present pastorate in 1901. Dr. Kirk has been annual lecturer on historical Christianity at Princeton University since 1923, and special lecturer on homiletics and psychology at Hartford Seminary since 1919. He was moderator of the Synod of Virginia, 1911; lecturer at the General Conference of Christian Workers, Northfield, Mass., 1917-23; Sprunt lecturer, Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, 1916; Carew lecturer, Hartford Theological Seminary, 1916; alumni lecturer, New Brunswick Theological Seminary, 1920; faculty lecturer, McCormick Theological Seminary, 1922; and university preacher at Princeton, Yale, University of Virginia, and other schools. Dr. Kirk has written several books including: *The Religion of Power* (1916); *The Consuming Fire* (1919).

THE GLORY IN THE GRAY

Harris E. Kirk

> *"It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark . . . but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord . . . but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."* Zechariah xiv. 6.

In a piece of very ancient writing which is known to us as the Book of Zechariah, one comes upon the strange, cryptic passage quoted above. This passage is part of that mysterious part of biblical truth known as apocalyptic, of which we have the finest example in the Book of Revelation. When this mood is upon him, the old Hebrew seer endeavors to describe things that are really beyond description. If you approach him without spiritual imagination—if you require words of definite meaning—you will never understand him. I am not going to tell you what he means, for I do not know. He seems to be saying, "There it is, what I have seen and felt; take my words and make out of them what you can."

Vague as they appear, however, they have had meaning for religious faith in all ages, and have naturally played a part in the devotional literature of the Christian church. I turn to them to satisfy a feeling that overtakes us at the close of the year, when after a period of unreflective activity we find ourselves

at the crossroads, doubtful about the next step. Such a mood brings one to a standstill. We try to get our bearings, and as we look about our world are surprised to find that it is neither clear nor dark. At such times great thoughts are born, unsuspected capacities are quickened into wakefulness in the dormitory of the soul, and the companionship of God is felt to be a necessity. When the self-sufficient mood, encouraged by ceaseless activity, gives place to one of humility, developed by the sudden realization of the confused pathway before us, God has a way of speaking home to the heart and, curiously enough, often in ways as indefinite as the mysterious words I have quoted above. Let me, then, open my mind to you at this season on the mysterious theme: "The Glory in the Gray."

At the outset I am going to claim this to be a conception peculiarly Christian. No matter what a man's philosophy may be, he cannot avoid a sense of confusion in things. The mood is not limited to religious minds; in some form it is present in all philosophies worthy of the name. There is in the processes of life a sense of emergency, of catastrophe, of sudden alteration in outlook that disturbs the most serene optimism. To be sure there are observant minds able to discern somewhere on Time's horizon a gradual emergence of the gray; but it is only the Christian who is able to see the *glory* in the gray. It is true he cannot describe it so as to appeal to an unimaginative mind; he is obliged to speak as one incapable of describing his vision. Still the Christian knows what he means. You may call this faith if you like, and I will not deny it; but permit me this word—it is the faith that overcomes the world.

What quickens my thought just here is the union of faith and experience expressed in Zechariah's prediction of a day known only to the Lord. It is a confession of faith in the divine direction of human life. For God to know a day is for Him to control it; He is the master of time and duration; it is He who has created the tradition of nights and days, who follows the processional of years to their purposeful end. But the prophet sagely tempers his faith in Providence by a sober recognition of the contingencies of life; and the wisdom of this course is a fact which becomes evident to any kind of mature thinking. Life comes to us in a series of surprising and unanticipated emergencies; and together with a definite faith in the divine wisdom which controls the highways of life we must take account of contingencies over which we have no control. The conclusion to which this leads us is that, while one must firmly believe in divine direction, he must be ready to accept life in respect to its qualitative experiences as wholly uncertain; which is merely another way of saying that while we can always be sure of God, we can never be sure of life.

Consider for a moment the notion of contingency in life. Let us put to ourselves one or two questions. What is it that interests us most; what calls out our finest thought, creates our firmest purposes? Do the experiences necessary to the growth of character and personal force come from what we consider certainties or uncertainties? Why, for instance, do we speak of "dead" certainties? Is it not, as one of my friends is fond of putting it, because a dead certainty *is* dead, and has little power of arousing our interest at all? We do not allow our minds to dwell much on death, because that is certain; but life, the most uncertain

of all adventures, is of surpassing interest to every living soul.

By carrying this contrast a little further we are able to distinguish between two kinds of interest which exist in the world—one belonging to the domain of things, the other to the realm of souls. Emerson has thus expressed it:

> There are two laws discrete,
> Not reconciled—
> Law for man, and law for thing,
> The last builds town and fleet
> But it runs wild,
> And doth the man unking.

Is not the starting point of all philosophies this: Shall one conceive the world in terms of things or souls? So far, the Oriental mind has based its thinking upon souls, staking life upon the reality of the imponderables; while the Occidental mind, stimulated by superabundant energies, is trying to build a durable philosophy upon the unceasing flux of material things. In the fever and fret of our present life, we are making appeals to the outer court of things. It is only when a thoughtful mood overtakes us, as now, that we draw apart and think of the inner court of things. At such times we feel the force of life's contradictions, the perpetual conflict between "law for man and law for thing."

Such reflection, however disenchanting, has the advantage of making us realize where our living interests lie. Any interest that belongs to the world of things is limited. Eventually, science securely harnesses it, reduces it to order, and makes it a dead certainty. That is why Bergson said that intellect is

less inspiring than instinct, because intellect is compelled to slay the thing it loves in order to understand it. What he meant was that the systematic arrangements required to obtain order in material affairs develop certainties in which all interest dies. Just now we are surrounded by all sorts of physical marvels—the airplane, the radio, and the like. Yet already we have ceased to wonder at these things. But when we consider the realm of souls, when we appeal to the inner court of things, what a difference is there! A domain of wonder, fear, and surprise breaks in upon the mind. One feels, on the plainest pathway, the menace and inspiration of uncertainty. As we sense the mystery around us, our interest in the adventure of life grows and grows—

> . . . that one way
> March life, love, stars, God's dreams, and night and day.

And when, through some sudden dislocation of plan, some swift emergence of disaster, some overpowering confusion of mind, you become doubtful of your way, you have only to look about and see that you have lighted upon a day that is neither clear nor dark. Man is by nature a nest builder. He has a passionate desire to seize some splendid moment and fix it forever in an imperishable form; to dig himself in and consolidate his holdings in a firm habitation over which nature's flux can have no sway; but try as he may, God will dig him out and even in old age send him on his travels. Man's wish is for finality. Against this attitude of mind God puts movement, contingency, uncertainty. There is no escape from upsettings and reverses. And so, gray is the normal color of the path of maturity; yet the eye of faith can always discern, even in the dimmest hour, the glory glinting through the gray.

The Kingdom of God is founded upon nothing tangible, for He "hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods." Man's confidence amid this ceaseless flux lies in his realization of the pressure of the Everlasting Arms, which hold him the more securely because of the changeableness of this present world. It was faith in this elemental fact that led the prophet to speak of the light that comes at evening time. As we have already asserted, for God to know a day is to control it, to bring it to a hopeful end. The man of faith knows, however much he may endure of reverse and disappointment, that he is moving toward an increasing light; that somewhere on the rapidly revolving scroll of nights and days is the day known only unto the Lord, "that at evening time it shall be light." This is the faith that helps man to make a good end. In this world we shall have trouble; but Christ commands the way and the end of it is peace. There is more beyond the present, a vision beyond the work; and however dark the way, however heavy the toil, we know that

> . . . there shall dawn a day
> If not on the homely earth,
> Then yonder, worlds away,
> Where the strange and new have birth,
> And power comes full in play.

In face of such a hope, what shall be our outlook upon the New Year but one of eagerness for a larger experience of life? If we dare greatly to adventure ourselves upon the undisclosed will of God, it shall be that when things are darkest, when life is most uncertain, we shall discover overhead the Eternal God, and underneath, the Everlasting Arms. If like Brown-

ing's Childe Roland we approach the Dark Tower, crossing dreary and ghostly plains, if need be, in search of our heart's desire; if like him, while fully sensing the dread mystery of existence, we dare put the slug-horn to our lips and blow our challenge to life, we shall, ere we close our pilgrimage, see the glory in the gray; and like a rain-washed highway rejoicing in the splendor of the morning sun, our path shall become as a shining light that leadeth unto a perfect day!

GEORGE WHITE McDANIEL

George White McDaniel, Th.B., D.D., LL.D., is pastor of First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. He was born in Grimes County, Tex., Nov. 30, 1875, and was educated in that state, receiving the A.B. degree from Baylor University in 1898. His theological education was received at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, where he took the degree of Th.B. in 1900 (D.D., Richmond College, 1905; LL.D., Baylor University, 1920). Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1900, Dr. McDaniel has served the following pastorates in that church: Temple, Tex., 1900-02; Gaston Avenue Church, Dallas, 1902-04; First Church, Richmond, Va., from 1904 to the present. He is a trustee of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; director, Baptist Orphanage of Virginia; member, Baptist Educational Board of Virginia; president, Baptist General Assembly of Virginia; president, Southern Baptist Convention; member, Archaeological Institute of America. The books that have come from Dr. McDaniel's pen include: *Our Boys in France; The People Called Baptists; The Churches of the New Testament; A Memorial Wreath; Seeing the Best.*

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL'S SALVATION

George W. McDaniel

"Go in peace." Mark v. 34.

Our Savior adopted two methods and employed two agencies for establishing His Kingdom in the world. These were preaching and works, or teaching and miracles. Jesus was a teacher rather than a preacher in the present accepted meaning of those words. As a teacher He was noted for His *authority*. Other teachers of His day quoted extensively and relied upon the interpretations of others. Jesus spake with the tremendous emphasis of an "I say unto you." What in another would have been egotism was in Him conscious authority. He who was the truth declared the truth without equivocation or qualification. Twice His hearers commented favorably on His authority—once when He finished speaking in the synagogue at Capernaum, and again when He concluded that most remarkable of all discourses, the Sermon on the Mount. On both occasions they were astonished, "for He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

Jesus was also noted for the *simplicity* of His teaching. It was once said of a minister that his congregation admired him because they could not understand him. This was a doubtful compliment. Abstruseness is not necessary to profundity. Jesus dealt with the most difficult and abstruse subjects—God, providence,

immortality, detiny, heaven and hell. Yet He received the greatest compliment ever paid a speaker: "The common people heard him gladly." Dr. John A. Broadus was such a speaker. His scholarship was the highest. The last sermon he preached in the pulpit where I minister was from the text: "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Here was an opportunity for the display of his vast and varied erudition. He spoke so simply that an eight-year-old girl who sat by her father said, as they walked from the church that summer Sunday morning, "Papa, I understood everything he said."

Again, the Master was a *parabolical* teacher. What is a parable? The little child's definition is: "An earthly story with a heavenly meaning." A parable is something taken from the natural world to illustrate a truth in the spiritual realm. Everything in the natural world had to the mind of Jesus an analogue in the spiritual world. He saw religious truth in all the life about him. The vineyard, the net, the sower, the sparrow, the lily, the merchantman, the marriage, were earthly pictures with which He illustrated eternal principles. The principles would not be understood, or would not be remembered, if presented abstractly: in pictures they were comprehensible and unforgettable. Jesus was not a slave to any one method, but He used illustrations so freely that on one occasion it was said, "Without a parable spake He not unto them."

But Jesus was what I have never heard him called, viz., a *miraculous* teacher. By this I mean two things: That He had a miraculous manner of teaching; but mainly that He used miracles to impart religious truths. Jesus was no mere benefactor of His race. He positively refused to be made a bread king. His mir-

acles were for spiritual purposes, as well as for the alleviation of human suffering and want. If He healed a withered hand He wanted to suggest that He could heal the withered hand of faith; that anyone who would try to believe would in the effort find the strength to do so. If He opened the eyes of the blind He meant to teach that He could give sight to the soul. If with a few loaves and fishes He fed the hungry multitudes He would lead them to partake of Himself as the bread of life. So, underneath all His miracles lie deep and precious religious truths.

The healing of the woman who touched His garment is related in brief compass. All the essentials to a soul's salvation are latent, even patent, in that deed of power. We may call it the history of a soul's salvation. There are many splendid histories—Grote's *Greece,* Gibbon's *Rome,* Macaulay's *England,* Bancroft's *United States.* We read them with sleepless eyes and unflagging interest. But for the issues involved for your soul this history surpasses all these as the sky surpasses the clouds which drift beneath it.

When authors write books they divide them into chapters and give headings to the chapters. This rests the reader and clarifies the subject. For clearness I will divide this history of a soul's salvation into five chapters.

Desperate Despair

The history opens with the chapter of desperate despair. Four clauses describe her pitiable plight: She was afflicted twelve years; she had vainly sought healing from many physicians; she had spent all her money; and she had grown worse. She could appreciate the sentiment of the one who said he had tried

the allopaths, the homeopaths, and the osteopaths and came to the conclusion of the poet that, like the paths of glory, all paths lead but to the grave.

To-day men seek healing from many physicians. They have gone to *science,* saying "Explain for me the riddle of the universe. Tell me whence came life and whither does it go." But science speaks not an authoritative and satisfying voice. For the science of to-day contradicts the science of yesterday. The textbooks on science used when I was in college are out of date and useless for my son who is now in college. No one can predict what the science of to-morrow will be. She is as destructive as she is creative.

> Science with her lens
> Dissolves the Forms that made the other half
> Of all our love, which thenceforth widowed lives
> To gaze with maniac stare at what is not.

Some have gone to *philosophy,* saying, "Unravel for me the skein of existence. Satisfy the excursions of my mind, the questionings of my soul." But philosophy raises more questions than it answers. It leads through tangled mazes of speculation and leaves the soul bewildered and arctic.

> That tasteless squabbling called Philosophy.
> As if the blue-winged butterfly afloat
> For just three days above the Italian fields,
> Instead of sipping at the heart of flowers,
> Poising in sunshine, fluttering toward its bride,
> Should fast and speculate, considering
> What were if it were not, or what now is
> Instead of that which seems to be itself?

Still others have gone to *pleasure,* saying, "I will drink deep at thy fount. Quench my thirst. Give me

the supreme good. O, satisfy me with thy sweet draughts!" Pleasure is a will-o'-the-wisp ever beckoning but always just beyond reach. After a night in pleasure's hall the student goes to his classes, or the employee to his task, with tired body and sluggish brain and pays the penalty of a night's indulgence.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.
Or like the snowfall on the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.

Humanity, abandoning hope of finding satisfaction in science, philosophy, or pleasure, turns in despair to the Christ, even as did that woman. Her condition was desperate. Apart from Christ it was hopeless. The soul must experience this in the first chapter of its religious history. It must realize its nakedness before it will come for dress, its vileness before it will fly to the fountain for cleansing.

Serious Seeker

Crowds accompanied Jesus everywhere He went. He entered a house and they filled the room and jammed the door. He stood on the shore and they pressed upon Him so He must needs get into a boat. He sought rest on the other side of the lake and they ran around and met Him over there. Multitudes followed Him this day as He walked the Capernaum street toward Jairus' home. That thronging crowd was enough to discourage a lone and unknown woman from approaching Him.

But she was desperately in earnest. Like her sister in the coast region, she was determined to seek help from this helper of the hurts of men. "When she had

heard of Jesus she came in the press behind" describes her determination. Timid ones stay away from Jesus from fear of the congregation. They would come to Him like Nicodemus, in the night, when none was there to make ashamed. They have not the heart to step out in the aisle before the onlooking audience and go all the way to the Savior. Serious conviction would banish timidity and fill the heart with courageous purpose.

Does anyone wonder why others are being saved and you are not? Marvel not. The explanation is simple. You have never really wanted to be saved. There has not come an hour when you said, "I mean to be saved now if there is any salvation for me." The wrestling vow, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me," invariably brings the blessing. God says, "Ye shall seek for me and shall find me in the day ye seek for me with your whole heart."

Numberless church members are inefficient because they serve only half-heartedly. They are a care to pastors and a sorrow to Christ. The cause languishes because they wane in interest. Just so, the unconverted remain aloof from Christ because they are not firmly resolved to approach Him.

In one of my college meetings was an unconverted senior. Three years his Christian college mates had endeavored to bring him to Jesus. This year, when the annual evangelistic services began, they decided to leave him alone (since he had become unapproachable). The meeting began on Monday night and was to continue through Sunday with three services daily. By Friday night the waves of salvation were rolling high. Among the converts was every unbeliever on the football team. Saturday night at the supper table

in the boarding house this young man brought up the subject of the meeting. "I hear that M—— was converted last night," he said. "Yes," answered one of the fellows, and dropped the subject. As the other young men were about to start for the chapel he remarked, "Fellows, I haven't been. I believe I will go to-night." "Just as you like," said one. He went.

He remained for the after-meeting and asked for prayer. The next night, the last of the series, he was back and in the after-meeting. As I went among those interested, I came to him. A Christian friend had his arm about him and was pleading with him to give his heart to Christ. I said, "Young man, surrender your will and life to Jesus right now." He shook his head. I enquired, "Why won't you?" He answered, "Because I cannot." I said, "Don't put it that way. Say because you don't want to." He looked up. His countenance was intense. His voice trembled with earnestness. He spoke, "Sir, I want to more than I ever did anything in my life."

The president came to him and I passed on to speak to others. Fifteen minutes later I came back and heard this conversation. The president: "Mr. C——, we have prayed with you, we have pleaded with you, we have told you all we know to tell a man how to be saved, and you will not act. What more can we do?" Mr. C——: "Don't leave me. If I am not saved to-night I fear I shall never be saved." We remained with him until eleven o'clock. I said, "Young man, we can't save you and you will not trust Christ, the only one who can save you. We cannot stay here all night. We must turn the lights out and go." Again he looked up in desperation and said: "Don't leave me, men, I want help. Help me!"

The president spoke to him: "You say you want help. If you mean business go down in the college park with B—— and pray this through. Will you go?" Mr. C——: "Yes sir, I mean business. I'll do anything a man ought to do to settle this right." The two young men went to the wooded park while the president and I walked to our homes. Down in the park they knelt. B—— prayed for his lost friend. "C——, pray for yourself now." Not a word from him. "You said you would test this out and you won't call upon God to have mercy upon your soul. We will have to go to our rooms. I do not know anything else to do."

They arose and walked back across the campus past the old administration building. The moon was shining that warm Southern night. Not a word was said. They moved as in a funeral procession. The door to the vestibule of the chapel was open. B—— said, "C——, let's go in here and pray. I want to give you one more chance." In they went and knelt just inside the door. B—— prayed. "Now C——, pray. Ask God to forgive your sins." He prayed. In a minute he broke forth into praises of thanksgiving to God who had saved his soul. Next morning I learned about it, congratulated him, and inquired, "Why could not we lead you to decision before." His reply was: "I thought I wanted to but really I did not want to bad enough to pray. When I felt my distress and called upon the Lord, He delivered me."

Finger of Faith

The third chapter in this history is the finger of faith. "For she said, if I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole." Call it superstition if you will. The next verse reads, "And straightway the fountain of

her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." If superstition procures such benefit, then give us more superstition. Behind the touch of that hand was a broken and contrite heart. Such, God will not despise. Many in that throng touched Jesus, but she touched Him differently.

Now, be not mistaken here. Her faith did not heal her. Faith saves no one. All the faith of all the Christians in this congregation cannot save the youngest sinner. There is no efficacy in faith to cleanse the conscience and save the soul. It was the virtue which went out of Jesus into her that saved her. Christ it is who saves, not something we or our friends do for us. He saves upon the condition of faith: "By grace are you saved through faith." Grace is the water which slakes the thirst: faith is the channel through which that water flows. Christ is the engine which draws the coach of your life: faith is the coupling pin which unites the engine and coach.

You ask why God imposed this condition—faith. Can you suggest, or imagine, any condition more universally applicable to the needs and capacities of man than faith? We act upon that principle every day. I came to this town by faith. I had never been here. I had faith that the engines would keep the train on the track and that the conductor would call the station for me to get off. Business is run largely on faith. The merchant orders his goods long before the season opens, in the faith that his customers will buy them from him at a reasonable profit. A partnership exists by faith—the mutual faith of the firm. Shake that faith and the profitable firm must dissolve, or go into bankruptcy. The home stands by faith—not on the house and lot. A beautiful site and a costly house do

not make a home. Given these, but let the husband lose faith in the wife or the wife in the husband, and the home is a wreck.

God takes that principle upon which men act in travel and trade, in store and home, every day, everywhere, and applies it to religion. "Have faith in God." "He that believeth on the son hath everlasting life." "All things are possible to him that believeth." Many heard of Jesus: this woman heard and believed. She touched Him with a saving faith. That is the significance in her case.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain.
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.

Complete Confession

Chapter four is the chapter of complete confession. She "fell down before Him and told Him all the truth." What that "all" included we are not told. Maybe her malady was the result of her sin. Perhaps there were scarlet deeds. Doubtless there were skeletons in the closet of her life. Inspiration is silent on particulars and has delicately concealed her name. But she was not silent before Jesus; she sought to conceal nothing from Him; she unbosomed the deepest and darkest secrets of her life to Him.

Forgiveness of sins belongeth to God and confession must be made to Him. Hide the sin in your closet and be condemned; open the door to Christ and be forgiven. Hear the words of the wise man: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whosoever confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." David concealed his sin and his bones ached like those

of an old man. God's hand was heavily upon him while he kept silence. Behold how different when he confessed! "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

Have you wronged your fellow man? To that extent you must make confession to Him. All sin is primarily against God and must be confessed to Him. David exclaimed, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." Joseph located sin as first against God: "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" The prodigal understood the nature of sin when he acknowledged that his wrong was first against God and then against his father: "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

The woman did not tell Peter, or John, or any human being the secrets and sins of her life. She told Jesus. He could sympathize and succor. He had power on earth to forgive sins. He is the confessor to whom we go, and the only one. "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to Him in prayer.

Some sins must be confessed to men—sins which are specifically against men. Have you wronged your brother? Go to him and acknowledge your fault. Have you violated the law of your country? Right

that wrong. Confession is an evidence of sincerity. Years ago a man went forward for prayer in an arbor meeting in Texas. He was deeply moved. Opportunity was given for confession. He stood and began to speak, saying, "I belong to a gang of counterfeiters. We ply our trade in the third story of the brick building on Fifth Street in Waco." The minister, placing his hand on the man's shoulder, said, "My friend, I think it my duty to warn you that you not only will send yourself to the penitentiary by what you are saying, but you will incriminate others." "No matter," said the convicted sinner, "It burns in my bosom like a coal of fire and I feel I should die to-night if I did not tear it out." Next morning the officers searched and found the counterfeiting machine. Everyone knew his confession was genuine.

The guilty mind is in torment without confession. A man was killed in West Virginia. He was last seen to leave a saloon with two brothers who had a shotgun with them. One of these brothers was found at home asleep and the other could not be found. The first brother was tried and convicted upon circumstantial evidence and given a life sentence. He steadfastly maintained his innocence. Seventeen years later the other brother confessed to an officer in Oklahoma that he had committed the murder after his brother had left him and the other man and that his innocent brother was serving a life sentence in West Virginia. He was brought back to Mingo County. The brother was brought from the penitentiary to the courthouse. At the uniting of the two brothers, which was extremely pathetic, the younger said, "Brother, I have done you a great wrong. You have

been in prison, but I have been in hell for seventeen years."

Perfect Peace

The last chapter in the history is perfect peace. The Savior bade her, "Go in peace." She came for healing of body. She received that and more—cleansing of conscience, salvation of soul, and peace of heart. God does more for us than we expect when we approach Him in the right spirit. Spurgeon's mother said to him, "Oh, Charley, I have often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should become a Baptist." He replied with his characteristic humor and fervor, "God has answered your prayer, Mother, with His usual bounty, and given you more than you asked."

Peace! That was her possession. Sweet peace, the gift of God's love. Peace like a river flowed over her soul. The peace of God which passeth understanding kept sentinel over her heart and mind.

> Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
> The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
> Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
> To do the will of Jesus, that is rest.
> Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
> On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace is in the last chapter. It is not found elsewhere. You must obtain pardon before you can possess peace. You must be saved before you can have the joys of salvation. You must know Christ before you experience the blessedness of redemption.

A common mistake is to wait for joy instead of going to Jesus. Take Him as your Savior and trust

Him for the joy. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Faith first, peace afterwards. During my pastorate at Temple I became acquainted with a man whose wife was a zealous member of our church but who himself was unsaved. Often I talked with him. Every time he would say, "I don't feel." I quoted, "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life," and urged that it didn't say feeleth but believeth. "Yes," he said, "but a man should be at peace with God. I can quote that verse but it doesn't give me peace." "Then," said I, "you simply quote it with your lips. You must believe it with your heart." "I want the feeling," he would say.

One night during a meeting this man came forward and surrendered to Christ. On the morrow I met him on the street and enquired: "Have you any feeling?" His face fairly shone. "Yes, sir, I have all the feeling I know what to do with. I am afraid the people in this community will think I am a religious enthusiast." He has since lived a happy, zealous Christian life.

O happy day that fixed my choice,
On thee my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

JOHN MONROE MOORE

John Monroe Moore, Ph.D., D.D., is one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Born in Morgantown, Ky., Jan. 27, 1867, he was educated at Lebanon (O.) College (A.B., 1887), Yale (Ph.D., 1895), and at the Universities of Leipzig and Heidelberg, 1894-95 (D.D., Yale, 1926). Before his election to the episcopacy in 1918, Bishop Moore served pastorates in St. Louis, San Antonio, and Dallas; was for three years managing editor of the *Christian Advocate* (general organ, M. E. Church, South); and from 1910-1918 was secretary of Home Missions of the M. E. Church, South. He is a member of the Joint Commission on Unification of the M. E. Church, South, and the M. E. Church, and is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Bishop Moore has written the following books: *Etchings of the East* (1909); *The South To-day* (1916); *Brazil—an Introductory Study* (1920); *Making the World Christian* (The Fondren Lectures, 1922).

PROGRESS GOD'S WAY OF DELIVERANCE AND REVELATION

John M. Moore

"And the Lord said unto Moses, wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Exodus xiv. 15.

I

From Abraham even unto Moses Jehovah had been in constant evidence before Israel. It was the voice of Jehovah that came unto Abraham back in his homeland of Ur and said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee; and I will make thee a great nation." It was the voice of the Lord that led Abraham to do those great things that made him the father of his people, and the "father of the faithful." Through the history of Isaac and Jacob and Joseph down to the coming of the Israelites into Egypt there had been manifest the presence of the Lord. He had been the guide of His people. He had blessed them, He had denied them nothing that was for their good; He had broadened their fields, enriched their harvests, and done the things that gave them bounty and enlarged vision of Him. Now they were escaping the bondage of Egypt, not merely of their own will, but by His direction. This very movement under the

leadership of Moses was of the Lord's own doing. It was His voice that spoke to Moses out by the mountainside, and out of the burning bush, that sent him back to the plains of Goshen to take leadership of his people and bring them on in the marvelous way of escape. At this very moment the Lord was miraculously manifesting Himself by day and by night, by cloud and light, that He might make them know that He was present with them. Yet, when a difficulty arose they began to cry unto Moses, "You have made a mistake. We face death for all of us. Why did you not let us stay back yonder in Egypt?" Moses had told them that it was the Lord's doing. In the very cloud of the day and in the light of the night they had recognized the presence of the Lord in the last hours. But they turn upon Moses and demanded of him divine deliverance through a critical retreat.

The Lord in this decisive moment spoke plainly and forcibly to Moses, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? You have been talking to me all these years. I have made myself unmistakably manifest to you. I have brought you to this place and to this time of crisis. Why are you stopping to cry unto me? Speak to the people and tell them to go on. This is no time to be crying unto Jehovah. This is the time for action." Jehovah had revealed His will, had exhibited His power, and pledged by every token His support, and there was nothing more needed of Him. The thing that is needed now must be of them. God's way of delivering Israel was in their going forward. The Egyptian host was close behind them. To be sure, the sea was in front. But there could be no turning back to Egypt. There was no use of speaking or

thinking of such a thing now. The way of deliverance and safety was in front and only by going forward could salvation be attained.

There was a day in Israel's experience and course of development when Egypt was not only a fair and goodly land but a necessary place for the growth of the Israelites. Joseph and his brethren rejoiced to get into Goshen, as in the providence of God, and through the years the people had been enjoying the benefits of life there, but this was the time when Egypt was to be abandoned and not sought. God's purpose for Israel in Goshen had been already consummated, but His further purpose and ideal for Israel could not be attained in Egypt. He had told them to get out of Egypt just as he had brought Abraham from Ur to Haran, and Jacob and his sons to Hebron and into Egypt; but now they could abide there no longer. He had greater things in view and greater things to be done than could be possible to them in Egypt. They needed to go on where their experiences could be broadened and their responsibilities enlarged. There was need of a wilderness and its trials. There was need of Canaan. God used forty years to equip them to enter Canaan, and then used Canaan for centuries to equip a people to be His own chosen for the revelation of Himself to men. They must go forward. They went forward, and in consequence they were not only delivered into safety but enlarged and glorified and God was more and more revealed unto them.

II

God still speaks in these marvelous words to all who have ears to hear. Israel had been petted, protected,

guided of Jehovah from the beginning, and yet in the day of testing they lost courage, forgot all assurances, and cried out for an unreturnable past. That is humanity. A burdening present and a foreboding future drive men to cry out for the past—which time has idealized. It is hard for men to learn that the past never returns. Nothing returns but a memory. This is a world in which the movement is always just one way, and that is forward. It is also true that here we have no continuing city. We must move. We cannot go back. We must go on.

God is taking the race somewhere under His own leadership and for the consummation of His own great purpose. The journey is on and, while it may halt at times, there will be no permanent stop. Ur and Haran and Hebron and Goshen were station stops in the first lap of the journey of Israel, but they were not destinations. The Red Sea and Sinai and the wilderness and the Jordan marked other division points where fuel and light and water and refreshments were renewed, but the journey did not end with them. The "promised land" after all was not to be, to those who entered it, what those who left Goshen expected it would be. There were breaking-camps and journeyings and enemies and hardships and victories and glorious enlargements. But God was in the midst of it all and never got too far ahead to be lost to view. He was in the lead and hard by always when men sought Him. Not all the people understood what was going on—and they never knew—but those who held converse with Jehovah knew and they spoke more of what was yet to be than of what had been. They had eyes that saw because they had ears that heard. From this high point in the centuries it is not difficult to comprehend

that God was taking Israel as rapidly as Israel could move to a very large place in the life of the world.

The consciousness that the movement of the race is according to a righteous purpose and an intelligent plan gives confidence to the people who must meet difficulties and bear heavy burdens. Men rebel if they believe themselves driven by blind necessity and thrust on by meaningless forces. Moses the general performed a necessary service, but Moses the interpreter of God and His divine plan for the people performed a much higher service. They saw the clouds and the lightnings and heard the thunders about Sinai and were sore afraid, but when Moses came down to them and told them of his conversations with Jehovah, their fears subsided and they were ready for the continuation of the journey. Humanity comes to confidence in its movements as it comes to some comprehension of its purposefulness. The purpose may not itself always come clear, but the consciousness that a purpose does actually exist may be attained through an examination and study of the long processes by which the present status has been reached. The attainment of this consciousness is a high achievement in the life of the individual or of the race, and essential to its noblest development. That God is going somewhere with the race and that the experiences of humanity are but means by which the race is being developed and the divine end is being brought about is a sublime and comforting conception. With this conception experience becomes a medium of revelation and men seek the mind and act of God in the movements of life. With God going somewhere with the race the world's panorama, with its ever-changing scenes, is interpretable in terms of a truly divine purpose. With-

out such an interpretation men must live in a mad and loveless world, but with it they go forward with courage and high hope.

The great truth revealed in the words to Moses and in the history of Israel is that men must go forward if they are to consummate the divine purpose for themselves and for the world in which they have their lives. Human development is a possibility, a tremendous possibility. That is the dominating faith of the modern era and lies at the basis of modern thought and action. It creates the philosophy of the day and gives inspiration to all scientific investigation. Humanity can be developed; but only so far as the race enters unreservedly and faithfully upon the movements by which its aspirations and capabilities are to be expressed. Playing with life becomes play with death. The press of life forces is essential to the attainment of life ends, and failure to respond brings wreck to human possibilities. Growth is not accomplished by static measures. Standing still is not a process of life; it is a stoppage of life. Life is a flux, a flow, a going in the channels that lead to the sea. To stop this flow is to invite death. There may be a Red Sea in front and a wide wilderness, but there is also God and a promised land, while behind are Pharaoh and the hosts of destruction. Salvation is not merely the escape of destruction; it is the attainment of the purpose of God in the place and manner which He has planned. The processes by which this purpose may be attained must be entered upon with courage and determination.

The world is not stationary in any respect whatsoever, and men no longer undertake to explain it in any of its phases by any theory of statics. The world

is dynamic; that is, made up of forces in action. Heat and light were long ago discovered to be modes of motion. Matter is no longer considered some hard, impenetrable substance but rather active energy. The atom once considered an impervious finality has been analyzed and interpreted as an infinitesimal system of electrical energy. The astronomical world is not a fixed firmament, as the ancients believed, but a vast system of innumerable flying bodies of immense mass and incalculable velocity held together by some mighty force called gravitation. Nothing stops, small or great. Everything moves. God has created this kind of a world. His energies have gone into it; His mind is revealed in it; His will is expressed by it; His purpose is to be accomplished through it. Who is man that he should be static in a world that is dynamic, that he should stand still while everything else is moving? "Go forward" is God's insistent and persistent command to halting man—expressed in the urge of the world, in the history of the race, and in the word of revelation.

Whether or not the creative process instituted of God in the beginning is still in operation, producing new forms of energy in the physical universe, we may not now be able definitely to determine, but that combinations are being made by which a new status is being brought about can scarcely be questioned. This is unmistakably true in the spiritual world. The combinations in human life remake humanity from age to age, giving it new qualities, new aspirations, and even new capabilities and possibilities. The true American, for instance, is not merely the inhabitant of a new continent; he is the resultant of a new combination of human forces. With the greater mingling

of people in the earth by reason of the greater reach of community relationships, other combinations will be made that will inevitably result in new creations of personalities. A greater humanity may be expected from the intermingling of human elements brought from the hitherto segregated sections of the human race. We may not be able to explain this any more than we can explain why the chemical combination of oxygen and hydrogen produce water, an altogether different element, or why the human combination of two mediocre persons produces a genius. But with such things taking place before us it seems legitimate to entertain the hope of a higher humanity through the processes which God has inaugurated and is carrying forward in and through a progressing human race. God awaits only the response of the people to His injunction to "go forward" to produce a race through whom He may give full expression of His life, love, and thought.

God has always made revelation of Himself, His will, and His purpose in proportion to the intelligence, the spirit, and the powers of those through whom and to whom the revelation was being made. His revelation to and through St. Paul was far greater than that made to and through the early judges of Israel, and not because He had enlarged His purpose and increased His power, but because He had in St. Paul and the people of his day the possibilities of powers of reception of divine truth which did not exist among the judges and their contemporaries. The conveyance of truth depends upon the receiver as well as the transmitter. A speaking God must find a hearing people if a revelation is to be recorded. The preparation of the people of Israel in mind and heart, in will and spirit,

for receiving the revelation which God had for them and the entire human race was essential to the delivery of that revelation to the world; and that preparation could come to them only through their enlarged and illuminated experience in the land to which they were going. Revelation in that far-off day waited upon the going forward of the people of Israel, as it does in every day upon the going forward of those who are committed to the establishment of the Kingdom of God in the earth.

III

God's message to Israel through Moses is just as much a message to the people of God in this day. We have come to the time when as a Church we need to think of the future as well as of the past. We should say to ourselves, "Are we able to grip the forces that make the future? Are we able to command the conditions of human society and of human civilization that God may more and more reveal Himself unto the world?" No better index to the life and personality of St. Paul is to be found that the gem in Philippians: "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He presses forward, forgetting the things that are behind, turning aside from them, not ignoring them as though he would have nothing to do with them but using them as the foundation upon which he would project himself into the future work. He had not attained his goal, nor reached his ideal, but he was ever fresh for the effort and sanguine of the things that would be accomplished by the Christian life. St. Paul was no pessimist. No one ever heard him saying the past was better than the present. No one ever heard him giving

forth words of discontent and discouragement. He was not the man to turn aside as a reactionary and say, "We must go back to the days of the fathers." He was the man to say, "Let us go forward to the ideals of our Lord." If there ever was a man who was a progressive in life and thought, it was St. Paul. He believed in progress. "Grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ," was his motto.

There is nothing to prove that humanity's best era is in the past. I am not one of those who believe that the golden period of humanity was centuries ago, that what is good in us and in our day is but a repetition of that which belonged back there, or that God's energies have been limited to the days of the patriarchs, or to the days of the apostles, or to the days of our fathers. I am not one of those who believe that the Church has reached its high noon. Religion's greatest victory, to my thinking, is still ahead of us. The Church, like St. Paul, should be all eagerness to attain that for which it was created. St. Paul was deeply concerned that he might fill out the purpose of his being, that he might come up to the fullness of that life which God had intended he should have. The Church, it seems to me, should be concerned with just that to-day. We may well rejoice in the work of John Wesley and John Knox, and in the work of Martin Luther and John Calvin, but we cannot stop there. We must go forward, saying continually as we go, "Our business is, if possible, to reach up to the high standard God has set for His Church in our day." Our business is to try to fulfill the ideal that is contemplated in Christ; to achieve the high destiny set for us individually and as a church that is purposed of God.

The Church to-day is called upon to press forward

to a fresh ministry of essential Christianity. Denominations have had their differences. They have talked a good deal about things that do not matter much, but the day has come when they must meet the religions of the world and there should be no waste of energies on indifferent matters. Buddhism has to be met; Mohammedanism has to be conquered; and the religions of the world that are inadequate for the salvation of mankind must be displaced by a religion that is equal to the full interests of the race, that the world may rise to that great ideal which God has set forth in His Holy Scriptures. We are not going to perform that service by simply preaching the distinctive doctrines of any denomination. It can be done only by an essential Christianity whose doctrines shall make our common Lord the absolute master of these earthly kingdoms in which we live. And it is by finding the really essential and vital things of our faith and proclaiming them with power that we shall bring the Kingdom of God, the Lord of lords, into this world of ours.

How shall the Church go forward? First, by developing a more truly Christian life and a more truly Christian ministry. The only thing that shall bring the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ to the acceptance of mankind is the development and expression of a thoroughly Christian life in the pulpit and in the pew that shall reveal the spirit and mind of the living Christ. It is well to be concerned about our doctrines, but it is even more important to be concerned about our characters. It is well to be concerned about the things that are preached, but it is more important that ministers and laymen be concerned about the temper and attitude and actions that are exhibited in

the communities in which they live. There are many people who appear very devout, and who make professions of high religious experience, whose religion is depressing and sometimes irritating to their associates. Genuine Christianity makes men and women genuine. The character and temper and stalwart virtues that are really Christian form unanswerable arguments for Christianity and the Christian Church.

How shall the Church go forward? It will go forward by broadening the intellectual horizons of the people. The Church cannot become the master, teacher and leader if it is held down by intellectual inertia. A man who can see only as far as he can reach will not be able to speak to the people in such a way as to make the people go forward. Some one has said that the measure of a man is the diameter of his horizon. The man who can see life in its relations can lift the vision of his people. The ennobling of our intellectual attitudes is a task worthy of our highest efforts. The Church that does not lift the intellectual life of its people is doomed to eventual failure in the work of the Lord. There must be in the Church that which shall stimulate the people to new and greater thinking and energize their intellectual activities. For the Church to go forward it must continually ascend intellectually.

For the Church to go forward it must develop the will to power. This is an expression from Nietzsche the German philosopher who gave to the German people the ambition and determination to be the great people of the world. It was just this will to power that had to be created and developed in the United States in order to mobilize, equip, and train an army of two million soldiers for the struggle in Europe.

They said everywhere, "We won't come back till it's over, over there." Courage and will and honor were brought to the highest pitch before the forces began to assemble in Europe. They astonished their friends and astounded their foes when they swung into battle with an irresistible force. They willed to be powerful and they left nothing undone that would make them such, and their nation upheld them unfalteringly in morale and undaunted determination. Their achievements won for them everlasting honor and for their cause overwhelming victory. The Church stands in need of just such a spirit to-day. In many places it has no vitalizing spiritual message and no quickening religious force. Even the consciousness of spiritual capabilities has all but departed. There must be created the will to develop spiritual power. This is the first essential to spiritual triumph. The Church should become a dynamo for the generation and transmission of currents of spiritual energy to the unredeemed elements of humanity. This comes by prayer, by meditation, by the reading of the Holy Scriptures; but not with these alone. There must be also the set purpose and the well-planned program inspired and guided of God to arouse the people to action in the cause of human redemption. There must be action. "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

EDWIN DUBOSE MOUZON

Edwin DuBose Mouzon, D.D., LL.D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born at Spartanburg, S. C., May 19, 1869; and was educated at Wofford College, S. C., A.B., 1889 (D.D., Southwestern University, 1905; LL.D., 1911). Entering the ministry of the M. E. Church, South, in 1889, he was pastor in Texas at Bryan, Austin, Caldwell, Galveston, Flatonia, Abilene, Fort Worth, and San Antonio; and in Missouri at Central Church, Kansas City, until his election to the bishopric in 1910. He served also for two years as professor of theology in Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas. He is a member of the Commission on Unification of American Methodism and president of the Board of Education, M. E. Church, South. In 1911 he was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in Toronto, and again in 1921 to the same in London. Bishop Mouzon has written the following books: *Does God Care?*; *Fundamentals of Methodism; The Missionary Evangel* (The Fondren Lectures); *The Program of Jesus* (The Cole Lectures).

THE RISEN LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN

Edwin D. Mouzon

"If ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God. Set your mind on things above, not on things that are upon the earth. For ye die, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory." Colossians iii. 1-4.

I purpose speaking to-day about the things of the spirit.

Very properly, we have become deeply concerned about making the world we live in a better and more Christian world. In the light of a truer understanding of the teachings of Jesus, we have come to see that the world itself is the subject of redemption and that our Christian salvation has to do not with the individual alone but with life in its totality. A real peril, however, lies here—that we forget that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us and overlook the fact that outward reformation will have no permanence unless accompanied with spiritual transformation. And a chief reason for disappointment over the results of our multitudinous activities in the direction of social service is that we have been too busy to attend to the things of the spirit. We have been so busy *doing* things that we have not time to *be* anything. I call

attention, therefore, to the things that lie within the soul, to the things of the spirit rather than to the things of sense, to the secret springs which feed the soul—the things by which men really live and grow.

The death and resurrection of Jesus Christ were two chief categories in the thinking of the Apostle Paul. As he viewed the life and work of Christ, these two seemed to gather up and focalize the whole meaning of His ministry. And these two, Christ's death and resurrection, seemed to typify and symbolize the life of every true Christian. "In Christ" the Christian lives; "with Christ" he died, and "with Christ" he is raised from the dead. Not in the passage now before us alone, but in various places in his epistles does Paul bring forward the same method of thought. It is profoundly significant. It was wonderfully fruitful for him. It will prove fruitful for us also as we try to interpret him and make our own the experiences which were so vital and real in the life of the great Apostle.

I

The Christian life is a risen life—"If ye then were raised with Christ. . . ."

Paul starts with his own experience. On the way to Damascus he had seen the Risen Christ and with Him had risen to a new life. He had died and lived again. Thus he speaks: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live in the faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me."

And every day he saw men rising out of their dead past—dying to sin and living to God. It was wonderful. Nothing equal to it had ever been seen before.

The sins of the pagan world—lying, idolatry, and impurity—had held them fast, but Christ had set them free. Now they were true and loved the truth; they abhorred idols; they had a passion for purity. Writing to the Corinthians, the Apostle names the shameless vices and immoralities of the Gentile world, and then goes on triumphantly, "Such were some of you; but ye were washed, ye were sanctified, ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and in the Spirit of our God." The whole spirit and atmosphere of life had been changed. The Christian lived in a new environment—in the world but not of it. While living here in this world he had already risen superior to it. "Our conversation," says the Apostle—our citizenship, our manner of life—"is in heaven." Heaven was his native country; heavenly ideals inspired him; and heavenly motives urged him on. The cares of the world sit lightly upon the Christian and the pleasures of the world cannot wholly fill his heart. This is the meaning of a great passage in First Corinthians: "Those that have wives must be as though they had none; and those that weep, as though they wept not; and those that buy as though they possessed not; and those that use the world as not using it to the full." This is transfigured stoicism. It is not an inhuman despising of the world. It is the natural life of one who has risen with Christ into the spiritual realm. The Christian has the joys of home, but his eternal home is on high; he knows what sorrow is, but he will not let sorrow overwhelm him; he rejoices (and who has such right to rejoice as he?), but he will not let his heart be surfeited with joy; he gives himself to business—he must buy and sell—but he remembers that he holds only a life-rent to what he calls his own; he uses the world,

but he does not use it to the full. *He does not drain his cup.* He is not mastered by the world. He is master of his own soul. One recalls the motives which led Cyprian in the third century to become a Christian. To his friend Donatus he wrote a letter, the substance of which is as follows:

> Donatus, this is a cheerful world indeed as I see it from my fair garden, under the shadow of my vines. But if I could ascend some high mountain, and look out over the wide lands, you know very well what I should see: brigands on the highways, pirates on the seas, armies fighting, cities burning, in the amphitheaters men murdering to please applauding crowds, selfishness and cruelty and despair under all roofs. It is a bad world, Donatus, an incredibly bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a company of quiet and holy people who have learned a great secret. They have found a joy which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted, but they care not: they are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Donatus, are the Christians—and I am one of them.

In speaking of being "raised together with Christ," Paul is thinking not only of *the changed life of the Christian,* but also of *the power that brings about that change.* The divine power that raised Christ from the dead—this same power has made the Christian what he is. And nothing less than this can effect this change. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead was a miracle. The raising of the Christian from the death of sin to the life of righteousness is a miracle also. Regeneration is a supernatural work. It is well enough that we talk much nowadays about "the divineness of the natural" and "the naturalness of the

divine." But what we call "nature" is not the full expression of God. God is vastly more and greater than mere "nature." God is transcendent as well as immanent. When we speak of "the supernatural" we lay stress upon the *personal presence and activity of God in His world, in ways out of the ordinary and above the ordinary.* "It is the question of beginnings: the question how far that which comes into existence can be completely explained by its antecedents and how far it requires for its explanation the assumption of creative power." In Christianity, a new beginning was made. In Christ, God entered the world with new creative power. In the regeneration of a soul, a new beginning is made. "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold they are become new." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

II

The Christian life is a hidden life, a secret life—"Ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

"To him that overcometh, to him will I give of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it."

There is nothing secret about most lives. They are lived down on the common level. Anybody can read and understand them. Anybody can lay his hand on the motives which govern them. They are of the earth, earthy. Take the case of Lord Byron. We are amazed at the prodigality with which he threw his splendid young life away; but there is no secret about his life. Passion mastered him. That tells the story. Or take the case of Napoleon. We may ask innumer-

able questions about him. We may say that he was the world's greatest military genius, or we may hold that he was only an accident. But everybody understands the secret of his life. Glory, the glory of Napoleon, was his master passion. And there is no secret at all about the lives of many people who belong to the Church and call themselves Christian. Man is a social being; he craves society. The Church offers a social life to its members. It is the social life the Church provides that chiefly interests some professed Christians. The Church offers a place of influence and power; and some men use it for that reason. Or a man believes in nothing more than the everyday decencies and practical moralities, and so he associates himself with the Church. Or his parents before him belonged to the Church and he has found himself a member of it, just as he has found himself a member of some political party—he hardly knows why. And so, for one reason or another, the life of the ordinary church member is a very commonplace affair. The note of the divine is not in it. It is not a risen life. It is still down on the dead level of the world. There is nothing mysterious whatsoever about it.

But every truly great life—great in the moral and spiritual realm—has its secret. The higher you go, the more is that life above the comprehension of the crowd. The greatest and best have been called fools and madmen. They crucified Christ and beheaded Paul. And this is just why men so often say, when others take a heroic stand or do some deed of self-sacrificing devotion, "He had a motive in it," meaning always, "He had a bad motive." They can understand *bad* motives; they know what motives control them; but they cannot understand *the great and holy!* Why

did the men of the American colonies dare all and do all? Why was liberty dearer to them than all else that this world could give? Or why did Robert E. Lee refuse the honorable position Lincoln offered him and cast in his lot with the people of the South? "Duty," he said, "is the sublimest word in the English language." As soon as we begin to ask such questions, we are already in an atmosphere where many men cannot breathe. They can understand selfish and worldly motives, but they can go no higher than that.

But the risen life, "the life hid with Christ in God," —there is vastly more in such a life than is dreamed of in the philosophy of this world. There are forces at work here which refuse to be classified under any merely human category. Take for illustration any of the saints and heroes of history that may occur to us. There was Henry Martyn, one of the finest young scholars of Great Britain. Why did he leave behind him a brilliant career and the woman he loved? Why did he offer up his young life on the altar of India? What impulse led him to cry, "Now let me burn out for God!" And there was that pure patriot, William of Orange. Arms could not conquer him; money could not buy him; reverses could not dishearten him. Of him the historian wrote, "As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation; and when he died, the little children cried in the street." And what shall we say of that greatest man of Christian history, the man who wrote the words of the text? Suddenly the current of his life was reversed. He who had been a narrow bigot becomes the man of universal sympathies; he who had persecuted Christ becomes His chief champion, gladly surrendering his life for Christ's sake and glorying in the cross.

The crowd cannot understand these men. The secret spring of their lives is hidden from the world. It will be remembered that among the ancients an unexplained mystery was the River Nile. Every year its waters came down overflowing its banks, and the fertile land of Egypt was the gift of the Nile. Whence came those waters? What was the source of the Nile? The wise men of those early days made many guesses; they did not know that its source was in far-away heights and that its annual overflow was caused by the melting snows in the elevated regions drained by its headwaters. The Christian life is such a river. It fertilizes the world. Everything liveth whither this river cometh. And its source is in far-away heights; its origin is in heaven. "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The Christian life is *in* God and *from* God. Or as Paul immediately puts it, *"Christ is our life."* He is its source and fountain. Paul had found it so in his own experience. "For me to live, is Christ." "Christ liveth in me." And Jesus taught the same thing: "I am the vine: ye are the branches." "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye except ye abide in me." The history of the progress of the race is the history of the growing power of man over nature. Man is in nature, but nature is far vaster than he. Just in proportion as man has laid hold of forces outside and above himself and made them his own, just so has he risen superior to himself. Thus he makes the winds his servants; he bids the lightning carry his messages; he harnesses the tremendous power of steam. His larger life comes from his drawing freely on the vast resources of nature. Man's spiritual life is not in himself, but in Christ. He rises

as he allies himself with the invisible and eternal and finds "in Christ" the supply of all his needs.

III

"When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory."

"Christ shall be manifested." That was the joy and hope of the early Church; and this is our sure hope also. Toward that great event all the forces of the world are moving. He came once in humiliation; but He is coming again in glory. But we must not let the apocalyptic imagery of the New Testament blind us with its splendor. Like the apocalyptic images of the Old Testament, these in the New Testament have a spiritual significance. Christ shall be manifested in glory. But this is something more than the blast of trumpets, and the splendor of the halo about his head, and the thronging cohorts of white-winged angels, and the earth wrapped in judgment flames, and the heavens rolled together like a scroll. "His glory goodness is." His highest glory is the manifestation of what He is, the triumph of His gospel, the ripening of the harvest of righteousness, the coming to perfection of that which now is only struggling toward its end, the consummation of the Christian age, the bringing in of that "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." God is on His throne and Christ cannot fail! The day is hastening when a great voice shall cry in heaven, "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever." After struggle comes peace, after battle victory, after humiliation glory! *Then shall we also with him be manifested.* His manifestation is our manifestation; his showing to the world

is our showing to the world; his triumph is our victory.

The Christian shall appear as he is. *No, not as he is, but as he longs to be.* His hopes shall be realized; his ideal shall be attained; his dream shall come true! There are visions which appear, and then are gone. There are ideals which inspire us, and then seem utterly beyond us; there are angel-hands which beckon us, and then are drawn back into the darkness. There are heavenward longings which awake and utter themselves, like great waves of the sea which lift themselves up in their might, striving once more to reach their home in the clouds above, only in impotence to sink back into the restless sea. These are intimations of immortality, foregleams of the eternal day, prophecies of what we shall be. Let us live in the light of these prophetic hours!

As there are tides in the ocean, so there are tides in the life of the soul. We have stood on the seashore and have watched the tide run out. The beach lies naked before us and the rock and slime stand exposed with the jelly-fish decaying there, and the seaweed hangs above on the rocky shore. There is ebb tide in the life of the soul, when the waters run out, and the soul is shallow, and the image of heaven no longer floats on its bosom, and God seems far away, and good things scarcely worth while. There come times,

> . . . when the light is low,
> When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
> And tingle, and the heart is sick,
> And all the wheels of being slow.

For one reason or another such hours come to us all. But we have also seen the tide come in, silent and deep

and strong, until every bay is full and the rivers overflow their banks and the stars of heaven swim in the deep, still waters. Such hours come to us when the life of the soul is full, and God is not far away, and goodness is no dream but a blessed reality, and spiritual things are the sure things. These are the hours to live by. For we measure life by its best and not by its worst. Such hours tell us what we are and what God means we shall be.

As yet our reach exceeds our grasp. The aspiration is infinite, but the attainment is poor and small. But "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" Nevertheless, we shall attain! For Christ shall be manifested and with Him we also shall be manifested in glory. The "lost chord" shall be struck again!

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

But the musician was never able to strike that chord again!

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

"It may be"; "it may be!" Is that all? No, there is no doubt! The lost chord shall be struck again. The "grand Amen" shall sound again in the depth of the soul. The harmony with heaven once established shall not be forever broken. It shall grow ever more perfect till all celestial harmonies and divine hallelujahs shall awake and utter themselves forevermore. Browning's "Abt Vogler" comes with a truer and loftier message. Extemporizing one day upon a musical instrument of his own invention, he had built him a "palace of music." But he ceased and the music was gone—vanished like a palace of Aladdin—gone, and many more of the kind, never to return again! But he checks himself:

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before

. . . . . .

On earth the broken arcs: in heaven a perfect round.

"We shall be manifested." Our choice shall be vindicated; our toil shall be rewarded. "Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

IV

The Christian life is a risen life. The Christian life is a life hid with Christ in God. The Christian

life, now struggling toward perfection, shall yet come to full manifestation when Christ himself shall be manifested. Upon the basis of these great truths, St. Paul comes with the exhortation: *"Seek the things that are above where Christ is seated on the right hand of God"; "Set your mind on things above, not on things that are upon the earth."* If we have been lifted into the higher realm, if the spiritual world is our home, then we must not only *"seek heaven,"* we must also *"think heaven."*

"Seek the things that are above." These alone are the things worth while.

The Apostle is but reiterating the command of Jesus: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Let moral and spiritual values have the supreme place in your life. It is often charged against Christianity that it is "too other-worldly" and not enough "this-worldly." The charge that I bring against much of the popular teaching of to-day is that it is entirely too "this-worldly" and not enough "other-worldly." Everything depends upon your angle of approach. Everything depends upon where you put your emphasis. We are having just now entirely too much of the noisy rattle of the things of this world. What we need most is the clear, full, strong note of the divine sounding in our lives. "If ye then were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God."

"Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth." Not only must our outward aim and effort be toward things above, but also our mind and thought and longing. Where our treasure is, there must our hearts be. For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

But, as a matter of fact, nothing is more difficult. For the world is with us all the time. It has literally hypnotized us. Every morning it looks up at us from the printed page and tells us of its trade, its politics, its pleasures, and its sins. All day long the bustle and noise of commerce sounds in our ears. We stand in our places of business thinking of profit and loss in terms of dollars and cents. It comes up into our homes and whispers its deceits in our ears and fills us with envyings. Like Bunyan's man with the muck rake, we are too preoccupied with raking up sticks and straws to think of the heavenly crown that hangs above our head. This world has gotten our fixed attention. It has us under its power. It deceives our judgment and leads us where it will. We must rouse ourselves! We must wrest ourselves from its magic influence. We must turn our hearts and thoughts to things above. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," we must "think on these things."

For will and action follow thought. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does the mind of man. Only the good can cast out the evil. We rise toward heaven when we think much about heaven. When, at the Palace Beautiful, Christian tarried for a time, Prudence asked him certain heart-searching questions:

> *Prudence:* Do you not think sometimes of the country whence you came?
>
> *Christian:* Yes. But with much shame and detestation.
>
> *Prudence:* Do you not bear away with you some of the things that then you were conversant withal?

Christian: Yes, but greatly against my will; especially my inward and carnal cogitations.

Prudence: Do you not find sometimes as if these things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?

Christian: Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours in which such things happen to me.

Prudence: Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances at times as if they were vanquished?

Christian: Yes, when I think of what I saw at the cross,—that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered coat,—that will do it; and when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom,—that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going,—that will do it.

Therefore, think about heaven; think often of heaven. In the silence of the nighttime, think about heaven; in the hush of the early morning, think about heaven; in the bustle of the midday, stop sometimes and think about heaven.

Think of—
Getting on shore, and finding it heaven;
Of taking hold of a hand, and finding it God's hand;
Of breathing a new air, and finding it celestial air;
Of waking up, and finding it Home.

"If ye then were raised together with Christ"—*keep on rising!* For the risen life of the Christian is evermore an ascending life.

EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS

Edgar Young Mullins, D.D., LL.D., is president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. Born in Franklin County, Miss., Jan. 5, 1860, he received his college education as follows: student, A. and M. College of Texas, 1876-79; graduated Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1885; student, Johns Hopkins University, 1891-92 (D.D., Carson and Newman College, Tenn., 1896; LL.D., Richmond College, Va., and Baylor University). He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1885 and was pastor, Harrodsburg, Ky., 1885-88; Lee Street Church, Baltimore, 1888-95; First Church, Newton, Mass., 1896-99, when he was elected to his present position. Dr. Mullins served as editor of *The Evangel,* Baltimore, 1890-95; secretary of the Foreign Missions Board, Southern Baptist Convention, 1895-96; president of the Southern Baptist Convention, 1921-25. Since 1923 he has been president of the Baptist World Alliance. The following books have come from his pen: *Why Is Christianity True?* (1905); *The Axioms of Religion* (1908); *Baptist Beliefs* (1912); *Freedom and Authority in Religion* (1913); *Commentary on Ephesians and Colossians* (1913); *The Life in Christ; The Christian Religion in its Doctrinal Expression; Talks on Soul Winning* (1920); *Spiritualism a Delusion* (1920).

THE RIGHT TO BELIEVE

E. Y. Mullins

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." I John v. 4.

A few years ago there appeared a little book entitled *The Right to Believe.* In a sense it was based upon a previous essay by the late Professor William James on *The Will to Believe.* The two themes are closely related. It was shown in the latter essay that there are certain choices presented to man. Some of these are trivial and others are momentous. You may drink coffee with or without sugar, or you may refuse to drink it at all. The option is trivial. You may choose to be a loyal patriot or a traitor to your country. The option here is momentous. So, also, you may choose to believe in God or choose not to believe. Again the choice is in the highest degree momentous. You may freely will to believe in God. You may act upon that belief in a practical way, and you will find convincing evidence that there is a God, both within your own soul and in the outward signs of His presence in your life.

The right to believe is a closely related thought, but not exactly the same. We may look at man in his spiritual constitution and in his relations to the world around him, and ask the question: Has he a right to believe? The text declares that faith is man's organ

or instrument of victory over the world. Surely, then, there must be something in the make of the soul of man which is a warrant for faith. I propose to consider in this sermon the things which justify us in believing. Indeed, when we look at the spiritual nature of man closely it becomes quite evident that he is so made that faith is the natural or normal expression of his nature. There are certain deep instincts in him which cannot be evaded. They impel him to believe in God. They awaken in him a sense of dependence upon a Being greater than himself and greater than the world around him. I name some of these fundamental instincts of man which show clearly his right to believe.

I

First of all, I name the instinct of thought. The psalmist says that the "fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." The fool did not say it in his head. There are too many evidences of God presented to us in the world about us to permit us to doubt. It is not the lack of evidence, but the lack of desire for God which leads to the denial. The fool does not want God; the idea of God is painful to him, and so he says in his heart, there is no God.

Thought runs back over the chain of cause and effect in the world about us and it finds only an endless chain. We never rise higher than natural causes. These are like a row of bricks. You push over the first one, it strikes the second, the second strikes the third, and so on to the end—only in this case there is no end, but rather an indefinite series or circle of natural causes. And yet we know there must have been

some one to push over the first brick. There must be somewhere a Power infinite and supreme on which all depends. The chain cannot be suspended upon nothing.

Again, we may look at nature as a graded series, rising ever higher to man and intelligence. Inorganic matter, living vegetable forms, sentient animal forms, and then intelligent, moral, human beings. Surely intelligence must have created these forms. Divine purpose must run through this marvelous series of creations. A divine hand must have been upon it all. It surely could not have produced itself. You must explain all by the highest which appears. Mind explains matter, but matter does not explain mind. You can explain the beginning by what you see at the end, but you cannot reverse the process and explain mind by the inorganic matter of the universe. In like manner, the instinct of thought makes us see that the next stage in man's existence is immortality. This life cannot explain him. The whole system of nature ends abruptly if man is the climax, and if man perishes like the beasts. The stairway of nature leads up to man step by step. There is another step into the upper room where God and immortality are found, or else the stairway leads nowhere and life is a meaningless riddle.

Thus we see that the very instinct of thought in all its phases pushes us out and up to a God who explains all. Thought is stultified, the world is a meaningless chaos unless a key to the whole is found in an all-wise, all-loving holy Being whom we call God. The right to believe, therefore, is based upon the instinct of thought.

II

I name, secondly, the instinct of conscience. When David had committed a terrible sin against a brother man, he was overwhelmed by his sense of sin against God. He had sinned against Uriah, yes, but he exclaims, "against thee and thee only have I sinned." The great reality in his conscience, after all, was God Himself. At its root and in its essence all sin is sin against God. Thus we may say the moral constitution of man shows his right to believe. His conscience is a divine voice within. It is like a bell. It rings softly when the smallest sin is committed. It rings loudly when great sins are committed. Conscience cannot be escaped. It is often perverted. Perhaps in some it is almost extinguished by indulgence in sin. And yet for the great majority of mankind, where the moral nature has been developed under Christian influences, conscience shows a difference when compared with other faculties. You can control your feelings. You can in large measure control your will. You can control your thoughts. A little self-discipline, a little resolution, a little concentrated purpose, and the wandering thoughts are brought back; the wayward emotions we can hold in check; the fickle will may be subdued. But an awakened and accusing conscience cannot be silenced. Murderers unconsciously seek to share their secret with others. A constant stream of money flows into the national treasury from those who have stolen from the government. No man can find peace and happiness who tries to live with a compromised conscience. Conscience can be explained adequately only when we see in it the presence of God. It is the divine law written in the constitution of man. It is developed, of course, under man's ordinary environment,

and in his struggle with sin and circumstances. Its particular phases, as found among the peoples of the earth, will to some degree vary. But at bottom conscience implies God and an eternal law of righteousness. We may say, then, with the utmost confidence, that the instinct of conscience vindicates man's right to believe.

III

Thirdly, I name the instinct of prayer. William James once raised the question, not whether men may expect answers to prayer, but why men pray at all. He replied to the question by saying that men pray because of their desire for the fellowship of the Supreme Companion. Man is a social being. He is a being with ideals. He loves companionship. He is never content with any companionship short of the perfect. Hence he seeks God in prayer. Certainly it is true that the universe is a lonely place unless there is a great Being over all, and more powerful than all, with whom we can have fellowship.

This is not the place to discuss fully the meaning of prayer. It is a many-sided question. But it is proper to point out the universality of the instinct to pray. All men do not pray constantly as they should. But it has been observed that men do pray in times of distress and danger and physical suffering. Stoic endurance may enable men to meet life's trials in sullen submission. But many who do not know the power of prayer bitterly rebel, and life becomes a harrowing experience.

It is also a very familiar fact in Christian circles that prayer is a transforming influence of immense significance in human life. It is simply the inevitable expres-

sion of a living faith in God. The victories of prayer are manifold. Is it a matter of endurance of pain and suffering? Paul tells us the secret. He besought the Lord to relieve him of a thorn in the flesh. The petition was not granted, but victory came in the power to endure. "I can do all things through Christ." Is it a question of toil and loneliness and sustained idealism in the midst of all kinds of difficulties and dangers? Then let the image of Livingstone in the darkness of the dark continent pouring out his life for Christ, and dying on his knees in the act of prayer, supply the answer. Is it a question of courage and great achievement in national life, then let John Knox supply the answer in his famous prayer, "Lord, give me Scotland or I die."

Thus the instinct of prayer is man's desire for victory. It is his inevitable sense of dependence upon a supreme Being, intelligent, loving, accessible, and ready to help. By the very make of our souls we are impelled to reach above ourselves for divine help. And unless our spiritual nature is endowed with false instincts, unless we are led astray by the deepest impulses of our being, we may say that the instinct of prayer in the human soul is a clear vindication of our right to believe.

IV

I name next the instinct of suffering. The classic example of suffering in the Bible is the case of Job. He lost property, children, friends, health. His existence was stripped bare. He faced a complete contradiction in his experience of all he had believed regarding prosperity. Prosperity hitherto had been the measure of a man's piety, according to the prevailing belief.

Job was conscious of no great transgression, and hence his suffering was at first a fathomless mystery. But he was driven by it to revise all his former views, and especially to seek God's face for new light on the problem of existence. But his early experiences were baffling. "I go forward and He is not there. I go backward and cannot find Him. I seek Him on the right hand and the left, but I fail. O, that I knew where I might find Him. O, that there were a daysman, a mediator, some one to speak to God for me and to me for God." Thus he voices his perplexity and doubt. But Job is not vanquished by his doubts. He conquers them. Two truths gradually dawn upon him. One is that there is a future life when all earthly inequalities shall be righted. The other is that there is a mediator or daysman, one who can mediate between him and God. He finally exclaims, "I know that my redeemer liveth and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another" (Job xix. 25-27).

The great truth which the experience of Job teaches us is that the instinct of suffering, which looks to God for relief, brings revelation of God. Truth breaks through the clouds of pain and sorrow. Disaster purifies the soul and gives it new vision. The divine light shines brightest in the path of suffering. The experience of suffering is, as it were, a Messianic experience. It brings out the great truth that God loves us, that there is something human in God, that He sympathizes with our pain and loss and anguish. The coming of Christ was the expression in human and divine form of this great truth. Sometimes our suf-

fering is itself vicarious, as illustrated in Browning's poem "Saul," where David yearns to bless Saul with a desire that is heartbreaking in its intensity. He fails in his anguished yearning for Saul. But out of his experience of impotent love, the helpless desire to bless another, his mind rises to God and the great discovery is made that God Himself yearns over the sinful and the lost. There is something in God, so David concludes, that is greater than anything in man. There is a love in Him which towers far above all human forms of love. That is to say, David also finds that there is a mediator between God and man who embodies triumphant love, a love unconquered by human limitation, and yet a love which is like human love. The climax of David's experience is summed up in the exclamation: "See the Christ stand!" Thus it becomes clear that the instinct of suffering, whether a self-centered suffering, or an altruistic suffering, if it pursues the right path, is rewarded by the new discovery of God. And so suffering vindicates our right to believe.

V

Again, I name the instinct of courage. Here also we find that the soul of man speaks a great message and leads to great revelations. The great doers of history have been the men who believed that God is working with them. Men of faith have been the great conquerors in the spiritual realm. The greatness may be that of a spiritual leader like Abraham or Moses; it may be that of a great prophet like Jeremiah or Isaiah; it may be that of a great apostle like Paul; of a great reformer like Luther or Savonarola; of a great saint like Bernard of Clairvaux; of a great mission-

ary like Carey or Judson. But in every instance it is the instinct of courage sanctified by the conviction that God is a reality in the life of His servant and that He is working toward the great ends of righteousness.

We may take the whole question out of the realm of theology and view it simply from the standpoint of religious psychology. We may ask what power upon life and civilization is exerted by the courageous souls of history by means of their belief in the reality of God and of His purpose in history. The answer comes in a thousand forms that the conviction of men that God is working out a great purpose in human affairs, adopted by brave men in the conflict with sin and circumstances, has been the most tremendous force for the improvement of the world. There are great eras when this truth shines clearly: The Reformation era with Luther at the Diet of Worms, Savonarola burned at the stake in Florence, and Cromwell beheading Charles I; the English Revolution, the Puritan and Pilgrim movement to the western hemisphere; the heroic struggles of the martyr periods throughout history; all combine to demonstrate the reality of God when men really accept the belief and act upon it in sincerity. For these heroes of faith their belief in God is a creative force. They bring into being new civilizations. They inaugurate new eras. Some one has said that, if there had been no new world for Columbus to discover here in the West, God would have created one to reward such faith. This, of course, is an exaggerated way of expressing a great truth. But it is a fact that faith has created new eras, new civilizations, and has lifted the world to new levels of righteousness. In a word, courage for righteousness demonstrates the reality of God. And I am not wrong in asserting that

the instinct of courage supplies a triumphant vindication of the right to believe.

VI

Finally, I name the instinct of hope. One of the most marvelous of all the peculiarities of the spiritual life of man is its unused powers, its unexplored depths. We use but a bare fraction of our brains. Every new step in complex modern life shows that man has a great reserve of unused powers. Some of these seem to point to a future life. The present does not satisfy. It awakens expectations beyond itself. The natural reason of man in its clearer moments has foreseen the outcome in immortality. Sometimes the whole matter is dim and vague. And yet running through all the earthly experience is the abiding conviction that here in time, upon the earthly stage, we are being introduced to and taking part in a great drama. Not that the present is unimportant in itself. It is rather that it is of the highest importance because it is a part of something extending far beyond the present. It is the prelude to a drama which requires all time and all space and all the cycles of eternity for its completion. The conviction never leaves the heart of man:

> Here sits he shaping wings to fly
> His heart forbodes a mystery,
> He names the name eternity
> He seems to hear a heavenly Friend
> And through thick veils to apprehend
> A labor working to an end.

Thus Tennyson expressed it, and truly. The instinct of hope lives and thrives in man no matter how materialism tries to dim it or cold reason to extinguish it. Man in all races and ages has dimly or clearly foreseen

a future life. The belief in that life is of the nature of an instinct going to the very depths of his being. It is intensified by suffering. It is deepened by injustice and wrong. It is clarified by the inequalities of our earthly life. It varies in the degrees of its manifestation but it is ever present. Man looks forward to emancipation. The earth and its environment are too small for him. As Paul says, "we that are in this tabernacle do groan." But we groan not because the world is too big for us, but because we are too big for the world. We long for a larger life, where our powers shall have full scope.

Some birds in Northern Europe migrate at the approach of winter thousands of miles toward equatorial Africa. They fly days at a time on unwearied wing toward the land of sunshine, away from the cold of the North. One of these birds was confined in a cage when first hatched and kept there until grown. When the season for migration came it was found seated on its perch in the cage ceaselessly beating its wings for hours and hours at a time. Thus it manifested its migrating instinct. Dimly present in the bird's imagination perhaps was some picture of a far-off clime of sunshine and food and flowers. So also man beats his wings in his earthly cage of time and space. He also is a migratory bird. His soul pictures a far-away land of spiritual rest and peace. He longs for immortality and God.

I have been using the word instinct in its general meaning of man's impulses toward the ends of his being. And I have shown that in all these deeper impulses we find a vindication of his right to believe in God. Faith in God is his inalienable right. The instinct of thought and of conscience, the instinct of

prayer and of suffering, the instinct of courage and of hope—all these vindicate man's right to believe. The whole make and trend of his soul impels him to God.

In conclusion we may say truly that man's faith in God, and especially his faith in Jesus Christ as the revealer of God and salvation, is the supreme conviction of his soul and the fountainhead of all power. As some one has expressed it, "When faith in God goes, man the thinker loses his greatest thought; man the worker loses his greatest motive; man the sinner loses his only Savior; man the sufferer loses his securest refuge; man the lover loses his fairest vision; and man the mortal loses his only hope."

SIDNEY CATLIN PARTRIDGE

Sidney Catlin Partridge, B.D., D.D., is bishop of the Diocese of West Missouri of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Born at New York, Sept. 1, 1857, he was educated at Yale (A.B., 1880) and at Berkeley Divinity School (B.D., 1884; D.D., 1900). Becoming a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1885, Bishop Partridge first served for twenty-five years in foreign work in China and Japan. Going as a missionary to Shanghai, he taught at St. John's College and was chaplain of St. Mary's Hall there, 1884-87; rector of Boone School and a missionary, Wu-chang, China, 1887-99; consecrated missionary bishop of Kyoto, Japan, Feb. 2, 1900. On March 8, 1911, he was elected bishop of the Diocese of West Missouri, and enthroned in Grace Church, Kansas City, in June of that year.

THE MANY MANSIONS

Sidney C. Partridge

"In my Father's house are many mansions."
John xiv. 2.

The Time and Place

It is in the upper chamber where the Master and His disciples are keeping the feast of the Passover—the last time that they shall keep it together on earth. It is a scene of intense and dramatic pathos. The hour of the parting is drawing near, and their hearts are filled with sorrow because He has told them that He is going away. Wonderful and mysterious are the words He speaks: "I go away and ye shall seek me, but whither I go ye cannot come. . . . Whither I go ye know and the way ye know. . . . Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also." While awe-struck and sad they ponder on what it all may mean. He unfolds for them the divine reason for His going and soothes their troubled hearts with unspeakable comfort. Listen! "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive

you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

It is the announcement of a going and a coming again, but the latter shall be greater than the former. It is the beginning of a departure that shall end in a more blessed reunion. It is the passing away of the old ties and associations of earth, but only in order that the new and sacred fellowship of His kingdom may come in to take their place. And from beginning to end, every step of it shall be for their good and for their constantly increasing joy. This is what He so forcibly impresses upon them when He says, "I tell you the truth, it is expedient for you that I go away."

The old covenant has finished its work. It is being fulfilled now and is vanishing so that the new covenant may come in to take its place.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." How often do we hear these words quoted, and with what a variety of meaning! Look around you in the Christian world to-day and you will find almost as many different interpretations as there are people who offer them. A little reflection, however, will show you that they nearly all fall into one of three great groups. People apply them first to heaven, then to the world, and lastly to the church. Is it not so? "In my Father's house are many mansions." That must mean, so they say, that heaven is large enough for everyone. Yes, for all the unnumbered hosts of those who have lived and died since the world began; for every race and tribe and clan that shall be born upon it as long as it exists. And not only that, but it shall have a place—and a welcome—for every religion and every sect that has ever named the name of God. Our Father's house is as boundless as His mercy and His love. Heaven is

the home of all His children and there shall be mansions there for all.

Or, again, they say His house must not be confined to a far-away heaven in a dim and distant future, but it is here and now in the beautiful world which He has made for us to live in. And so, all unconsciously perhaps, they begin to divide it on racial and national lines, and we have Asia for the Asian, Africa for the African, Europe for the European, and last of all our own dear America for ourselves. The world is large enough for them all, if they would only realize the fact and confine themselves to their divinely indicated mansions.

The third great group tells us that the words "My Father's house" must refer to His Church and His Kingdom, and so there should be room in it for an infinite variety of faith and worship, and a mansion for every religious and philosophic cult that emanates from the brain and heart of man. What difference does it make, after all, what a man believes, as long as he is sincere?

The Mohammedan believes that his religious duty is to torture and slay his Christian neighbor. *He is sincere,* is he not? Certainly. Do you not see at once the fallacy of such reasoning? It is the end of law and order and all civilization.

The Real Meaning of Life

Let us turn aside now from all such partial and man-made conceptions of the Master's meaning and place the words back in the subject where they belong. Let us remember that reason and justice alike protest against the isolation of Scripture texts from the context where the inspired author has placed them. Let

us rid ourselves of that childish expression, "The Bible says so, and therefore it must be true." We have no right to take a phrase away from the time and the place and the circumstances under which it was spoken and apply it generally to any conception we please. Let us be at least as fair to the sacred Book as we are to any secular volume. Of what, then, is the Master speaking? Remember, it is His last meeting with them before His death, and so the time and occasion require that He should then and there expound to them the real meaning of life. He leaves this greatest of all subjects until the last. LIFE—what is it? It is a way, a journey—not, as we in our limited vision say, "from the cradle to the grave," but from birth to judgment, from time unto eternity. What is this "Father's house"? It is the whole relation of God to man, from creation to glorification. "Christ the Son over His own house, whose house are we," saith the Spirit.

And what are these "many mansions" of which He speaks? The very English word is misleading, for it involves a conception of grandeur which is not intended. The Revised Version calls them "dwelling-places," which is far better, but the original word was applied to the inns and resting-places at the different stations along the great Roman roads. Every great event in the Christian's life is a resting-place on the heavenly way—a place of refreshment and peace and of life-giving strength for the journey that is yet before him. How it transfigures death, as we see it in this new and higher light! No longer the end of the journey, but just a resting-place where we are cheered and refreshed for the heavenly way that opens before us. This was the joy and consolation of the early Christians and of the noble army of martyrs. You can still

read to-day the words carved upon their tombs: "Grant them, O Lord, eternal light and peace and refreshment."

The End Personal—Not Local

When the blessed Master shows them that life is really a way, a pilgrimage from the tent life of earth to the abiding city, "which hath foundation and whose builder and maker is God," He is merely giving the final and divine assent to a universal religious concept. He stamps as true what men had everywhere and always believed. He did not teach the immortality and progress of the human soul as a novel and unheard-of thing; what He did was to make it forever clear and distinct. "He brought life and immortality to light" out of the mists and the darkness where they had lain. "If it were not so," that is, if life were not a constant progress in this world and in the worlds beyond, then He would not have allowed the race of man to go on longer with this hope lingering in their hearts—"then I would have told you so."

Having done this, He then passes on to raise them to the true vision of the end, and shows them that it is not *locality* but *personality* that they must look forward to as that which alone can completely and forever satisfy their longings. Mark the words carefully! "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you . . ." into that blessed place where you shall be forever happy. Into that land of pure and perfect delight where every sense shall be forever gratified because my divine hands have prepared it? No! The thought of locality is changed into something infinitely higher and better; it is raised to the

promise of a new and higher personal fellowship: "I will receive you unto *Myself*, that where I am, there ye may be also!" Yes, heaven shall be ours if we are faithful, that blessed place where sin and sorrow, and sickness and pain and death shall be no more. We shall see the gates of pearl and the streets of gold, and we shall walk by the side of the river of life and eat of the tree that grows by its shores, and the joy of it all shall surpass our fondest desires, for "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him." But it shall be our heaven in the truest and highest sense because He is there, the central Glory and Beauty of it all, who waits to receive us unto Himself.

Trust in Our Fellow Men

Our confiding trust in Him who goes to prepare the place for us must forever be the secret source of a restful and happy life. We leave it all in His divine hands. We shall not worry about our eternal home, for we know who it is that shall make it ready for us, and we are sure that it shall be worthy of Him and of His undying love for every soul whom He hath redeemed. To be "with Him" was the joy and consolation of the saints of old, throughout all their earthly pilgrimage, and so it must be ours to-day and forever.

And the restful confidence we place in those whom we implicitly trust on earth is but the reflection of that higher and more perfect hope and faith which we have in Him who is above. This is the golden band which holds together the fabric of our Christian civilization. We see it in the confidence which leads us to

place material things in the trust of those whom we personally know, though they may be far away from us and in very different surroundings. "I know the man; I believe his promise and I am willing to place all I have in his hands," we say, feeling that he can never fail us or deceive us. (And if he or the institution he represents should prove false to us—as sometimes happens in human life—yet after all it is but the exception which proves the rule.) We see it in a higher form when we entrust our children and their precious lives to the care of others for their schools and training. "Have you ever been to that place? Have you ever seen the distant home in which your child is to live? Do you know whether he will be properly protected and guarded and trained as you would wish it?" some one asks us as we bid our loved one good-by for a season, and we answer, "No, I have never been there, but I *know* the one into whose hands I am committing my child, and that is enough. It is inconceivable that he, or she, should have anything but the most tender and thoughtful care while in such a charge." Yes, it is the image of the heavenly that comes into our lives when we thus speak. "I know in whom I have trusted," writes the great Apostle, "and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

The King and His Country

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off"—or, rather, "they shall behold the land in all its magnificent expanse" (for the reference is not to the distance that separates the heavenly country from us, but to the length and breadth of the land within its own borders).

This is the glorious promise of the greatest of all the prophets, the twin vision of the Monarch and His realm which shall be vouchsafed to the people of God. Notice carefully the order in which they are placed; it is the King that is first and the country of the King that is second. And this is ever the divine plan for us. It is part of the carrying out of that great law that in His sight quality must always precede quantity, and so beauty must enthrall us before we can wonder at expanse.

How it puts to shame the sneering criticisms of an unbelieving world! "You Christians labor and toil and suffer, simply that you may in the end get out of this world and into a better one," it says; "and that is at its heart only a childish and a selfish desire that you long to have gratified." No, a thousand times no!—it is not the new world in itself that we strive for, this is not why we walk the *via crucis,* or the way of the cross, but it is for the vision and companionship of the King of that world who loved us and gave Himself for us. As one of our sweetest hymns expresses it:

> My knowledge of that life is small,
> The eye of faith is dim;
> But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
> And I shall be with Him.

EDWARD LINDSAY POWELL

Edward Lindsay Powell, B.L., D.D., LL.D., is pastor of First Christian Church, Louisville, Ky. Born in King William County, Va., May 8, 1860, he received his college education at the Christian University, Canton, Mo. (B.L., 1881; LL.D., Transylvania University, Ky.). Dr. Powell was ordained to the Disciples of Christ ministry in 1881 and was pastor in Virginia at Charlottesville, Gordonsville, Norfolk, and Lynchburg, and in Kentucky, at Hopkinsville and Maysville, before entering upon his present pastorate in 1887. He is the author of the following books: *Savonarola; Victory of Faith· Prophet's Vision and President's Dream.*

THE DEVIL IN THE PULPIT

E. L. Powell

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Matthew iv. 1.

In the selection of my theme, "The Devil in the Pulpit," I do not mean to minimize the Christian ministry. As one who counts it an honor to be a member of that fraternity, it does not become me to pronounce any eulogy. Fortunately, there is no need of eulogy. So far as the historic pulpit is concerned, we have recorded utterances of many great men as to its indispensable character. Do you call to mind the eloquent words of Daniel Webster concerning the Christian ministry? I think just now of the remark of Emerson that the Puritan pulpits were the springs of American liberty. I call to mind that the history of the German language and literature is the story of Martin Luther's pulpit. I am reminded of a statement made by a distinguished author, which I have no doubt can be confirmed by history, that every new era has been created by a preacher.

So far as the modern pulpit is concerned, I believe that its ethical tone is as clear and strong and courageous as ever in the history of the Christian church. The pulpit of to-day cannot be bribed or bought or intimidated. In the presence of tremendous temptation, the modern pulpit has preserved its integrity. I

do not mean to say that now and again the devil has not gotten into the sacred desk. I mean that, take it by far and large, there can be lodged against the modern pulpit no criticism of insincerity or double dealing or malpractice on human souls.

It is not of the pulpit in the sanctuary I am thinking in this sermon. I wish you to consider the devil in his own pulpit, delivering his own message. I wish you to think of him at his very best, when he brings into play all of his marvelous ability. I wish you to see him as the greatest strategist of the world, as the most consummate villain that imagination or experience has ever created. How wonderfully versatile is this devil! How marvelously subtle!

So far as pulpits go, the devil has no need to trouble himself as to hospitality. Every vantage ground is his pulpit. One of the noticeable things in connection with his ministry is the fact that he always seizes upon influential and important agencies. He does not cast his power in weak places. He watches for the strategic opportunity, and always uses the important institution or the great personality.

If I should name three of his prominent pulpits in this age and time, I should say that they might be denominated the press, business, and politics. These are the commanding agencies of the world. I do not mean to deny, as stated above, that occasionally—oftener perhaps than I think—the devil has dared to enter the sacred desk and don the robes of the priest; but for the moment losing sight of the marvelous power of the pulpit, I place these three agencies which I have named in the very forefront of the leadership of mankind.

When the devil mounts the tripod of the editor of a

great journal he has multiplied his influence in marvelous fashion.

What is his text when he has received welcome to the editor's sanctum as his pulpit? His text is this: Give the people what they want. It seems plausible. It seems reasonable. One hesitates before denying the truthfulness or reasonableness of the message. Give the people what they want. That means that the press must become the mirror of the age and must renounce leadership. Leadership gives the people what they ought to have.

As an antithesis of this devil's message I think of the wonderful eulogy on the press pronounced by James Russell Lowell. He says concerning the modern newspaper: "What a pulpit the editor daily mounts, having within reach of his voice fifty thousand auditors and not a single nodder among them! What a Bible, upon whose pages with the pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired present is even now writing the annals of God!"

If the journal of to-day wishes to become the messenger of the Most High rather than a devil's pulpit, it must seek to awaken to a sense of its tremendous moral responsibility.

I believe, however, that the devil finds himself more at home in the shop, in the store, in the market-place, in the office of some great industrial corporation. His texts in the business world are numerous. One of them is this: Do not mix religion and business. Another reads in this fashion: Do the other fellow before he does you. Business has been defined as coöperation with God in the use of material resources for the benefit of mankind. It is a devil's business when that definition is not accepted. It is preëminently a busi-

ness without ethical or moral significance. How skillfully does the devil employ his marvelous ability in coarsening this Divine ministry!

I think again of the devil in the legislative hall, when he has donned the robe of the politician and the so-called statesman. My friends, that is a serious business. Government is a function of man, administered in the name of God for the good of man. I wonder whether such a text as this represents the real spirit of modern legislation and modern statesmanship, namely, that there is no room in practical politics for the Sermon on the Mount. In reading the speeches which come from the Congress of the United States, the thing which amazes one is the utter absence of idealism. In the days when we were young the great utterances that came from the Senate of the United States were put in our school books and thrilled and stirred our hearts under the spell of a mighty moral enthusiasm. Some of these utterances rang across the continent and around the world. When the star is no longer seen you may be sure that there can be no statesmanship. The people perish when there is no vision.

I am but indicating some of the texts and some of the subject-matter upon which the devil bases his special pleadings and concerning which he grows eloquent and effective.

I do not believe that this is a devil's world or that the prince of the power of the air is the dominant influence in this world of ours. I do believe that the devil has usurped the place of the legislator when he bids him think only of economic measures to the exclusion of moral considerations. I do believe that the devil has usurped the place of the preacher when he

makes that preacher to become worldly and timid and lacking in moral enthusiasm. I do believe that the devil has usurped the rightful place of the great editor when he simply has that editor represent the moral average of his constituency. I believe, however, that the great, complete, and entire message of the devil is crowded into the one psychological moment known as the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness. Here you have the devil at his best. He uses all of his batteries; he employs all of his resources; he lays especial emphasis upon his entire message; he is polite, he is devotional, he stings, he suggests, he flatters; he brings into action all of his marvelous resources. There is not a move which he could have made which he does not make. There is something intense, something strenuous, something awful in that wonderful conflict in that awful wilderness between the devil and the Son of God. It is a spiritual experience that marks a crisis in the history of humanity. If Jesus had failed, there would have been no Christian religion. If the devil had won, from the character of his message, you will understand what it would have meant for the world.

Observe that this sermon of the devil is addressed to the Perfect Man. He always seeks the best. His aim is to prostitute greatness, to dishonor genius, to level the mountain. As a hunter, he seeks for big game; as a woodsman, for tall timber. If he can bring under his influence the mighty brain of a Goethe or the marvelous genius of an Edgar Allan Poe, he feels that a victory worth while has been won. He applies the same principle in his advocacy that the preacher does in his advocacy of the Gospel of Jesus, namely, convert a Saul of Tarsus and you convert an army

terrible with banners. Jesus, the Perfect Man, the Representative of the human race, the Son of God, is the one whom, if he can bring down, all hell shall rejoice, and this new religion shall be strangled in its cradle.

Now, what is the devil's message as we study it in this wonderful temptation? It is summed up in one word—"selfishness." Convert stones into bread to gratify your own appetite; cast yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple and awaken the plaudits of the multitude to gratify your own pride; seek the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, that your own ambition may be pleased.

Now, friends, there is not a more subtle, there is not a more refined message than this which the devil brings to the world to-day. It is true that everything exists for the benefit of man. For man the sun was kindled, and the stars were lighted, and the mountains were reared, and the valleys were touched into peace and beauty; but not for man as an individual, but for man as a member of society. Do the best for yourself, but only do the best for yourself as that self is related to the world. Any other message is a devil's message. Whatever does not involve the surrender of self in some way, somehow, in some fashion, for the benefit of mankind, is satanic. What we call secular is properly embraced within this definition. What is secular? It is whatever is done for yourself to the exclusion of other people, or at the expense of other people. It matters not whether it be good or whether it be bad. If you are not surrendering something you are in the devil's kingdom. If your business is being conducted for your own good and at the expense of society, it is a devil's business no matter what that business may

be. Whatever is unselfish is divine; whatever is not sacrificial is satanic. Whatever is satanic is secular; and whatever is not satanic is divine. Jesus taught that plainly to Simon Peter when He said to him, in response to his suggestion that He should turn away from the cross, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not the things that be of God."

Notice this message. In the first place, it is the message of materialism. "If thou be the Son of God," says the devil, "convert these stones into bread." That seems harmless enough. Jesus was hungry. Why should He not have used His marvelous power to satisfy that hunger? It seems altogether innocent. If He had used that power to make bread for Himself and other people, as in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, it would have been right. If He had used His great power to make bread for Himself, to the exclusion of other people, it would have proved that He was other than the Son of God. It would have proved that He was a son of the devil. Here is the devil's message: "All that man hath will he give for his life." Therefore, use all of your gifts, all of your talents, all of your accomplishments to minister to physical existence. Jesus answers the tempter in that word which is the very keynote of His religion: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God." There is another life than physical life. It is the only life, it is the spiritual life, the life of honor, the life of loving self-sacrifice, the life of purity, the life of nobility, the life of duty, the life of love, the life of conscience. There is no room in the devil's world for "noblesse oblige."

Those under the influence of the devil's message cannot appreciate the high sentiment that the King

Himself must meet the crown's demands. If ever a lie was told to humanity, it is this devil's lie: "All that man hath will he give for his life." The whole story of humanity is a story of progress through the surrender of life. You remember how, in the early days of Rome, the story was told that a great gulf was mysteriously opened. The people repaired to the oracle to ascertain how the gulf might be filled. The answer came back, "Not until that which is most precious to Rome has been cast into the gulf can it be filled." They brought their wines and their wheat and cast them into the yawning chasm, but still it remained open. Then it was that Curtius said, "That which is most precious to Rome is Rome's manhood." And he threw himself into the yawning chasm and the gulf was closed.

That is the actual history of the progress of humanity. All progress has not been so much by the survival of the fittest as through the surrender of the best. The slain on a thousand battlefields, proclaiming the message of self-sacrificing heroism, give the lie to the devil's message.

> There are times when a man must die;
> Imagine for a battle-cry,
> From soldiers with a sword to hold,
> From soldiers with the flag unrolled,
> The coward's whine,
> The devil's lie—
> "A man must live."

In so far as materialism, contradistinguished from spirituality, has dominated our civilization, it has been simply carrying us back to barbarism. There can be no civilization that is purely physical. Mountains, however great, do not make a civilization. Things do not make a civilization. Great cities are but mud and

mortar and bricks and stone, apart from the ethical ideal. Architecture has not any significance in and of itself. It is what the soul of a man reads into the towering stone that gives to it any meaning.

What is civilization? Civilization is things, trees, buildings, stones, color, machinery, books, life, all shot through and through with love and hope and conscience and beauty and aspiration. No city worthy the name has ever been builded otherwise than as Camelot, the city of King Arthur, was reared—builded to music and therefore not builded at all. Take away the ideal from our national life and you have things left, but you have no civilization. Ideals have made civilization. Civilization is something more than mud. The devil's message is, "Convert stones into bread; get the material thing; let that be first; let that be uppermost; let that be supreme." Jesus says, "If you can convert stones into bread by spiritualizing the stones, then you lift the miracle out of the realm of selfishness into the realm of goodness and benevolence, but not otherwise."

Now, the second part of the devil's sermon is very close akin to the first: "Use your spiritual gifts, your peculiar endowments, your faculties and powers, whatever they may be, for vulgar and spectacular ends. The people want to be surprised; they want to be startled. Cast yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple, and if you shall come down without hurt to yourself the multitude will be amazed and they will rally to your standard." This seems a very tempting program to one endowed as was Jesus Christ. Here is the devil's message: Hugeness is greatness. That which is startling and surprising and amazing is the glorious thing. It is interesting to look upon the his-

tory of the spectacular. When we come to learn its lesson we find that nothing is worth while—nothing is great—that is not based upon an ethical foundation. Take, for instance, that wonderful history of the French Revolution, the Reign of Terror. One of the great monumental features on that terrible landscape is what is known as the Convention. That Convention certainly had spectacular features. It was a miracle of the picturesque; the eloquence was spectacular, and certainly the deeds done by that memorable Convention were picturesque enough, but what did the French people see, for the most part, in that great Convention? Not that which alone made it great, but only the conflagration. It was morally great and had no greatness apart from its ethical features. It was a mere spectacle, apart from the fact that it was a mighty struggle for liberty; it was a tremendous stride forward on the part of humanity toward the attainment of a great moral ideal. Take Bunker Hill. It is not so high as the Himalaya Mountains, and yet Bunker Hill, with its monument, is one of the great hills of the universe. It stands there in its moral significance "to be kissed by the sun in his coming, and to have the parting day linger and play on its summit." What gives it greatness? The thing for which the men of the Revolution fought. Nothing else. I think of Calvary, with the cross of Jesus Christ on its summit, as the mightiest eminence upon which this world has ever looked. What makes it great? That which makes Calvary great is the sublime self-sacrifice expressed on that cross. This same devil said to this same Jesus, "Come down from the cross and we will believe you to be the Son of God." It was a temptation in another form, and yet the same temptation suggested by him in the wilder-

ness, namely, cast yourself from the pinnacle of the temple. If Jesus had come down from the cross He would have exploited the spectacular; He would have degraded the cross into a miserable theater of the picturesque. That which makes it sublime is that He would not come down from it; that which makes it to be expressive of dignity is that He would not accept assistance from all the legion of angels to relieve Him of one single pang of agony or one single shot of pain through His nerves.

There is nothing great except that which is moral. There is no civilization that is not based upon the ethical. All else is simple vulgarity. All else is nature standing aloof from the moral interpretation placed upon nature by man. We admire heights because there are heights in us. It is the soul that makes infinite distances. It is the soul that makes mountains to point skyward and to suggest hope and inspiration and outlook.

If we could once learn that lesson we would come into our own. The devil always bases his sermon on the degeneracy and depravity of human nature. He says:

> Every heart when sifted well
> Is a clot of warmer dust,
> Mixed with cunning sparks of hell.

It is a libel on human nature. We are great in proportion as we are good. We are good in proportion as we are unselfish. We are unselfish in proportion as we accept the Christ message as distinguished from the devil's message. And the final temptation, which makes the third division of the devil's message, and is the peroration as well, consists of the emphasis placed

by him upon things divorced from all ethical significance. Seek kingdoms, seek thrones. He is brutal enough and frank enough to say, if you seek these things in my name and under my influence and in my spirit, you are falling down and worshiping me. He says to Jesus very bluntly, "All these things will I give you if you will fall down and worship me." The worship of power as an abstraction is devil worship. The worship of anything per se is devil worship. A crown has not even what we call intrinsic value except as an idea of the mind imparts that value to it. Why seek a crown for itself? Why seek it for a value that is not inherent in it? The only meaning of any office is the opportunity which it gives you to serve your fellow man. Why seek one for itself? It is only degrading; it is only coarsening until it becomes a divine ministry and goes out to enrich and to bless mankind. The difference between ambition, on the one hand, and aspiration, on the other, is to be found right here.

Ambition is seeking things under the mistaken notion that they have some value in themselves. Hence we give our time and our talents and energy and youth and our old age to lay hold of crowns and of thrones and of offices and of dollars. Aspiration is that fine quality of the soul, that divine insight, which enables us to see the realities behind the things. As I have stated, there is in things nothing that is valuable, there is only in goodness that which is valuable. All else is temporary, transient and evanescent. Why should we go through the world deceived? Why should life become a mere illusion? Why, under the devil's preaching, should we allow this splendid human nature of ours, made for God and made for reality, to

be prostituted and dishonored? May God help us to know that the victory of Jesus Christ over the devil in that memorable wilderness experience is, in point of fact, the proclamation of His Gospel as the direct antithesis to all that is materialistic, to all that is spectacular, to all things without moral relationships and without ethical significance.

> Scoffers may ask, Where is your gain?
> And laugh and say, Your work is vain.
> But scoffers die and are forgot;
> Work done for God—it dieth not.

Nothing else is real; nothing else is abiding. The soul seeks those great places that are not shifted or changed by time or tide. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." There is no civilization, there is no reality in all the splendid monuments we may build, except as God's spirit enters into them. Then all the stones are burnished and all the wilderness is glorified, and all the material is ennobled, and that which otherwise is meaningless has a significance that is related to man on the one hand and to God on the other.

This is the message I bring you, based upon the temptation of our Lord in the wilderness—the devil is in his own pulpit, preaching his own message and doing it with marvelous effectiveness; and yet it is the same message that has been delivered from the beginning. Jesus says the devil is a liar and the father of lies. We need not trouble ourselves about his personality; whether an influence or a person, we know that we must resist the devil and he will flee from us; that the devil is the antithesis of Christ, "Whose we are and whom we serve."

RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD

Russell Henry Stafford, M.A., B.D., D.D., is pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis, Mo. Born at Wawatosa, Wis., April 4, 1890, he was educated in the public schools of Minneapolis, Minn., and in the Universities of California and Minnesota (B.A., University of Minnesota, 1912); New York University (M.A., 1915); and Drew Theological Seminary (B.D., 1915). Chicago Theological Seminary awarded him the degree of D.D. in 1924. Dr. Stafford was ordained to the ministry of the Congregational Church in the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, New York, May 29, 1914, and served there as assistant pastor, 1912-1915. Before assuming his present pastorate in 1923, he served two Minneapolis churches as pastor: Open Door Congregational Church, 1915-1919, and First Congregational Church, 1919-1923. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Theological Seminary, of the Board of Trustees of Drury College and Iberia Academy, and is the author of *Finding God*.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

Russell Henry Stafford

"Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart."
Psalms xxiv. 3, 4a.

There is a practical and important reason why we Christians should work out an adequate definition of religion and give it currency. For the appeal which religion will make to those who have not yet embraced it depends upon the general acceptance of a definition which shall show it to be neither vulgar nor superficial, but, as our own hearts bear witness, deeply satisfying and essential to a complete and well-ordered life.

A light and hasty way of disposing of religion, which always has had some acceptance, is especially to the fore in our time. This is to dismiss religion as a mere superstition of the under-educated—an imaginary account of life acceptable only to persons unacquainted with that authentic account which is alleged to be afforded by the natural sciences and the matter-of-fact philosophy based upon them. It is not a sufficient reply to this deprecation of religion as a mere vulgar error to advance the argument that most people to-day, as in all previous periods are religious. For truth is not determined by majorities. But it does suffice, as a refutation of this contemptuous reduction of religion

beneath the level of intelligence, to note that the essential distinction of human personality, which is always moral rather than mental in quality, has never been achieved without faith. By this consideration, that they whose memories are cherished with gratitude by the human race have been without exception upheld in character by religion of some sort, a candid investigator must feel himself constrained to explain religion in terms of abiding, indispensable value, rather than as a passing phase of popular ignorance. Because of the elemental cogency of this fact, that faith has always been required to impart strength and nobility of character, we shall have in mind, in seeking to arrive at such an explanation, the example of the holy men of all faiths, and especially of Christ and the saints in His fellowship and succession, in whom the religious life has risen to its highest level.

At least four superficial definitions of religion are but too familiar, all of them leading to grave misunderstandings. The first is that religion is synonymous with belief of some sort; that it consists in the acceptance of a creed. Now, it is true that the religious man must have some creed, because, like every other man, he has a mind which demands that the phenomena of the universe be accounted for. But many creeds, widely divergent and not infrequently mutually contradictory, have been accepted by men equally and profoundly religious, though differing among themselves in intellectual background and standpoint. On the other hand, all creeds—good, bad, and indifferent—are alike in having been accepted and defended by many people to whom it would be a lamentable misnomer to apply the adjective "religious." Doubtless there is but one truth, so that some one creed is the

only true statement of the principles of being. But whether or not that creed has ever yet been formulated is not, at present, in question. The point which concerns us now is that religion is not primarily a matter of the intellect, so that to identify it with belief of any type, however well grounded, is to miss the mark.

A second superficial definition of religion is that which identifies it with behavior—conformity to some ethical code. Again, religion always seeks expression in behavior, so that every religious man embraces some standard of conduct and earnestly endeavors to incorporate it in his life. Moreover, there is far greater unanimity as to the contents of a definitive code of behavior than as yet is in evidence in creedal matters. For, despite wide variations of opinion and practice in minor matters of the moral law, yet its cardinal principles are manifest to every thoughtful mind. And it is certainly of the essence of religion that it inspires a man to think habitually in terms of right versus wrong rather than, for instance, as irreligious people commonly do, in terms of expediency versus inexpediency. Nevertheless, outward conformity to correct standards of conduct is often found in persons whose hearts are warmed by no glow of religious ardor, and who consequently, instead of achieving character, attain only to uninspired respectability.

A third superficial definition of religion, which has been more in evidence than any other in Christian history since the days of the Emperor Constantine, is that which identifies religion with an institution, the Church. That definition was more nearly adequate than any other of these four which we are now considering, so long as throughout the important areas of the Western world there was only one Church, and that

Church one with an extraordinary wealth and range of appeals: medieval Catholicism may fairly be said to have been as broad as medieval life itself, and to have had some aspect congenial to every conceivable temperament in that period. But since the Reformation, which was necessitated by the growing arrogance and corruption of that Church with which religion had so long been held to be one, there have been so many churches that an attempt at such identification leads at once to the query, "With which Church is religion to be identified?" And he is a singularly narrow and bigoted Christian who will reply without a qualm that his own church is the one channel of divine grace, to the exclusion of all other schools of opinion and polity from the number of the true believers and the fold of the Good Shepherd. Of late men with the institutional turn of mind have been attempting to escape this confusion by identifying religion with the Invisible Church. But what is the Invisible Church? It is, they tell us, the spiritual organism constituted of all faithful Christian souls, known only to God in its entirety, and never satisfactorily manifested on the earth; in other words, it is not an institution, but an abstraction. So this definition falls by its own weight.

The most superficial of all definitions of religion, yet perhaps one which misleads men more than any other, is that which identifies religion with pious conventionality. A man is to be deemed religious, according to this view, if he attends the services of some church regularly, and in matters of ceremonial usage concurs in the practice of his particular branch of organized Christianity. There is not a pastor in any church who has not encountered the protest from the unchurched that if certain persons within his church are religious,

then sincere persons outside of the church would do well to stay outside and keep clear of religion. But, of course, being really religious is quite a different matter from simply being a formal adherent of any communion—even our own! That fact needs only to be stated to be accepted; but no doubt we ought to state it more frequently than we do, in order to offset the baneful influence of such hypocrites as are found—and, alas, known of men—in every parish.

But what, then, can religion be, if it be certainly no vulgar superstition, and as clearly not primarily a matter of belief, behavior, institutional loyalty, or convention? Let us now at length, after discarding these inadequate guesses on the subject, interrogate our own hearts for the light they may shed upon it. If we are truly religious we shall start from the firm conviction that religion is a reality. It is not a device or an artifice; it is not a way of thinking or acting; it is a part, and a most significant part, of life itself. And that means that religion is an experience. It is something that happens to people, which makes them different from what they would be if it did not happen. Now, what is it that thus happens? Again, let us interrogate our hearts, and we shall find that it is a sense of safety, of guidance, and of peace, going far deeper than any explanation we may work out to account for it in accordance with our intellectual predilections, and operating independently of our diverse views of its source and purport. This has been the stirring message, with a ring of regenerating truth in it, of all the great religious reformers. It was last brought home with power to the consciousness of the Christian world by John Wesley and his associates in the evangelical revival. I believe the time is now ripe once

more for this definition of religion as experience to be stressed and magnified by some new prophet of the old truth of God's immediate communion with them who seek Him. If you have never felt religion inwardly, in some such way as I have roughly indicated, then you have no religion. If you have felt it, and still do sometimes feel it, in this way, then it matters not one whit to me, nor indeed to God Himself, what your theology may be, or of what church you are a member; you possess the secret of a divine felicity, the germ of life more abundant. It was not theory but experience which raised up a young Nazarene carpenter to become the Savior of the world; which transformed a company of crude Galilean fishermen, His friends, into conquerors of the world in furtherance of the spiritual dominion of this carpenter-Savior. Enshrine this definition at the center of your thinking about life's deepest problems; publish it to your friends as the clue to the supreme importance of faith: religion is an immediate experience of the soul.

Now, a great many God-fearing people have tormented themselves and others with the strange notion that this experience was one upon which no man could count, for which no man could confidently prepare, in advance of its arrival; that God either did or did not move the heart of a man by the inbreathing of His Holy Spirit, and that, if He did not in His arbitrary pleasure choose to do so, there was nothing to be done about it. But we have fortunately passed beyond that stage in the understanding of God which thought of Him as arbitrary. We have come to comprehend that God Himself is as regular in His actions as are His laws in the natural world in their operations. If He moves the heart of a man so that that man experiences

religion, it is because that man has prepared his heart for this divine visitation; and, conversely, He will never thus move the heart of any man who has not, knowingly or unknowingly, somehow put himself into the state which invites and facilitates this celestial influence. In other words, we are to think of religion as analogous to a scientific experiment. Repeat in your life the conditions known to be antecedent to religious experience among men in general, as you would repeat the various stages of an experiment in a laboratory, and the demonstration—the experience—will certainly follow. There is no reason for being without real and vital religion, save inattention, ineptitude, or unwillingness.

What are the prerequisites for true religious experience—its antecedents, which, when present in a man's life, will lead by spiritual law to this glorious result? The first consists in the appropriate frame of mind—an attitude of calm expectancy. Many have sought to know God for themselves in such a frenzy of fear lest they fail, that they have by their very anxiety defeated their own aim and God's desire to bring them into communion with Him. If you would know religion at first hand, and find out for yourself how rich are the blessings which it conveys to the soul, then stop worrying about your spiritual condition, and begin anticipating its improvement and preparing in a serene mood the conditions upon which that improvement must be predicated.

The further requirements for religious experience are laid down in our text. First, the query is put:

> Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
> And who shall stand in his holy place?

That is, who is to have this experience of religion of which we are speaking? Then this answer is proposed: "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

These two conditions are parallel and complementary—the objective and the subjective phases of spiritual preparation for the manifestation of the presence of God in the forum of our most intimate being.

"He that hath clean hands": behavior is not one with religion; mere conformity to a code, however correct, will not make a man religious. But, on the other hand, a man who would be religious must first forswear all conduct unworthy of this aspiration. He must make it his aim, first, negatively, to do no harm; second, positively, to do as much good as he can. He must hold to this aim sometimes in brave and splendid defiance of mere legalities, honestly and unhesitatingly following the line of conduct which his own conscience enjoins upon him. Sometimes he may fail; sometimes he will fall. But, through failures and even though prostrate in shame, he must never compromise or abandon his ideals, must never consent in his soul to his shortcomings or misdeeds of the moment, but must actively protest by rising to strive anew for that consistency and perfection in his outer relations, the intention to achieve which is an indispensable prerequisite for religion to be experientially realized.

"And a pure heart": the spring of such moral idealism as this can never be mere fear of consequences, of what people will say, or of any other external sanctions of morality; it must always be a love of righteousness for its own sake. That love is not alien but native to the human breast, and can be maintained or restored at our pleasure by deliberate revision of our inner state

to bring it into harmony with our deepest desires. Jesus, whose manifest attainments make Him, irrespective of one's theoretical view of His person, the supreme authority with regard to religion as an experience, has told us that to qualify for the Kingdom of Heaven we must become as little children. I take that to mean, not that we should be childish, but that we should studiously maintain a childlike attitude, an attitude of humility, of docility, of trustfulness, as against the pride, hardness and self-will which dominate most human actions.

He who, living from within outward, brings forth, from a heart thus by sincere aspiration after the Eternal purged of worldliness, malice, and fear, the steadfast purpose to keep his hands clean of wrong, and to put them to work upon the tasks of righteousness, will not fail to attain the experience which he seeks: when these antecedent conditions have been fulfilled—up to a required point which he cannot foresee but which must in due course be reached—he will know religion at first hand; he will feel that sense of safety, guidance, and peace which is the evidence of God's favoring presence in the life of His children.

And in what way does this experience present itself? At first it comes in moments of crisis. Many a man who has faithfully prepared for it but has never before known it finds it dawn upon him when some great sorrow must be borne, when some mighty temptation must be overpowered, when some signal decision must be rendered. At the moment when he most needs God, suddenly he knows God. I cannot say more than this, for the reason that no man can adequately describe an experience; but this experience I have had, as doubtless you have also. And this experience is religion.

Most of us, however, have gone no farther in the way of holiness than to attain at rare moments this ineffably gracious sense of the benign immediacy of God in our lives. What makes a Christian into a saint is the stabilizing of his soul upon this exalted level, so that this sense becomes constant—a sustained influx of strength and joy. You and I are not saints yet; but we may become saints by still further and more regularly, deliberately, carefully, and consistently carrying out the conditions which by spiritual law are necessarily antecedent to this result which we seek: an attitude of calm expectation; a purpose of unsullied uprightness; a mood of humility, docility, and trustfulness.

This is the truth which underlies religion in all its manifestations, Christian and other: that religion is experience. This is the experience which underlies all creeds, all codes, all institutions, all conventions, established more or less wisely with the intent of accomplishing the will of the Eternal in this finite realm: the personal assurance of the protection and support of a Supersensible and Omnipotent Friend. This experience is the certificate of religion's reality. No man who has had this experience can accept a vulgar or superficial account of religion. On the other hand, no man who has not had this experience is competent to form any concept whatever of the greatest adventure of the soul —that adventure without which superb and lovely character has never yet been, nor can ever be, attained.

In the answer which we have thus found to our query, "What is religion?" is indicated that reassurance of which we are in need, in a period of theological revolution, as to the future of faith. Systems of dogma may come and go; but so long as men need more than

man can give them, and seek satisfaction of this need in accordance with the nobler impulses of their own hearts, as we have here discussed them, religion will abide, will deliver the souls of men in their direct necessities, and will be the light of the world, shining in the darkness of mortal self-seeking to light our race upon the path to God.

WILLIAM LEROY STIDGER

William Leroy Stidger, Ph.B., D.D., is pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Mo. Born at Moundsville, W. Va., March 16, 1885, he was educated at Allegheny College and Brown (Ph.B., 1912), and received his theological training at Boston University (D.D., Allegheny College, 1923). Ordained into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1914, Dr. Stidger was pastor of Calvary M. E. Church, San Francisco, 1913-16; First Church, San Jose, California, 1916-19; and St. Mark's Church, Detroit, 1920-25. Before going to Detroit he made a publicity trip through the Far East for the Methodist Centenary. He is the author of the following books: *Giant Hours with Poet Preachers* (1918; *Soldier Silhouettes* (1919); *Star Dust from the Dugouts* (1919); *Outdoor Men and Minds* (1920); *Standing Room Only* (1921); *Flashlights of the Seven Seas* (1921); *Flames of Faith* (1922); *There Are Sermons in Books* (1922); *Henry Ford—the Man and His Motives* (1923); *The Epic of Earth* (1923); *That God's House May Be Filled* (1923); *The Symphonic Sermon* (1923); *Building Sermons with Symphonic Themes* (1926).

LORD JESUS CHRIST—REALITY!

William L. Stidger

"Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, to-day and forever!" Hebrews xiii. 8.
"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God!" Psalms xc. 2.

Symphonic Theme:

"Reality, Reality,
Lord, Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!"
—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

John Muir describes the beautiful snow-banners which in winter play around old El Capitan; great, flimsy banners of the beaten snow, pounded to white dust against old granite mountainsides, which fling themselves into the winds out across the valley in beautiful display.

He also describes the mists that rise from the tumbling waterfalls of the Yosemite and fling themselves against the granite cliffs of El Capitan.

These snow-banners and these mists of the valley are but the breath of a passing whim of nature—beautiful, but a breath—while El Capitan is reality. So all of life's experiences are but mists against a granite cliff compared with the experience of knowing Jesus Christ the great Reality!

I have stood on the Pacific Ocean's shore after a storm, and have watched the white foam scudding

along the beach in great drifts as high as a man until they broke themselves to pieces on the rocky coast. I have looked upon these masses of drifting foam, and then have turned to look at the old cedars of Lebanon on the Monterey Drive, and the rocky cliffs, until I have known that, compared with that flimsy sea foam, when I looked upon the cedars, gnarled and twisted with the storms of many centuries, and the white cliffs, that I was looking upon such Reality as Jesus Christ is amid the changing things of human life.

I have stood on the slopes of gigantic Mount Shasta and have gathered to my heart's content the great, tall, beautiful Shasta lilies which grow in abundance on the slopes of this hoary-headed giant. I have carried those lilies to camp, and they have beautified my room and perfumed the air, but in the morning they have been gone. But when I looked out, there stood old Shasta, as it has stood for untold eons, sentinel of silence and stability, for all time. And as I have looked upon this contrast I have known that all earthly things compared with the changeless Christ were like the lilies of the field that bloom on Shasta's slopes; and that the one unchanging thing is the changeless Christ in a changing world.

> Reality, Reality,
> Lord, Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!

I have lived for three years within sight of old Mount Tamalpais, and every day at certain seasons the fogs would roll in from the Pacific Ocean and engulf Tamalpais until not a foot of it could be seen from our back porch, from where it could all be seen in the noonday sun. But after a while the mists would roll away, and old faithful Tamalpais would still be stand-

ing, peaceful and serene, just as if nothing had happened. It had been there all the time, undisturbed and stable.

And when I look upon these contrasting symbols of time and stability I think of Jesus Christ—"The same yesterday, to-day, and forever!" I think of that God of whom the Psalmist sang, "From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." I think of that couplet of Miss Havergal's:

> Reality, Reality,
> Lord, Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!

And my soul is satisfied and I stand secure. Amid the changing currents my ship sails serenely forward to its goal.

I

In the Heart of the Bible Christ Seems to Be the Great Reality

Compared with David, Isaiah, and Job, Christ seems real. These others seem so far away. They seem to be parts of some great drama. They seem to walk and talk in some far-away time and land. They are like misty characters in a dream, and they do not seem near and dear to the human heart as does Jesus.

None of these is a character that one has a feeling that he could snuggle up to, and talk with, and hold close to his heart. They are beautiful, and they are worthy, but they seem misty and unreal, while Jesus Christ, of all the biblical characters, seems to be the great Reality.

In fact, the entire Old Testament seems unreal compared with the New Testament. This is not accounted

for by the mere fact that the Old Testament is older in time than the New. There is something more subtle than that. It is a feeling. It is a sense of far-awayness and unreality that we have about the Old Testament. The New Testament seems to belong to us. It is Reality.

There is something more direct in the parables of Jesus than the Oriental symbolism of the Old Testament. There is something more real in the story of the birth of Jesus than in the symbolic story of the birth of the earth. The symbolism of the Old Testament is not so real as the directness of the miracles, the parables, the walking up and down the earth of Jesus and His little band of disciples.

Jesus lived and walked, and talked and suffered, and died on a cross, and went into a tomb and rose again, and there is a sense of reality about it all that we do not feel about the far-off events of the Old Testament.

And when we analyze what it all means, what thing there is about the New Testament which gives it this touch of reality, we must admit that it is the central figure of the New Testament. We feel after following the travels, the trials, the troubles, and triumphs of this man Jesus as Judas felt in "The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot."

He had never been won to Jesus until he saw Jesus die on the cross. He had looked upon Jesus as a clever actor, a fakir, an impostor. He felt that the miracles were fakes and that Jesus was nothing but a great clever mountebank. He betrayed Him. He saw Him die. He heard Him cry out, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

Then Judas turned with unutterable grief in his soul

and cried out, as if in answer to the cry of Jesus, "That is not acting! That is real! I believe!" And for the grief that was in his soul he died on a tree.

II

In the Midst of Theological Controversies Christ Is the Great Reality

For untold centuries there have been bitter theological controversies. When we are in the midst of them, as we are now, we have a sense of regret and wish that we did not have to go through them, but history has proved that they are but great birth pangs; and that out of the travail of all such controversies has come some great truth, some forward movement of the Church toward God.

There was that great controversy over Transubstantiation in the early Church. It was a question as to whether the actual body and blood of Jesus was changed by the touch of a priest. It was a bitter conflict. The church of that day believed that when a priest's hand touched the wafer it became by a mysterious process an actual part of the body of Christ. We smile at such a conception to-day, but it was a bitter battle while it lasted—and, indeed, it is not over even yet.

This will serve as an illustration of the age-old controversies which have raged through the church world for untold centuries over such theological matters as the Fall of Man, Infantile Damnation, and Inherent Sin.

The church of another day believed that every child which was not baptized would be burned up in an everlasting fire of brimstone and hate.

To-day we are in the midst of such a controversy over the literal interpretation of the Bible. We have the raging battle between so-called Fundamentalists and Modernists.

We also have our denominational differences, and they are many. We have certain Baptists believing that immersion is absolutely necessary; we have the extreme Lutherans who will have no communion with even the rest of the Protestant world. We have bitterness and unkindness. We also have the controversy over the Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ, and that has raged for many centuries.

But I talk to-day of the Reality of Christ. The mere fact that He stands out as a great Reality above all controversies, all denominational differences, all bitternesses, is the great miracle of all time.

I shall never forget that beautiful sunset evening on top of the Mount of Olives, when I stood with Catholic Bishop Gallagher of Detroit. We had come upon each other by mere chance. We had been in Detroit for five years in political battles and church projects. We had never met each other. I introduced myself. He said, "Dr. Stidger, I have always wanted to know you. I have read so much about you." I returned the compliment.

We stood alone on that hill looking down upon Jerusalem in that glorious sunset behind the Gate Beautiful through which Jesus had gone on Palm Sunday. We looked down upon Gethsemane. We looked across at Calvary. Then I said to the fatherly old Catholic Bishop, "If there was ever a spot on the earth where we ought to have everything in common it is here, is it not?"

The lonely old man put his arms about me and said,

"Yes, we stand on common ground here, my boy! We surely do!"

And why not?

We have our controversial differences, we have our ecclesiastical disputes, we have our theological battles, but surely all of us can agree on the divine Reality of Jesus the Christ.

Reality, Reality,
Lord, Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!

* * * * * * *

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

* * * * * * *

"For from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God!"

III

He Is the Changeless Christ in a Changing World

Standards of right and wrong change with climate, with the centuries, with new knowledge.

What is right for the Occidental world is not right for the Oriental world. It took my seven-year-old daughter Betty only a week to get used to nude men and women. It was a shock to this youthful traveler in the Orient when she saw the first nude woman, but in a week she was so used to it that it made no impression on her at all. Clothes are largely a matter of climate and custom.

Standards that were rigid in the pioneer days are considered dead and void in this day. Climate has a

lot to do with changing standards of conduct, as well as clothes. You cannot hold a law unchanging even through a few years. Laws fluctuate. Standards of conduct change.

When I was a college student a writer for the *Cosmopolitan* was writing a series of articles called "Blasting at the Rock of Ages." He was telling the story of the changing attitude toward the Bible; what the scholars and theological teachers were doing with the Bible.

But amid the changing standards of a constantly changing world we still have the life of Jesus Christ, and that is the great Reality, the great stabilizing influence.

IV

The Spiritual Things Are the Only Realities

The things which are eternal about us are the spiritual things. These are the great realities of the earth to-day.

Science has taught us to accept the reality of the invisible. We now know that bacteria are very real things; that they can bowl a two-hundred-pound man over in a few days and bury him in the earth forever. We now accept the reality of that invisible world we call molecules, electrons, atoms. We now accept as one of the greatest realities that invisible world of power we call electricity, although we do not as yet know much about it.

So we have come to understand that the only reality in our lives is that spiritual part of us which we call the soul.

Yet most of us spend fifty times as much time taking

care of our bodies, our clothes, our comfort as we do in caring for that thing about us which is eternal, and which is admittedly the only reality of human life.

Jesus Christ is God made real to human beings.

Most of us have a hard time comprehending or understanding God, but we know Jesus Christ as a reality. We feel and know Him. Therefore, He has made God real to us.

"He that hath known me hath known the Father," said Jesus.

Then there is the reality of a Christian experience. When one has the cosmic consciousness in his life he *knows*. That is the great reality of all spiritual life.

Just as Christ makes God real, so this personal experience of Christ makes Him the great Reality to a human being. When that is settled, all is settled. That experience is the genius of Methodism. If we differ from any other church in our fundamentals, it is on that matter of a personal experience of religion. We *know* Jesus Christ. We know God through Christ.

May I personally testify in an old-fashioned way that I know Jesus Christ through a personal experience —a great upheaval of my life which linked me forever with Him, and made me know the reality of Christ?

I have traveled the world over. I have known famine and hunger and war. I have known murder and death and epidemic. I have known shell-fire and treachery. I have traveled jungle trails, and trekked the snows of Hokkaido, as far north as Siberia and Kamchatka, but I have never known such a sense of reality as I knew that night long ago in boyhood when Jesus Christ came into my heart to stay forever.

It was a cold winter night. An old-fashioned revival service was going on. Six hundred had already been

converted. It had run for three months. A young high-school boy felt a conviction of sin. He had never been a vile chap, but he knew that there was something in life for him which he had not as yet found. The preaching, the revival, the experiences that were happening all around him made him know that.

Finally, one evening, in the secret place of his own soul, that boy made his decision. He happened to be sitting at that time in the church. I doubt if he was aware that anybody was in that great audience of people save himself. He suddenly got up from his seat. They were singing, "I Will Arise and Go to Jesus."

That was exactly what that high-school boy did.

He didn't have far to go. He was only sitting about a third of the way back in the church, and in the center aisle. He did not know when he started from that pew that fifteen boys followed him to that old Methodist altar. He was told that later. He was too much concerned with his own burden either to be conscious of the fact that there was anybody else in that church, or to know that his "gang" had followed him to the altar.

It is ever thus. No man truly climbs any heights that he does not take others with him.

He threw himself across that altar. He could take you to the very spot in the old church to-day. He prayed. He made the great confession by walking up to that altar. He made the great renunciation when he got to that altar. But that was a matter between himself and God.

He relaxed then. It was all over——

But was it? No, his experience had just begun.

There was a strange something that started at his

feet. It swept swiftly up over his body, like an inrush of sap through a tree in the springtime. It could only be likened to that figure, for it started from the bottom and came up through the trunk of his body. It passed his knees and thighs and loins to his heart and throat, and then, like a leap of sound, it escaped through his lips into a great shout of joy and victory.

When that triumphant hour came, that boy leapt to his feet, and across from him stood his own father who had been kneeling there all the time.

The father had seen his boy come to the altar and he had followed him. He had been praying there on the other side of the altar, waiting to welcome his boy home.

When that boy leapt to his feet and saw his father, he jumped across that altar, like a hurdler in a race, into his father's arms.

There was joy and laughter and shouting, and quiet peace, unforgettable peace, an inrush of power, and a sudden consciousness of a oneness with God and eternal forces through Jesus Christ.

That boy's whole life was changed by that experience. He knows now that that experience need not come, nor does it come to all men. But come it did to him, in all of its refulgent glory.

Since that day he has tasted all that life holds. He has known adventure, war, love, birth, death, poverty, luxury. He has known personal contact with the great men of the world of his time. He has lived and died under war-split skies. Air-raids, barrages, mud, dirt, desolation, have come to him.

And yet he knows at this moment that the one great reality of his life of adventure was that triumphant moment when Jesus Christ came into his life to live

forever. That was, and is, and ever shall be, the great Reality!

Back to that experience he goes after a quarter of a century when he wants his eternal soul to know what stark, naked reality is.

In "Pike County Ballads," Poet Hay sings the triumph of such a moment and its reality:

I don't pan out on the Prophets,
Free will and that sort of thing,
But I've believed in God and the angels
Ever since one night last spring.

In a constantly changing world there is ever the changeless Christ, the great Reality of all human life.

Reality, Reality,
Lord, Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!

And just as my symphonic theme sings this truth, I buttress the theme which sings its way into human hearts with these two quotations from the New and the Old Testament:

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

* * * * * * *

"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God!"

REUBEN ARCHER TORREY

Reuben Archer Torrey, B.D., D.D., is president of Africa Inland Mission and a world evangelist. His home is in Asheville, N. C. Born at Hoboken, N. J., Jan. 28, 1856, he received his college education at Yale (A.B., 1875; B.D., 1878), and was a student at Leipzig and Erlangen, 1882-83. Ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1878, he was for some years superintendent of city missions in Minneapolis; became associated with the work of the late Dwight L. Moody, and was superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute, 1889-1908. Dr. Torrey preaches continually and since 1902 has held evangelistic meetings in all of the principal countries of the globe, making world tours every few years. He has preached also in most of the leading cities of the United States. For a long period he was dean of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles and pastor of the Church of the Open Door, Los Angeles. He is a prolific writer and his works have been translated into many languages. A partial list of titles includes: *What the Bible Teaches; How to Pray; The Bible and Its Christ* (1906); *Lessons in the Life and Teachings of Our Lord; Practical and Perplexing Questions Answered; The Person and Work of the Holy Spirit* (1910); *The Return of the Lord Jesus* (1913); *The Voice of God in the Present Hour* (1917); *The Real Christ* (1920); *How to Be Saved and How to Be Lost* (1923); *Why God Used D. L. Moody* (1923); *The Christ of the Bible* (1923).

SEVEN EASTER CERTAINTIES OF STUPENDOUS SIGNIFICANCE

R. A. Torrey

"He is not here, for he is risen." Matthew xxviii. 6.

There is no fact more certain than that the body of Jesus Christ that was nailed to the cross and that beyond honest question was really dead was afterwards raised from the dead and was seen alive by His disciples during a space of forty days after His crucifixion. No fairly intelligent man or woman with a sincere and earnest desire to know the truth and a real willingness to obey the truth can study the evidence for the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead and come to any other conclusion than that Jesus was certainly raised from the dead just as is recorded in the four Gospels. But this first Easter certainty makes seven other things certain also, and these seven other things are of stupendous significance. "Stupendous" is a big word and a much-abused word, but there is no other word that so accurately meets the necessities of the case in the present instance.

I

The first thing that the absolutely demonstrated resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead makes certain is that there is a God and that the God of the Bible is the true God. Is there a God or isn't there a

God? And, if there is a God, what kind of a being is He? Is He the God the Bible describes or is He some other kind of a being, the God of Buddhism, of Mohammedanism, of Christian Science or New Thought or Spiritualism or anything else than the Bible? What kind of a being is God? The resurrection of Christ from the dead answers these stupendously important questions. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is a scientific demonstration that there is a God and also that the God of the Bible, the God described in the pages of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, is the true and only God. I say that it is a scientific demonstration, that is, it is a demonstration resting upon direct and necessary and inescapable inference from facts, and not merely upon the uncertainties of philosophical speculation.

How does the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead scientifically prove that there is a God and that the God of the Bible is the true and only God? In this way: It is one of the simplest and most elementary postulates of modern science that every effect must have an adequate cause. No intelligent man questions that. Then the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead must have an adequate cause, and the only cause adequate to account for it is God, the God of the Bible. While here on earth, as everyone who has carefully read the story of His life knows, our Lord Jesus went up and down the land proclaiming God, the God of the Bible, "the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," as He loved to call Him, the God of the Old Testament as well as the New, the God of Genesis as truly as the God of the Gospel of John. He said that men would put Him to death by crucifixion, and He gave many details as to just what the manner of His death would

be, and He further said that after His body had been in the grave three days and three nights God, "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob," the God of the Bible, the God of the Old Testament as well as the God of the New Testament, would raise Him from the dead.

This was a stupendous claim to make, an apparently impossible and preposterous claim. For centuries men had come and men had gone, men had lived and men had died, and as far as human knowledge founded upon definite observation and experience was concerned that was the end of them. But this man Jesus does not hesitate to claim that his experience will be directly contrary to the uniform experience of long, long centuries. He claims that He will not stay dead but that He will arise, not only His spirit but His body, and that He will show Himself alive to them and that they will see Him, feel Him, handle Him. That was certainly an acid test of the existence of the God He preached. And His God stood the test. He did exactly the apparently impossible thing that our Lord Jesus said He would do. They did scourge Him and crucify Him as He said they would. He did die—the proof of the actuality of His death is conclusive—and His God did raise Him from the dead just as He said He would; and the fact that Jesus was thus miraculously and marvelously raised from the dead makes it certain that the God who did it really exists and that the God He preached is the true God.

The absolutely certain resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead makes atheism, agnosticism, and deism in any of their protean forms impossible to any candid mind. It also makes the distinctive theories regarding God of Christian Science, New Thought, Theos-

ophy, Spiritualism, and of all kindred cults absurd. You men and women who are cherishing the hope that there is no God, or if there is a God that He is quite a different being from the one described in this Book, your hope is scientifically absurd and absolutely baseless. That there is a God is absolutely certain; and the God of the Bible is the true and only God; that is also absolutely certain. And the Psalmist is proven to have been right when he said, "The fool"—and only the fool—"hath said in his heart, there is no God."

II

In the second place, the absolutely demonstrated resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead makes it certain that Jesus Christ is a teacher sent from God, a divinely taught and absolutely inerrant teacher who spoke the very words of God. All over this land and over other lands, thousands of men and women, young men and women in our colleges and universities and in business life and elsewhere, are asking, "Is Jesus a teacher sent from God, absolutely inerrant? and was every one of His words the Word of God? or was He mistaken at least on some points? and are the teachings of some of our modern great thinkers along theological and social and ethical lines and lines of biblical criticism upon which Jesus presumed to speak more to be depended on than the statements of Jesus Christ?" These are questions of fundamental importance; these are questions of stupendous importance. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is their answer. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is not a mere speculative answer to these questions, it is a scientific demonstration that Jesus was and is a teacher sent from God, divinely inspired and absolutely inerrant,

and proves that any scholar who presumes to set up his dictum on any point against the dictum of Jesus Christ Himself is in that particular instance not "a great scholar," but a great fool.

How does the resurrection of Christ prove to be a demonstration that Jesus was a teacher sent from God, divinely inspired, absolutely inerrant, who spoke the very words of God? In this very definite and unmistakable and unanswerable way: There can be no question by anyone who candidly studies the Gospels that this was the claim of Jesus Christ. In John vii. 16 He says, "My teaching is not mine, but His that sent Me." In John xii. 49 He says, "I spake not from myself; but the Father that sent me, He hath given me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak." In John xiv. 10, 11 He says, "Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth His works. Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake." In John xiv. 24 He says, "The word which ye hear is not mine but the Father's who sent me." In John xvii. 8, 11 He says, "I have given them the words which thou gavest me." There is no mistake in what Jesus Christ's claim was. It was a stupendous claim to make. His making the claim did not prove it true. Others have made similar claims. Mohammed made claims somewhat similar, and so have many others, but Jesus substantiated His. God Himself unmistakably set the stamp of His endorsement upon the remarkable claim of Jesus Christ that He spoke God's very words and absolutely nothing else, by raising Jesus Christ from the dead. The resurrection of Jesus Christ

from the dead was God's own answer to the question: Did you send this man into the world to represent you, to speak for you, and to speak nothing but your words? God answers with a voice of thunder that echoes down through the centuries, "I did, and not one single word did Jesus Christ speak that is not my own sure word."

In the light of the absolutely certain fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, the modern so-called "scholars" and "scholarly preachers" who say, "Jesus Christ was mistaken, for example, about Jonah and the big fish; He was mistaken about the flood; He was mistaken about Moses being the author of the Pentateuch and Isaiah being the author of the latter part of the book ascribed him; He was mistaken about there being a personal Devil; He was mistaken upon the question of future punishment and about the time and manner of His second coming; He was mistaken about David being the author of the 110th Psalm—but we modern scholars can tell you the facts," I say, these so-called "scholars" and "scholarly preachers" are seen in the light of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead to be not a group of great thinkers and literary critics but a bunch of great fools, guilty of the most disgusting conceit, self-sufficiency, and effrontery that ever characterized any group of men that ever lived on this earth.

III

In the third place, the absolutely demonstrated resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead proves that Jesus is the Son of God in a sense that no other man or angelic being ever was or now is the son of God, and that He is a being to be worshiped even as God the Father is worshiped. Thoughtful people of the

student class and the professional class and the artisan class and all classes, for all classes are thinkers nowadays, are asking very earnestly and very seriously, "Is Jesus Christ the Son of God in any other sense than we are all sons of God? Did all the fullness of the Godhead dwell in Him? Was He God in such a sense that we ought to worship Him just as we worship God the Father?" The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead answers these questions. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is a clear and unanswerable scientific demonstration that Jesus Christ was and is the Son of God, that He is a divine Person possessed of all the attributes of Deity and that He is a being to be worshiped even as God the Father is worshiped.

How does the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead prove that He is the Son of God in a sense that no other is the son of God, that He is a divine Person possessed of all the attributes of Deity, that He is a being to be worshiped even as God the Father is worshiped? This is the answer. When Jesus was here on earth He distinctly taught and persistently claimed to be divine, in a sense that no other man was divine. He taught in Mark xii. 6 that while all the prophets of the old dispensation, even the greatest, were "servants" of God, He was the "one" only "Son" of God (see R. V. and note the context). He said in John x. 30, "I and the Father are one." He went so far as to say in John v. 23 that "all men" should "honor the Son [that is, Himself] even as they honor the Father." He even dared to say in John xiv. 9, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And when Thomas after His resurrection fell at His feet and looked up into His face and called Him "My Lord

and my God," so far from refusing this homage, which is certainly due to God alone, He not only accepted it but commended Thomas for saying it and reproved him for not seeing it sooner (John xx. 26-29). Such was His claim that He was a divine Person, equal in attributes with God the Father, though subordinate in position, worthy of the same worship as God the Father, and that He was so completely God manifest in human form that to see Him was to see God, that He was both "Lord and God."

This was indeed a stupendous claim to make, an amazing claim which if not true made Jesus Christ the rankest blasphemer that this old earth ever saw. Now, that He made these claims does not prove them to be true. But in making these claims He told men that they would put Him to death for making them and that on the third day after they had killed Him God would set the seal of His endorsement upon them by raising Him from the dead. They did put Him to death for making these claims, alleging that they were blasphemous, and if they were not true they certainly were outrageously blasphemous. But when the appointed time came God set the stamp of His own divine approval upon these claims by raising Him from the dead, and by so doing God declares, with a certainty that no candid and rational man can question, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God in a sense that no other being is the Son of God, that He is a divine Person, that He is God manifest in the flesh, and that He should be worshiped even as God the Father is worshiped. In the light of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, Unitarianism in all its forms is proven to be an outrageous and blasphemous lie that makes Him whom God declares to be divine

to be an impostor and a blasphemer. Jesus is proven with scientific certainty to be divine, a very God, of very God, and anyone who rejects Him, who refuses to accept Him as their Savior and surrender to Him as their Lord and confess Him as such before the world is proven to be guilty of the appalling sin of robbing a divine Person of the faith and obedience and worship which are His due, of the awful sin of refusing and scorning God and of trampling God under foot.

IV

In the fourth place, the absolutely demonstrated resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead makes it certain that everyone who really believes on Jesus Christ is justified from all his sins and perfectly accepted before God. Speaking to the Jews listening to him in the synagogue at Antioch of Pisidia, Paul showed them first from their own Scriptures that the Messiah was to be raised from the dead, and then by the unimpeachable testimony of many witnesses he showed them that Jesus had been thus raised from the dead. Then he says, "Be it known unto you therefore," *i.e.,* be it known unto you because Jesus arose from the dead, "that through this man is proclaimed unto you remission of sins: and that by Him everyone that believeth is justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Many, very many anxious souls are asking, "Are my sins all forgiven because I have put my trust in Jesus Christ? Am I indeed reckoned righteous before God?" The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead answers this question. It says, "Yes, beyond the possibility of doubt you are." How does the resurrection of Christ from the dead give this clear and sure answer? When Jesus Christ was here upon earth He

said that He would offer up His life a ransom for many (Matt. xx. 28). The appointed hour came and He offered up His life on the cross of Calvary as a ransom for us. By death an atonement has been offered. But the question still remains: "Will God accept the atonement that has thus been offered?" For three nights and three days this question remained unanswered. The body of Jesus lay in its grave cold and dead. But the long-predicted hour came at last, and the breath of God swept through that sleeping clay, and Jesus Christ was raised triumphant over death and exalted to the right hand of God. God by thus raising Him proclaimed to all coming ages, "I have accepted the atonement which Jesus made."

I look at the cross of Christ and I know that atonement has been offered for my sins. I look at the open sepulcher and the risen and ascended Lord and I know that the atonement Jesus made has been accepted by God. There no longer remains upon me, nor upon anyone who believes on Him, one single sin, no matter how many or how great our sins may have been. My sins may have been as high as the mountains, but in the light of the resurrection the atonement that covers them is as high as heaven. My sins may have been as deep as the ocean, but in the light of the resurrection the atonement that swallows them up is as deep as eternity. In the light of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead no man or woman who believes on Him has any right to doubt for one single moment that all their sins, no matter how black and how many they may have been, are forgiven, blotted out; and that Jesus Christ's own perfect righteousness has been put to our account, and that God looks at us not as we are in ourselves but all covered over with, all arrayed

in, the glorious garments of Christ's own perfect righteousness.

V

In the fifth place, the absolutely demonstrated resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead proves that there is a judgment day coming, and that Jesus Christ Himself is to be the Judge. Very many are asking in this day, and are asking with a great deal of serious doubt, "Is there to be a judgment day?" They think to themselves, "The preachers say there is to be a judgment day, at least some of them do but not as many as in former days nor with the same note of certainty; but is there to be?" The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead answers this question. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead proves to a scientific certainty, with the certainty of the solution of a simple problem in mathematics, that there is to be a judgment day and that Jesus Christ Himself is to be the Judge.

How does the resurrection of Christ prove that there is to be a judgment day and that Jesus Christ Himself is to be the Judge? When Jesus was upon earth He declared that the Father had committed all judgment unto Him. He declared, furthermore, that the hour was coming when all that were in their graves should hear His voice and come forth—they that had done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that had done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment (John v. 22, 28, 29). Men hated Him for making this claim and put Him to death for making it and the other claim implied by it, that of His own Deity. But God set the stamp of His approval upon the claim by raising Him from the dead. The resurrection of Jesus

Christ from the dead, which is an absolutely certain fact of history in the past, points forward with unerring finger to an absolutely certain coming judgment day in the future. Belief in a coming judgment day is no mere guess of the theologians; it is a positive faith founded upon a proved fact.

Paul was once speaking on the Areopagus to a company of clear-headed Stoic and Epicurean philosophers. No other sermon was ever spoken in such a remarkable place and to such a remarkable audience. As Paul closed he said, "God now commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent: inasmuch as He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by the man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance unto men, in that He hath raised him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 30, 31). Paul was right; God has by raising Jesus Christ from the dead "given assurance," that is, He has given proof that makes faith necessary to every candid man, that there is to be a judgment day and that Jesus Christ is to be the Judge.

In the light of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead it is absolutely certain that there is to be a judgment day and that Jesus Christ is to be the Judge. And in the light of that certainty the man who continues in sin, fooling himself with the hope that there may be no future day of reckoning and judgment, is guilty of madness. Jesus will sit in judgment some day and every one of us shall stand before Him and give an account to Him of the deeds done in the body.

VI

In the sixth place, the absolutely demonstrated resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead proves that

it is the privilege of the believer in Christ to have daily, constant victory over the power of sin. Many professed Christians are asking, "Can I have daily victory over the temptations that assail me and the sins that beset me? Can I lead a life of constant victory over sin?" The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is God's answer to these questions. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead proves to a certainty that we may have daily, constant, victory over sin.

How does the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead prove that we may have daily, constant victory over sin? In this way: The resurrection of Jesus Christ shows us that we are united not only to a Savior who died and thus made perfect atonement for our sins and that therefore we may have pardon for any sin we ever committed and perfect justification before God, but that we are united to a Savior who also arose from the dead and who now lives and has "all power in Heaven and on earth," and is therefore able to keep us from any sin, no matter how weak we may be, and "able to save to the uttermost," not only from the uttermost, but "to the uttermost [all] them that come unto God through Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25).

O weak, faltering, failing Christian, in the light of the certain resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead there is no need that you go stumbling around in the slimy bog of failure and sin. Jesus arose, He lives, He has all power in Heaven and on earth, and that power of His is at your disposal; no matter how weak or helpless you may be by nature, in His resurrection power you can lead a life of victory, victory over every temptation and every sin. In the light of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, failure in daily

living is unnecessary and inexcusable. In His resurrection, life, and power it is our duty and our privilege to lead victorious lives.

VII

In the seventh place, and finally, the absolutely demonstrated resurrection of Christ from the dead proves that the most decisive and most damning of all sins is the sin of unbelief in Jesus Christ. Many and many a man is asking to-day, "Is unbelief in Jesus Christ a sin? If it is, is it a grave sin? Is it a sin so grave and monstrous, if persisted in, that it will send a man to hell even though he is a kind father, an honest man in business, and a thoroughly good citizen?" The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead answers this question. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead proves to a certainty that unbelief in Jesus Christ is a sin; it proves it is a more monstrous sin than any possible sin that we can commit against a fellow human being! It proves that, whatever other good things a man may do, if he persistently refuses to put his faith in Jesus Christ he deserves to go to hell, and will go to hell and spend eternity there.

How does the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead prove that? In two ways: First of all it proves as we have already seen that Jesus is a divine Person. He is, therefore, a Person of infinite majesty and glory. All men are finite, and no number of finites ever equals infinity. Therefore, no possible sin you can commit against any man or all human beings can match in enormity the sin of refusing to put your faith in the infinite Christ of which the resurrection proves He is worthy. In the second place, the resurrection of Jesus

Christ from the dead proves, as we have also already seen, that Jesus is a teacher sent from God who spoke the very words of God; and Jesus taught in John iii. 14, 15 that eternal life was to be obtained in one way and one way only, that is, through believing on Him, and that if one did not believe on Him he would perish. He said, furthermore, in John iii. 18, that "he that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God." He taught in John viii. 21 that anyone who did not believe that He was the Son of God would die in his sins, and that any man who died in his sins could not come whither He Himself went.

The whole substance of our Lord's teaching as regards whether men should spend eternity in Heaven or in hell could be summed up in these words: "Come to me and live, refuse to come to me and you will perish." In the light of the demonstrated certainty of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, the chances for any man or woman to escape an eternal hell who persistently rejects Jesus Christ as a personal Savior, and fails to surrender to Him as his Lord and Master and to confess Him as such before the world, are not worth two cents. I want to put that in a way so plain and blunt and up-to-date that no one can possibly mistake its meaning. I repeat: The chances of any man or woman who persistently rejects Jesus Christ, who persistently refuses to accept Him as a personal Savior and to surrender to Him as Lord and Master, and to confess Him as such before the world, the chances of any such person escaping an eternal hell are not worth two cents.

GEORGE W. TRUETT

George W. Truett, A.B., D.D., LL.D., is pastor of First Baptist Church, Dallas, Tex. He was born in Clay County, N. C., May 6, 1867, and educated at Baylor University, Waco, Tex. (A.B., 1897; D.D., 1899). Before entering the university, Dr. Truett started life as an educator, projecting the Hiawassee (Ga.) High School and serving as its principal, 1887-89. For two years, 1890-02, he was financial secretary of Baylor University, and was elected to the presidency but declined it. Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1890, he served as student-pastor in Waco, 1893-97, and upon graduation accepted a call to his present post.

THE PRIVILEGE AND PERIL OF OPPORTUNITY

George W. Truett

"For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise . . . from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther iv. 14.

The book of Esther is probably not widely read, and yet it is a story of surpassing interest and instructiveness. There is in it much to shock you, just as there probably would be in the history of any capital or any court of any country of the world. Superficial readers of the Bible sometimes start back at what they find in the Bible. The Bible tells the truth, the whole truth. There is no veneer about the Bible. It does not gloss over and seek to cover defects. The Bible pictures humanity just as it is. And in this old-time story that centers about Queen Esther, much as there is in it to shock us, yet there is very much in it to teach us and to inspire us for the highest and best.

The account given in the book of Esther goes far back in Bible history to the time when the Jews were in exile, scattered afar over all the countries of the East, and the plot for the story of Esther was laid in Shushan, the capital of the kingdom of Persia. Esther

was the relative of a good man named Mordecai. She was an orphaned Jewess, and Mordecai, her guardian, was as a father to her, as devoted to her, indeed, as she was to him. By a remarkable combination of circumstances this beautiful woman was promoted to be the queen of the great kingdom of Persia. She was chosen as the wife of Ahasuerus, the coarse and drunken and debauched king. She was elevated to the highest place, that of queen in the king's palace. About the time of her elevation, one Haman was also elevated to a place of great prominence in the affairs of state. He was made the right hand man of King Ahasuerus. He was next to the king himself in the management of the kingdom. In such position of state, Haman had a difficulty with Mordecai, the relative of Queen Esther. The difficulty arose because Mordecai, a devout Jew, refused to bow down to Haman, a pagan, and not only pay him respect by bowing down, but also by worshiping him. Some of the old-time kings did not at all object to their subjects worshiping them. Probably some of them would not object now.

But Mordecai refused to bow to Haman. Mordecai bowed to One high over all. The Lord of Hosts was His name. And the people associated with Haman twitted him with the indifference of this man Mordecai to one in exalted position, and revenge settled down upon the little life of the little man Haman, nor could he find music, nor rest, nor happiness anywhere, as long as that despised Jew refused to do him the obeisance and the worship that his station called for. Elevation tests men. If a man is not bigger than his job, he is not big enough for his job. Any man who is not bigger personally than the station he occupies is not big enough for that station. What a trial to a land

when little men, and mean men, and unworthy men sit in the seats of the mighty and direct the destinies of the people! "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn." For the wicked pull everything down. Ideals are pulled from their high pedestals and are laid prostrate in the streets. "Woe unto thee, O land," cried one of the old Hebrew prophets, "when thy king is a child." The meaning of the proverb is immediately evident. If one in position of preëminence and power is a child, a baby, a pet, a spoiled incompetent, then woe to the country! Haman was such a man as that. If he had been a big man he would have said, "Why, I respect conscientiousness wherever I see it; this man Mordecai has his religion, and his religion does not allow him to bow down to king, or to anybody, save to God alone; I respect a man who is faithful to his convictions." If he had been a big man, that is what he would have thought and said. But a little man cannot do that, and a little nature cannot stop with just a little revenge.

Mordecai's slight so deeply affected this man Haman that he said, "I will not stop until I shall have exterminated from the face of the earth every Jew—not simply Mordecai, but all the rest. They must all go." And so, with subtlety and cunning he got around the king, and inveigled him into a trap, so that the king, without measuring the consequences and knowing all the conditions, signed and sent forth a decree to the effect that on a certain day all the Jews of the realm were to be exterminated. When the news of this decree reached the Jewish people they were prostrated, panic-stricken, appalled, covered with sackcloth and ashes, undone. And Mordecai was more distraught

than any of them, for the occasion of it all gathered around him. Mordecai had stood out faithfully for his convictions, and he was the unwitting occasion of the tragedy and the calamity that had come in wholesale fashion to his countrymen; and, in the streets, Mordecai lifted up his voice and wept with uncontrollable lamentation.

By and by Mordecai fell upon a plan to save his people. He sent word to Esther, the queen, in the king's palace, Mordecai's kinswoman and devoted ward, that the only hope left for her people was for her to go in boldly to the king, and make supplication for them; to ask him to retract his edict, to withdraw the awful sentence that had gone forth against the Jewish people. There was nothing left but for the queen to take that extraordinary course. And the queen hesitated and sent word to her kinsman Mordecai: "You must remember that there is a law in vogue that nobody can go into the presence of the king, except on penalty of death, without the king's invitation. If the king should stretch out the golden scepter to one entering without invitation, such a one would live. Otherwise such a one would die. And I am now unfortunately situated toward the king, because for thirty days he has not had me in his presence at all."

And Mordecai made reply: "You cannot escape, O Esther, by any such silence as that. You are a Jewess, too, and though that has been concealed, that fact will come out, and you will go down in the maelstrom with all the rest of us; and I advise you further, that if you hold your peace altogether at this time, nevertheless enlargement and deliverance will come to the Jews from another place, but you and your father's house will be destroyed. And, Esther, I raise the

supreme question with you, What are you a queen for, but to do a great deed, unselfish and worthy, when the hour of opportunity comes?"

That is a great speech from Mordecai. Will the young queen worthily meet it? Grandly does she meet it. Grandly does she reply: "Tell Mordecai to ask the Jews in Shushan to give themselves three days and three nights to fasting, and I with my maids here in the palace will do the same thing; and then, though the edict has gone forth, and though there stands another edict that one cannot enter into the presence of the king uninvited, except upon penalty of death, nevertheless, I will go in, and I will make that plea to the king, and, if I perish, I perish." Her reply was sublime. There was never a sublimer speech made than beautiful Esther made in that last moment: "I am going to take my life in my hands; I am going to offer myself without stint or reserve, a sacrifice for my people; if I perish, I perish." Never was a nobler speech made, never a higher note sounded.

That is the setting for this old-time story of surpassing interest, and there emerge from such a story some very plain lessons, but lessons of challenging importance for our attention to-day. Let us glance briefly at some of them.

First of all, Esther sought to be silent and shrank back. She was timid and unresponsive before the clarion call of duty. She said, "I must hold my peace; I must be silent; I am the queen. My condition is such that my situation, my present, my future, my happiness, my life, my all, are involved. Mordecai, I will have to be silent." She was tempted to be silent when duty called for courageous speech, tempted to shirk responsibility, tempted to evade the clear path of

duty. Now, who has not been in that identical situation, time and time again? Duty clear as the sunlight has stood before us, its path was not at all bordered by flowers, and lions roared at every step of the way. Frowns were there, difficulties, mountains, all sorts of oppositions, and we shrank back and said, "I cannot face this situation." Who has not known such an experience?

There are sins of silence as well as sins of speech. Time and time again we have bitten deep into our tongues, because we have sinned with our tongues. We have talked when we ought not to have talked. There are sins of speech, but equally so there are sins of silence. There are times when men are silent when they had better die than be silent. There are times when they are evasive and servile when they had better die than be that. Men move among their fellows with power to command them at their will; men have been as Samson in their might to pull down great pillars and to withstand hosts of Philistines, but the time comes when, like Samson, they dally with evil and are shorn of their strength. There is a time to be silent, and even so there is a time when silence means death to everything high and noble. When issues of moment confront us, when great causes are at stake, when the forces of righteousness and evil are in deadly combat, woe betide any man who is truckling and servile and disobedient to the heavenly vision!

Now, every man is tempted vitally at that point. The difference between a politician and a statesman is at that point. Not even with chains can you draw out of a politician something that might embarrass him; but the statesman stands forth and says, "Here I take my stand. This is right. If I never get another

vote, this is right. Here I take my stand. I can do no other. God help me, this is right." That is the difference. Time and again Gladstone spurned the fickle whims of the populace. He said, "I know that the populace will to-day give me bitter reproaches, but there is a to-morrow coming, and I must follow the clear behest of right." Now, we are tempted, every one of us, as was this beautiful Queen Esther, to be silent and devious and disobedient, when we ought to be candid and direct and aggressively faithful.

There is a silence of expediency. That word "expediency" has been hawked about until it is difficult to keep from despising it. There is a temptation to be expedient and not to be right. And then there is a temptation to be silent on account of selfishness. Esther has just come to the throne, to the exalted place of queen. She is the first woman in all the proud kingdom of Persia. She is fawned upon and flattered by the people everywhere. To say to the king, "I am of that despised people whom your chief minister of state hounds with all the fury of some mad beast. I am one of them, their fate is mine, their God is mine, their cause is mine, their present mine, their future mine, their death mine, if it is to be death——" to say that calls for the highest principle and courage known to the human heart. She shrank back. You do not blame her. You are not surprised. "Very well, Esther," said Mordecai; "I have another thing to say to you. You will not escape by neglecting your duty. God can go on without any of us, my child, and He will. Esther, you may sell your people out, and in this poignant crisis of their history, surpassingly pathetic through the exiles that have come to us, you may betray us, and leave us, and forget us, and sell us out; but Esther,

deliverance and enlargement will come from another quarter. The Jew is not going to be buried and demolished and overwhelmed. Esther, I believe in the promises of God; I believe in the purposes of a righteous Jehovah; and though you may be time-serving and silent and cowardly, yet deliverance and enlargement for our people will come from some other source. God's covenant with the Jews will not fail. God's promises to His old-time Israel will not be broken."

Here was a faithful friend of God, this man Mordecai. He believed God's promises and clung to them with all the childlike faith that should ever characterize the friends of God. He was a Jew of the old time, of the highest quality. The Jew is the miracle of history. He is the standing miracle around this planet. This man, the Jew Mordecai, said, "I cannot bow down to that man Haman, because I am a Jew. I believe in God. I cannot put anything between my soul and God." And Mordecai rose up with all the calmness and confidence of the faith of the old Hebrews, and clung to the covenant of God and the purposes of God for Israel.

I repeat that the Jew is the standing miracle of the ages. If you can think of the Jew without a stirring in your heart unspeakably pathetic, strange is your heart, and cold and well-nigh dead. Our Lord was a Jew, and His mother a Jewess, and the old-time prophets were Jews, and the apostles of the faith of Christ, which faith is the hope of the world, were Jews. O ye men and women of God's modern Israel, saved men and women, Gentiles who have come in where the Jew of old turned aside from the covenant and the promises and the faith, O modern Israel, pray without ceasing for the Hebrew race! They are scattered everywhere.

They are in every community, alert, forward-looking. They are scattered everywhere and times without count have been the victims of persecution, the shame of which comes up into the face of God. But they have a great destiny, and some day that mighty race, scattered to the four winds, that alert and forward-looking race, is to come back and own the Messiah's sway, and serve Him who was crucified on yonder cross. May God hasten the coming of that wonderful day!

Mordecai was a Jew, and he said to beautiful Esther, his ward, "Deliverance will come, my child, and enlargement for our people, whether you do or do not do your duty." Now, isn't that a wonderful truth for us to think about for a moment? God can get on without us. He can get on without any of us. He can get on without a nation. He can get on without a religious denomination. He can get on without any of us if He be so minded. "Esther, you may be cowering and evasive and silent. God is not dependent on you. You hold the key to a vast opportunity to do a great service for the world. My child, you can fail, you can falter. God will somehow take care of His people. He will get on without you, if you are going to have it that way."

Yes, God can get on without us. See how He is getting on without the Hebrew race to-day. One of the old prophets has explained the religious failure of that race: "Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself." Let a nation begin and end with self and God will make all His plans to get on without such a nation. The one outstanding nation of the centuries back yonder was the Jewish nation, but it has long been broken and scattered to the ends of the

earth. Macaulay, you remember, writing about England, and about England's perils, faithfully warned England, and said, "The day may come when the far-off New Zealander shall stand on the ruins of London, the world's great city, and trace the awful steps of her decline and deterioration and death, because she dared to get on without obedience to the principles of righteousness." God can get on without a nation—let us not forget that solemn truth.

We are prone to say and to think—I think it, and so do you—that God has brought our own nation forth to be and to send forth a light unequaled in all the tides of human history. And yet, if this nation shall pursue ideals low and debauching and false, God will choose another somewhere else to pilot the world out of darkness into light. If this nation goes after greed and militarism and a thousand false gods that turn the heart away from the highest and fill it with pride and selfishness, God will set aside this and choose another nation. He can raise one up with the word of His power and the blessing of His Spirit that will carry the light forward and take care of His truth, as His unfolding purpose is revealed to the world. We need to remember that. God scattered of old the marvelous power of Macedon and laid in the very dust the mighty dominion of Rome. Macedon and Rome turned away from God and forgot Him. And if England and America—these two proud Anglo-Saxon nations, set in the midst of the ages to do a work for the world, unexampled, unequaled—if they forget God, and are spoiled by wrong ideals and corrupted by low standards, God will find Him other peoples to carry forward His banner and to be His messengers to mankind.

He who reads the Bible, even with casual attention, cannot fail to see that God is the God of nations as

well as of individuals, and that a nation may fill a large place in God's plan. He chose the Israelitish nation of old for peculiar honor and exceptional favor, and laid upon such nation certain high duties and responsibilities which did not belong to other nations. He set apart such nation to preserve His laws and to execute His plans for the human race. By the mouths of His prophets, He rebuked that chosen nation for its sins, chastened it for its backslidings, and used even hostile nations as His messengers of chastisement. Surely, surely, in the face of the responsibilities and warnings written large in the history of nations, it behooves leaders of this great Western democracy to discern her high mission and summon all her people to the high task of fulfilling such mission.

Great voices have all along proclaimed the greatness of the mission of America. One of them has said, "Our whole history appears like a last appeal of divine Providence in behalf of the human race." Pungently has another said, "The American democracy is the result of all that is great in bygone times. All led up to it; it embodies all. Mt. Sinai is in it; Greece is in it; Egypt is in it; Rome is in it; England is in it; all the arts are in it, and all the reformations and all the discoveries." If we forget and are purblind to the purposes of God, this nation may not hope to escape the doom of the unfaithful nations of the past. A greatly honored former President has said, "We have no choice, we people of the United States, as to whether or not we shall play a great part in the world. That has been determined for us by Fate [surely he meant by Providence], by the march of events. We have to play that part. All we can decide is whether we shall play it well or ill." Another national leader has said, "It is ours to be either the grave in which the

hope of the world shall be entombed, or the pillar of cloud which shall pilot the world forward." We do well to ponder afresh to-day the burning message of Kipling's "Recessional," even every line of it:

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds, without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Carlyle was right when he declared that religion is the determining factor of civilization. A nation rises no higher than the religious life of her people. The nobly gifted Sidney Lanier, while yet a schoolboy, wrote with the vision of a prophet these pungent words in his notebook: "Liberty, patriotism and civilization are on their knees before the men of the South, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes are begging them to become Christian." By every great motive that can move human hearts to great deeds, let the pulpits of America, her statesmen and editors and poets, her business and professional forces, all groups and classes, be glad to pour the energies of their brain and the tides of their sympathy into the supreme business of fully Americanizing our whole population by evangelizing it. Let the United States of America forget her highest ideals, her supreme mission to mankind, and God will find some other people to be His witnesses and messengers.

Let us bring the solemn truth still closer home and apply it to Christ's own people. He can get on without a given denomination. He can get on without a particular congregation—*if we forget—if we forget.* He got on without the seven churches of Asia, for they forgot. They turned away from the ideals and calls of the highest, and were selfish and worldly, and became time-servers, and the candlestick was taken out of the candlestand from the midst of every one of them. He can get on without any of us. Back yonder the people of England trifled in their religious life, and God brought forth Wesley and said, "Go up and down the earth and call the people back to spirituality and to vital godliness." And Wesley shook England, and came across the waters and moved our own country

as well. Yonder in Germany, when ritualism was in the ascendancy, and when forms were taking precedence of vitality in spiritual life, He raised up Luther to shake Germany, and Europe, and the papacy, and the world! God is independent of any particular class or organization, and if they forget He will find another method, another agent, another means to have His cause advanced and His standard carried to the highest hill. I am often alarmed about my own denomination, which I love better than I love my life. I think she has truths which this world needs, beyond all human speech. I think she has great doctrines of civil and religious liberty, concerning which she has been the mighty champion, as the centuries have passed. I think she has an emphasis on the doctrine of personality in religion which is of measureless moment. I think she has an emphasis on spirituality, as the one supreme hope, without which all else is but a galvanized corpse. But woe betide her if she gets off into the little eddies and forgets the great, deep currents that God has for His people to navigate, with His mighty ships of mercy and power and grace and service!

"God can get on, O Esther, without you, if you are going to have it that way. He can get on without you, child." He can get on without a family. He can get on without a man. That is an alarming revelation of history in these United States, that every third generation of rich families are on the beat as tramps. The first generation makes the money, the second spends it, and the third are on the beat, with habits of idleness and waste—every third generation. God can get on without us, if we are going to have it that way, but we cannot get on without Him. Ten thousand times better were it for beautiful Esther to go down under

the fury of Ahasuerus and Haman; ten thousand times better for beautiful Esther to go down into the awful death that is imminent for the people than for her to forget duty and principle in the great day of opportunity.

Retribution surely follows neglect of duty. "Esther, if you hold your peace at this time, deliverance will come from another source, but you and your father's house will perish." Why? Because whatsoever a man soweth, or a woman, or a family, or a church, or an organization, or a nation, the reaping shall be in like kind. Let duty be neglected anywhere, at any time, by anybody, and retribution like a mad Nemesis is on the heels of such neglect. You cannot neglect duty without the most fearful consequences. Retribution ever follows neglect of duty. O, if we would but remember that! Let a parent neglect his duty there in the home; let him be indifferent to the proper standards and ideals of such a home; let him put gold and the things of time and earth high over the rest; let him put into the background the deepest and most vital things of life, and he has a wrecked family on his hands, and his children after him will rise up to mock him for his defalcation in the day of his opportunity. A family that to-day neglects the highest things shall sadly pay for it to-morrow. If the cheap and gaudy things of earth are put in the ascendancy, there is inevitable heartbreak to-morrow. There is a pay-day to-morrow. Out from the fearful ashes of human life the black Nemesis of retribution will follow and present its product and say, "This is the product for neglecting duty." Duty neglected means retribution —let us realize it in time!

O, if we would realize it! The maddest thing in

the world is to do wrong. The most stupid folly in the world is to do wrong. The most grievous waste in the world is to do wrong. Let any man in the world neglect the call of God, the claims of Christ, the Master of men; let such claims be ignored and forgotten and there comes a retribution for such neglect too perilous for me to depict in human speech. "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it. Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." You cannot trifle with any duty in the world and not be harmed. You cannot trifle with a duty in the home, or in the State, or toward God, and not be harmed. You cannot trifle with duty anywhere, at any time, but that retribution follows in the wake of your trifling and presents you with the wretched product of your deed. God can get on without us, but we cannot get on without Him.

Suffer me to detain you a moment longer. Mordecai reminds Esther what opportunity is for: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" He said, "Child, what do you think that strange combination of circumstances meant in exalting you to the place of queen? I tell you, child, you have come to the place of preferment and exaltation and honor and world-wide power to do a great unselfish thing to help the people." The meaning of all power is stated in that sentence. What is the meaning of all power? All power means service. All power means responsibility. All power means obligation. All power means ministering to the limit of such power to help the world. Some man selfishly draws his garment about him and says, "May I not do as I please with my money?" Not on the peril of the highest. "May I not do as I please with my

position? Here I am monarch of all I survey." The Nemesis shall come during the night and your monarchy shall be overturned, if that is your conception of power. Somebody says, "May I not take my education and draw my robes about me, and go off into some quiet nook and read and dream and loll?" Not on the peril of the highest. A Nemesis shall be on your heels. All power is under inescapable obligation to serve the world. You will answer at the judgment bar of God for every dime your fingers have ever touched. You will answer for every opportunity of every kind that ever came your way. You will answer for your education, and if another as good as you could not get his, your answer is the larger and more responsible. You will answer because you were given preferment and position and power and turned them to selfish aggrandizement. You will answer for it all. You are your brother's keeper, and if you ignore that brother the blood of that brother will cry unto God against you. Ignore the world's need, and the world's darkness, and the world's sickness, and the world's wounds, and the world's sin, and God will somehow carry forward His purposes; but retribution appalling will come to you. Your education is not given you that you may get off into some corner and chatter in polysyllables that people may say how smart you are. Your education is given you that you may fling off your coat and get into the big battle of life, to help the weak and needy and downtrodden, the ignorant and the beaten on the roadside, to help them up and on to happiness and noblest serviceableness. Your money is not given you that you may loll and dress and dawdle. The world needs it, and woe betide those who forget what money is for! The meaning of all

opportunity always is service. It is not enough for a man to be clever. It is not enough for a man to be smart. It is not enough for a man to be a scholar. It is not enough for a man to be a moneymaker. The meaning of all strength is to serve the world. The correct life principle for all mankind is Paul's principle of debtorship to all. All power is under inexorable bonds to serve humanity.

Let us side with God, whatever it costs. "He always wins who sides with God. To him no cause is lost." Let us side with God. Let us side with Him in our families. Let us side with Him as citizens. Let us side with Him as moneymakers. Let us side with Him as teachers and students. Let us side with Him as individuals. Let us ever side with God; and if we have defaulted, if we have been untrue, if we have slipped and forgotten and failed, blessed be His grace, there is deliverance, and there is recovery, and there is forgiveness, and there is a divine power pledged to help us to-day, to-morrow, and forever, if we will faithfully side with God!

"And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

JAMES ISAAC VANCE

James Isaac Vance, M.A., D.D., LL.D., is pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn. · Born in Arcadia, Tenn., Sept. 25, 1862, he was educated at King's College, Tenn. (A.B., 1883; M.A., 1886), and at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va. (D.D., King's College, 1896, Hampden-Sidney College, 1896; LL.D., King's College, 1913, Austin College, 1916). He was ordained into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. in 1886 and served the following pastorates before going to his present post in 1910, Wytheville, Va., 1886-87; Alexandria, Va., 1887-91; Norfolk, Va., 1891-94; First Church, Nashville, Tenn., 1894-1900; North Reformed Church, Newark, N. J., 1900-10. Dr. Vance is chairman of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.; professor of homiletics, Vanderbilt University; trustee, Oglethorpe University and Southwestern Presbyterian University. He is the author of the following books: *Young Man Four Square* (1894); *Church Portals* (1895); *College of Apostles* (1896); *Royal Manhood* (1899); *Rise of a Soul* (1902); *Simplicity in Life* (1903); *A Young Man's Make-up* (1904); *The Eternal in Man* (1907); *Tendency* (1910); *Life's Terminals* (1917); *The Life of Service* (1918); *The Silver on the Iron Cross* (1919); *The Breaking of the Bread* (1921); *Being a Preacher* (1923); *Forbid Him Not; God's Open.*

CHARACTER BUILDING IN THE HOME

James I. Vance

"If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." Genesis xliii. 14.

The patriarch means that bereavement has sounded its deepest depths, hope has gone bankrupt, happiness is in ruins, the zero hour of calamity and sorrow has been reached: "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

The message here is a timely one. I, for one, feel that many of our troubles to-day, the increase in crime, the widespread lawlessness, the mad rush for pleasure, the sagging of ideals, the desecration of the marriage vow, are traceable in whole or in part to the collapse of the home.

The text is the cry of Jacob for his sons. It is a line from the Jew's folk story of home. That does not mean that the story is fiction, but that there is more in the background than appears in the recital. There is the shrine of parental concern and longing. There is the pull of home at long range on a man in a far country, sick with loneliness and hectored by temptation. There is the strength to resist born of the lessons and training of childhood. There is the battle with hell in the fires of a sensual civilization, cooked up in fierce tropic heat, where lust runs riot in the hot blood of a dark race. For time has scarcely seen sen-

suality more wanton and unashamed than in Egypt during Joseph's day. Finally, there is in this folk story of home victory, for when Joseph at last looks his old father in the face his eye does not shift. He has been true to his ancestral inheritance. He has not become an Egyptian. He is still Jew and true to the traditions of his boyhood home. May this old story cast its light over us to-day!

The Home and Character Building

The home is the best place in the world to build character. If it cannot be done there, it cannot be done anywhere. If people of truth and honor, of sobriety and integrity, of conviction and moral courage, cannot be grown under the roof-tree of home, the world may as well quit its search for an honest man.

Of course, you can build character in the school, if you go about it in the right way; in the shop, if you make something finer than money your objective; on the street, if you can keep the devil away. Of course, character is developed in work, in play, in adventure, in devotion, in human contacts, in the struggles of ambition, in the pursuits of aspiration; but in the home you have all this and more.

The home has life at the right time for character building. The forces of being are storming to express themselves and are so sensitive that the slightest impression stamps itself to stay. We used to say that ideals are determined during the first six years of a child's life, but we have moved the hand on the dial-face backward, and we are now saying that these ideals are fixed during the first three years. While the child is scarcely conscious of itself, invisible forces are at work to build character and fashion destiny. During

these first three years of dynamic opportunity, God gives parenthood the right of way, and those who are the authors of the little life have a free and full chance to build against the storms which all too soon must break.

If the home does not build character, it has failed. It may succeed at everything else, but if it fails to hold when the storm breaks, if it has no power to steady when Egypt is reached, if it has no restraints that hold when temptations would allure and seduce, the home has collapsed.

Your home may possess all that wealth and culture and art and travel have to offer. It may be furnished with books and pictures and all that is beautiful. It may be gay with merriment, laughter, and song. It may be a famed seat of hospitality, thronged by friends from near and far, visited by people of distinction and renown; but if your children go to the bad, if they grow up crooked and dissipated, if their characters are stained and shabby and their habits vicious, what a ghastly mockery that noisy, gaudy palace must seem to you!

Don't think that you have a home simply because you have a house. Don't conclude that you have met your obligations to your children when you have given them a bedroom, a dinner table, and a dance hall. Don't think that you can smash the sanctities of life behind your front door and "get by" with it. Don't think that you can play with fire and not get burned. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And often the harvest you reap is in the lives of your children. People are asking to-day what has come over our young people. They would better ask what has come over their fathers and mothers.

If your children form shabby characters, the worst has happened. You want them sound in body, straight and lithe and virile and graceful; but if you had to choose between a crooked body and a crooked conscience, between chalky bones and a rotten heart, between invalidism and dishonor, it would not take you long to make your choice.

You want your children to be well educated. But if the school breaks down what the home builds up, if your children come back from college with their faith in God a wreck, treating with a smile of cynicism the things you hold dearer than life, you count those years at college not a blessing but a curse.

You want your children to enjoy life. Youth and a good time go together. But you are not ready to buy pleasure at the cost of character. You want them to be well thought of, to have a good reputation; but you want more. You want them to deserve it.

You want your children to be clever, gifted, to say and do wonderful things, to paint and sing and write, to achieve, to succeed; but they have spoiled it all if they go to pieces in their character. Character ranks first, and when your children break here the worst has befallen. Hence, if you fail to help your children build character, you have failed at the center. You may have given them everything that money can buy —position, popularity, influence, ease, education, pleasure, travel. But if you have not helped them to a place where they would rather die than be false, where they prefer poverty to duty dishonored, where they would rather go hungry than lie, starve than steal, wear rags than be arrayed at the price of perjury and duplicity, you are only a cheap counterfeit of parenthood.

And you may have been unable to do all that you longed to do for them. It may have been beyond your power to provide the comforts and advantages it was in your heart to give. They asked and you had to say "No," because the purse was empty and your slender stipend exhausted. But if, when they think of their daddy, the chin lifts and the spine stiffens and the heart is filled with honest pride; if, when they think of their mother, temptation is disarmed, sin unmasked, and a soul in the hour of battle goes over the top to victory, you have done the biggest and best thing given to mortal this side of heaven. You may be a drab little man in a shabby office on a side street, you may be a faded little woman with millinery out of date, but your heart is musical with a great song and your name is like a flower whose fragrance does not die.

I read a letter the other day from a son to his father. The boy was charged with something which affected his honor, and of which those who know him believe him to be innocent. He had been given a "raw deal," and the thing that hurt him most was not that he was suffering, but the pain he feared his trouble might give the folks at home. He said, "I have kept from writing hoping I would not have to write. If the worst comes, I am going away somewhere and you will not hear from me for a long time, until I can tell you something that will make you proud of me." Then he said, "If I could only lay my head for awhile on mother's shoulder as I used to do, and cry for a little while, it would do me more good than anything else." Happy the boy with such a mother, and blessed the mother whose holy influence reaches out to her children in the storms of life!

What the Home Needs

If the home is to fulfill its mission as a builder of character, four things are needed. The first is love—not indulgence, not a love that is spineless. The trouble with so much of the discipline in the home is that it is done not in love but in anger. An old preacher told me that he whipped his son once, and then in anger. When he had finished the boy looked up at him and said, "If I had a gun, I'd kill you." The mother had whipped the boy frequently, and each time it seemed to make him love her more, but the discipline had always been done in love. "Thy gentleness hath made me great." If we are sure that they love us, they may say what they please and do what they like.

What a dull world these crazy biologists would give us who would reduce all life to cell formation and substitute a scientific formula for love! Out on them all! It is not strange that Luther Burbank's attack on man's immortality, the lordliest and noblest instinct of our race, met with such a storm of indignation and resentment. We had come to honor him for his quiet and patient work among the flowers, but when he lifted his hand to crush the fairest flower that blooms in the garden of hope, we said, "You are our friend no longer." And so with every so-called scientist who would reduce all life to physical secretions and degrade the home to the level of a breeding stable. Home is where they love us, and a loveless home is as great a burlesque as a Godless heaven.

There must also be sincerity. Character will not grow in an atmosphere of insincerity, duplicity, and hypocrisy. We want our children to think we are good, upright, sincere, whether we are or not, for we

know that it is impossible for us to help them if they suspect us. As well try to live in an atmosphere empty of oxygen as to expect character to thrive in an atmosphere of insincerity. As well try to grow a garden without sunshine and moisture as to grow character without respect and trust.

The third thing needed is example. We must ourselves be what we would have our children become. We must go where we would take them. They listen to what we are rather than to what we say. Those little eyes can see through every disguise. They pierce the mask of hypocrisy. They read us through and through. If you want your son to be sober, be sober yourself. Something like this was said in a sermon in Atlanta recently. A man who was sitting in a chair in the aisle turned to another sitting beside him and said, "He is giving me hell. I took a drink last night in the presence of my son. But never again." Do you drink in the presence of your children, or in the presence of other people's sons, or in the presence of your employees? Don't blame them when they do as you do. Drinking is always worse at college, they say, when the older alumni return for a visit. I was talking one day to a mother who smokes and drinks and asked her if she wanted her little girl to do as she was doing. "No," she replied, "I most certainly do not." Then, in God's name, quit it yourself. Don't willfully take a path that leads to a vale of tears, to a day when the sun will die from your sky and leave you sitting in the shadows with a dead hope.

The supreme need of the home for character building is religion. They may say what they please about religion, but it is a character builder. It makes better men and women. It creates an atmosphere of sin-

cerity. It helps us to set the right kind of example for these little lives we would not have shipwrecked on the voyage.

It is in the home if at all that the battle for faith in God must be won. Religion is not getting much of a chance in many of our schools to-day. The situation may not be as bad as it is sometimes represented, but it is bad enough. We are told that we should not be surprised that fourteen of the students in our state university have applied for membership in the society of atheists. The number is just fourteen, but that is fourteen too many.

If our homes are to be religious, we who are parents must be religious ourselves. We cannot use the smoke screen here. We cannot camouflage. This subject stops at every door. It rings your bell. There is no way under heaven to hide out. In the name of those you love best, the call is sounded to-day to come to Christ, to confess your Savior, and to live a positive Christian life. Maybe this is what it means for some of us. "A little child shall lead them"—that tiny tot who climbs on your knee, whose, "Now I lay me" has no cloud on its faith, whose chubby hands and pouting lips and starlit eyes make heaven seem near, is pushing the gate wide for you to enter.

COLLINS DENNY

Collins Denny, M.A., LL.B., D.D., LL.D., is one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Born in Winchester, Va., May 28, 1854, he was educated at Princeton (A.B., 1876; M.A., 1879); and at the University of Virginia, (LL.B., 1877), where he was student again, 1889-1891 (D.D., Randolph-Macon College, Emory and Henry College, and Washington and Lee University; LL.D., Emory and Henry College and Emory University). Bishop Denny practiced law in Baltimore for two years before entering the ministry of the M. E. Church, South, in 1880. In 1886-87 he visited the Asiatic missions of the church by episcopal appointment. After serving as chaplain of the University of Virginia, 1889-91, he was elected professor of mental and moral philosophy at Vanderbilt University, in which position he remained until his election to the Episcopacy in 1910. He was made secretary of the College of Bishops in 1910 and a member of the Virginia State Council of Defense in 1917, and also is a member of the Virginia War History Commission. Bishop Denny contributed to the Library of Southern Literature, is a frequent contributor to church periodicals, and is the author of: *Analysis of Davis' Elements of Destructive Logic and of His Elements of Psychology* (1916); *A Manual of the Discipline of the M. E. Church, South* (Rev. ed., 1920).

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS

Collins Denny

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Galatians vi. 2.

These words are a command, or at the least an admonition, enforced by a motive. Let us consider first the meaning and the application of the motive, and then the admonition.

What does this expression "the law of Christ" mean? We are so accustomed to use in a very loose way some of these deeper expressions of human thought that it is well now and then to halt, and with such instruments as are available to survey the field intended to be covered by such terms.

There are three possible interpretations of "the law of Christ." We have the phrase "the law of Moses," and this may be taken as analagous. The former may then indicate the body of principles of which Jesus Christ was the author. Frequently we use the expression in that sense. In the second sense, this may be looked upon as a specific command of Christ, one so far-reaching, so wonderful, so noble, as to be called, by way of distinction, Christ's law. In fact, this is the interpretation of some of those who comment on this passage. Lastly, the words may mean the ruling principle of Christ's life. They give the key to that life so far as it expressed itself toward humanity. These

are three conceivable interpretations of "the law of Christ."

In favor of the first interpretation, we have an expression in the Epistle to the Romans (xiii. 10)—"Love is the fulfilling of the law"—so that we might say the whole teaching of Jesus Christ is love. Law is that which Love fulfills. This is a high ideal. It soars beyond the thought of many who have undertaken to deal with these great questions that concern human life. Human thought had proceeded but a little way on its journey before it began to take up these questions. Soon after men began to think and to formulate their thought—certainly, soon after the Greek thought began—they commenced to deal with questions of virtue, of love, of happiness. And they have left for our encouragement and for the stirring up of our minds the results they reached in the consideration of these great themes. But none of them touched such a point that they looked upon love as the fulfillment of all law. Wherever law is truly fulfilled, no matter what that law may be, unless behind the arm that wields the power and executes the statute and enforces the sanction there be a heart that beats in love, the law is never truly fulfilled. It does not seem so to our blurred eyes as we look on the world and its suffering and its agony; but to those who are clear-eyed, better informed, and who take the light that has come to them, these are simply the throes and the struggles by which the race is reaching a higher point in its development. We stand to-day at a point in the development of the race that has never been known in all the past, so far as we have any record. So, when we use the words, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and some one asks, "What law?" we reply, "Any law,

every law, all law." We seem to have caught the meaning of the writer when he says, "the law of Christ." This would be a statement of the principle of the Code.

In proof of the second interpretation, we have at least one specific command of Christ, to love. To take one out of a number of passages, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another" (John xiii. 34). This would be analogous to the statement that we make when we speak of Newton's law of gravitation. So the Apostle might have spoken of Christ's law. This would be an item in the Code.

These two interpretations look upon law as separate from Christ, as something He said, and not so much what He was. They do not commend themselves to my mind as the true meaning of these words. The third explanation, that which looks upon these words as indicating the ruling principle of Christ's life, as giving the key to the interpretation of that life so far as it expressed itself in his humanity, seems to be the primary meaning of these words. They become the statement of what Christ was; they indicate the purpose of his life as expressed by his acts.

A slight consideration of the meaning of the difficult notion "law" will establish the truth of this interpretation. Law comprehends uniformity. Take, for instance, the law of gravitation. We find in the motion of the particles of matter an invariable order, a fixed uniformity, a repetition. Every particle of matter in every place, in all time, attracts every other particle with a certain force that is expressed in the formulation of the law; and, when we have made that discovery, and drawn that inference, we give expres-

sion to it in the most exact words we can, and the formulation is a law. It was just as much a law, except that it lacked expression, before we discovered it. There are numbers of laws we have never formulated which are just as truly laws as any that men have ever framed in words.

You see, then, there are two elements in law—an invariable order of facts, and the expression of the order. What is the law of gravitation? That every particle attracts every other particle. What is the constant order of the facts? That every particle of matter attracts every other particle. Except that the law has been stated, there is no difference between the law and the constant order of the facts. Yet, strange to say, the magazines and books of the time are full of hints that there is no need for God in the universe, that law does everything. Mill, *Logic,* page 250, says: "Once begun [*i.e.,* the rotation of the earth], its continuance is *accounted for* by the first law of motion (that of the permanence of rectilinear motion once impressed) combined with the gravitation of the parts of the earth toward each other." The law does not "account for" the fact, except logically, but the fact "accounts for" the law. The law does not determine the facts, but *vice versa.* Evidently, the men who make such statements have failed to think clearly what law is. If they mean that the formulated expression does anything, then they are speaking a language that is utterly incomprehensible to many of us. If they mean that the fact does something, we meet them thus: The conception of fact is ordinarily that of something done, not of something that does. A law is not a force. A law of nature is "the human translation of divine procedure." Law does nothing, can

do nothing. It is either a statement of an invariable order of facts or a command for an invariable order of acts. Fact can be distinguished from act, and from this point of view fact is not something done; for example, axioms are facts. Laws are not self-executive. It seems, then, that uniformity, order, repetition, is the root notion of law, the fundamental and generic notion.

Then we come right to the text, the law of Christ. This is the expression in words of the uniformity, the order, the repetition, in His life. If we look into His life we do not see a disordered life, though he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. If we look into His actions, all of which were characteristic of the heart that lay behind them, expressive of the spirit that formed His life, we find order, harmony, repetition, uniformity, in every condition in which He was placed; and we call that, because it is the true meaning of the word, the law of Christ.

Now, I am convinced this is the primary meaning of the expression in the text; yet I accept the other interpretations as secondary.

Let this be granted. Where, then, is the motive in these words? Christ not only redeemed man by His death, but also taught men how to live; and He offers to man the power without which no one can live as he ought. It must have occurred to some of you that there has been a problem all through the ages touching what is the meaning of life, what is its aim—not only whence did we come, but why are we here? One makes pleasure the chief end of life. Another finds this world only a sphere for exploration. He goes from land to land, and gives all his life to the seeing of places. Here is another who, day after day, pores over the works of those who have gone before, while

forgetful of the lives of those who are about him. And here is another who, standing up in the midst of his surroundings, and hearing the wail of human sorrow, and seeing the rain of human tears, looks upon life as an opportunity to lift up the hearts that are trodden down and dry the eyes that have never known aught but weeping. Each of these persons indicates by his actions his answer to the question why we are here. Every one of us in our acts in some way answers that question. And I have often wondered how many of us would be able at the last to stand in the presence of God, before the light of His glory, and confess the motive of our life.

Why are we living? What are we doing with these fast-fleeting moments? What use are we making of opportunity? I heard a scholar not long since say that life is like a man standing on a shore, looking toward the sea. A sail comes in sight filled with propitious breezes. For a moment it is in sight, halts, and then sails on. If we fail to take passage, it passes away forever, and we see it no more. It passes away. We have never put our feet on her deck, sometimes not even seen her, and she is gone forever. Opportunity —opposite the port once for each of us. That question has stirred the minds of men in all ages—Why are we here? We have the answer in the life of Jesus Christ. He taught men how to live. He answered the question, not simply in theory, but in that concrete act of life; and more, on the basis of His atonement He offers man the power without which no man can live as he ought.

There is in man a desire to do his duty—a God-given desire it is. We know it exists: it is a fact of consciousness. The most depraved of men may still

be found sometimes to answer the call of duty. Yes, it is found in every man—this desire to do duty. The only plunge that breaks that link to the divine is the plunge that land a man in hell. So long as a man stands on this earth, this side of the gates of death, that desire is found—sometimes weak, sometimes like smoldering flax, but always there. And it is the link upon which Christ lays hold by His human nature, as He stands at the head of humanity, and in His relation to man, urging him to do his duty.

Now, then, we are brought face to face with another phase of truth about law. In the material world a law is an expression of an invariable order of facts. In the moral world the law and the facts are often as widely separated as the poles. One of the simplest expressions of the moral law is, "Thou shalt not trespass." But how about the fact? When we express a law in the material world, that expression of it, if it be true, accords exactly with the facts. When we express the law in the moral world, that expression, though it be true, many times fails to accord with facts. And this is the reason all the efforts to give a definition of law in every sphere and application have failed, and, it would seem, must fail in all time until men are brought into such a relation to God that there is the same harmony in the moral world that we find in the physical world. Law in the physical world is expressed in the indicative mood; in the moral world, in the imperative mood. In the one we see no alternative, simply strict necessity; in the other there is an alternative, true freedom.

But what do we mean by trespass? Trespass is an interference of one person with the right of another; and the word may be defined as "the infringement and

diminution of the exercise of the right of one person by another." The law commands, "Thou shalt not trespass." Its voice is heard above the din and discord of human wrong and sin. But in the moral realm the fact is apparent to everyone that, instead of order, uniformity, repetition, there is disorder, difference, chaos. Indeed, the paradoxical statement that there is in the moral world an order of disorder is almost a correct representation of the facts. What a contrast, then, between the physical and the moral world! The enormous masses of our solar system pursue their orderly way, "placing before our very eyes an actualization of what we ought to attain in the moral world by our own conduct," forever singing, as they shine, "Obey the voice of God." We look out into the night and watch those worlds that have followed through all the ages the track appointed to them; and they summon us to obey the voice of God. We see printed on this material universe, printed so that he who would read can read, this marvelous fact: that there is in the material universe a constant order of facts, a repetition, a uniformity, admonishing us to be obedient to law in the realm of morals. Here is a universe repeating in an orderly way that which it was appointed to do. But when our eyes look out on humanity, instead of an orderly system and lives that keep their appointed orbits, we find meteorites that flame through the heavens. So we find this wide gap between the material and the moral world. But, although confusion is worse confounded in the moral world, above it all stands the Lord Jesus Christ, exemplifying the fulfillment in life of the whole law. What a life! It is a marvel to me, whatever men may believe about his relation to the Godhead, how any word could ever

be spoken against such a life as that! Born in humble surroundings, cradled in a manger, dying on a cross! Sorrowfully He followed His appointed path, and yet, without departure from it, touching humanity on the way, and kindling a light that shines even to us, of this distant day, after nearly nineteen centuries. Point out a flaw in His life, indicate a sin that He committed. If you can, strike out the divine side of His life and take it only on its human side, and it is the ideal life for man. How many a man, with eloquent words, has taken the life of Plato, or poor Socrates, who pursued his way through Athens hammering at hypocrisies, and has exalted these men! I lift my hat in reverence before the marvelous Greek. But how the Greek pales out of sight before the lowly Nazarene, who touched life only to bless it, who left it only to shed light on the path to glory, who offers to-day his outstretched hands that we may make these lives of ours what they ought to be, by making them as nearly as we can a pattern of his own human life!

And so we find that we are called upon not to imitate Christ. The old monk, Thomas à Kempis, born about 1380, living in his cell in Germany for so many years, wrote *The Imitation of Christ.* And he wrote it for the blessing of the world too; and we can turn its pages and learn many a lesson we need to know in the twentieth century. Yet I believe he missed it when he called his book *Imitation.* Imitation seems to imply something of artificiality, something of simulation, something of fraud. Are we only to imitate that life? We do not find such language in the Scriptures. But in this very Epistle to the Galatians we find the words, "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."

So in the Epistle to the Romans we read, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ"—not simply imitate that life, but take into your own lives His personality, that He may be the motive power by which your life is to be guided. This, then, is the motive; for the example of Christ has the force of law and command for us.

Now the admonition. *Bear ye one another's burdens.* Undoubtedly, the context applies these words chiefly to loving and intelligent sympathy with a fallen brother, "making his loss our own loss and sorrow, and using our powers to raise him when pressed down under a consciousness of his own sin." But this is simply a specific application of a general principle, just as we find the widest, most fundamental principles of law used to settle special, and it may be comparatively unimportant, cases. It is a well-known principle of law that whatsoever a man does by another he does by himself; and that principle may be used to settle the smallest case, or it may be used in a great case on which great issues depend and on which a decision of the Supreme Court is invoked. A principle is not exhausted in its application to any special purpose. Therefore, I give these words a wide meaning. We are admonished to sympathize with one another, that is, to take the word in its literal meaning, to suffer with one another in the various trials and troubles of life, to be ready to afford, according to our ability, counsel, assistance, comfort. The word "burden" must not be circumscribed, for it refers to all forms of kindnesses as well as sufferings and sin. Do you say this is to make ourselves servants of others? I admit it. It is to make ourselves servants. "By love serve one another" (Gal. v. 13).

Let us look at this a moment. "To serve is to pro-

mote the welfare of another. He who does this is a servant; one who serves—not as manifesting a servile, cringing disposition, but in the sense that a servant is a minister (from *minus,* less). A teacher is really a servant—a servant of his pupils, of his employers, of the public, of posterity. Politicians proclaim themselves servants of the people, speaking more truly sometimes than they think. Consider the dignity of ministers of state. Think of the rank of the Prime Minister of England, yet his title proclaims him to be but a servant. The cognizance of the Prince of Wales, descended to him from the Black Prince, is *Ich Dien,* meaning "I serve"; and there is no heraldic cognizance more widely known or more frequently quoted. Ministers of religion are but servants of God through the Church. We see, then, that to be a true and faithful servant is a title of the highest degree. The king upon his throne is no more than the servant of his people, and the King of kings proclaims himself to be but a lowly servant.

"Indeed, true Christians are slaves (δουκοὶ), and are constantly designated as such in the new Testament. True, our translation renders the word 'servant,' and the Revised Version in the margin gives 'bondservants'; but the correct translation is 'slaves.' Christians are represented as bought with a price, as no longer their own, as bound to an eternal, loving service. This they joyfully acknowledge and are not eye-servants nor unwilling slaves, but willing and free servants. In this they reproduce the life and character of their Master, a life of complete loving sacrifice—a sacrifice determined by a boundless love, in which he was as his Father; for God is love, and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God in him.

Herein is the law and the gospel. The law ordained 'thou shalt love,' and love ordained that law. Man could not keep it, and love ordained the gospel. The gospel is 'God so loved.' Thus 'thou shalt love' is the whole of the law, and 'God so loved' is the whole of the gospel. This is so clear that it is at once law and gospel for children and for savages; but it is so deep in its limpid clearness that no philosopher can fathom it." The highest title that has ever decked the brow of man is that he is the servant of his fellow-men, and service means sacrifice of self.

Now, what is the extent of the word "another"? Without taking time to elaborate, let me say that it includes every man, woman, and child alive. As said the Apostle in the Epistle to the Romans, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." We do not hesitate to admit our debt to the Greeks. There is no one alive who has ever trodden among the ruins of Grecian temples, who has stood on the spot once pressed by the foot of Demosthenes or of that almost equally great speaker Pericles, or who has looked over the water of the Ægean and seen the quiet wave now rolling where victory crowned the Grecian fleet at Salamis, who does not recognize that we are debtors to the Greeks. We gather the fragments of their statues and hold them as precious, placing them in our chief museums. And many a foot has wended its way to Rome or to London to see in the Vatican and in the British Museum the remains of Grecian sculpture. Yes, we recognize our debt to the Greeks. We read what they wrote, we study their civilization and their thought. We are learning from them to-day. Who denies the debt of humanity to the Greeks? But the Apostle says, "I

am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians." What do we owe the barbarians? If we be debtors to the Greeks because of what we have received *from* them, we are more the debtors of the barbarians because of what we have received *for* them. The blessings we enjoy are also the debts we owe those who lack our blessings. They came like a swarm of locusts from the North of Europe and ate up every green thing. They settled on the sunny plains of the South. They turned back civilization for centuries. They trod everything under foot that had characterized the upward pathway of humanity. What do we owe these barbarians? Within them is the image that shall come out clearly some day, the likeness of God. The hand that lifts them lifts up a man that is being swept to destruction. He who lays a helping hand upon some lowly barbarian may be teaching the ancestor of a Martin Luther, who shall bless the world by calling it back to a more religious life.

Whence came this increase of culture that we call in its beginning the Renaissance? It came from the descendants of those barbarians, those ancestors of you and me, who trod their bloody way from the forests of Germany and carved for themselves a kingdom out of the quivering flesh of the ancient Britons; who sent colonies both to the James River and to Plymouth, and who won a continent for themselves; who have sent the old English language following the receding sun around this world of ours. These were the barbarians of whom Paul wrote, and we are their offspring. What do we not owe the barbarians? Before we can pay them, we shall be bankrupt but for the grace of God. You hear that word by which some men are disturbed—communism. The true commun-

ism that looks upon every soul in this light, as a field where duty can exercise itself and work out its work, is the teaching, not only of this gospel, but is embraced in the greater problems of human life. There is no limit to this field. There can be none. It knows no limit of race, of condition, of creed. Every man is swept into it. The African in our own land and in his native land is included. We of the South, from long association with the negroes, know them best; and we know they need all the help all of us can give them. God had His end in leading Israel into Egypt. No one was grateful then; but what a nation they became! Oh, what a nation! Cradled there and sent to school in the Sinaitic wilderness, and raised to the height of Solomon's grandeur, and to the grandeur of a greater than Solomon! So the African came into this land of ours through human selfishness. You who are from the North, your ancestors helped to bring them here; and my ancestors in the South helped to buy them of yours. I do not pretend to condemn your ancestors for bringing them here. If you want to condemn mine for buying them from yours, you may; but what I wish to show is that we are face to face with this great problem of their presence. What can we do with them? How can we help them up? How can we bring them to a higher plane of possible development? We are their debtors, and God holds us responsible. You of the North, do not turn your Gatling guns on the South, multitudes of whose people honestly want to do God's will in this matter. We cannot stand fire both from the rear and from the front; and, if we are to do the vast work that is given us to do, we want not your criticism and fault-finding but your help. Remember that when you are wont

to criticize. I say it here, and I say it gladly, these Africans are our creditors; and we must pay the debt. But, when you go home, let it be known that a man cradled in the valley of Virginia before the rumble of war said on this platform that we of the South are debtors to the African in America as well as to the African in his native jungle. The treatment of them is a matter of conscience, but my interpretation of conscience does not include any judgment of the acts of another.

But the word "another" is unlimited. It includes the people of the Middle Kingdom in China, a land teeming with uncounted millions, whose burdens we must help to bear. It includes the poor, the weak, the imbecile, the lunatic, the prisoner, the drunkard, the lost woman, and the equally lost man; for may God condemn all sentiment that gives a wider range of right for immorality to the man than it gives to the woman whom we want to protect. My condemnation, so far as my judgment goes, rests on every man who intimates that men have of right a wider sphere for evil conduct than women have. And may he who asserts the existence of this right receive the condemnation of his own state and of every state in this land of ours! The lowest man and the equally lowest woman are our creditors. Oh, that we may be able to pay that debt! All these are included in this word "another." Whoever has a burden is the one who, under Christ's law, is to be helped by us to the limit of our ability. Terence, the old heathen Roman poet, almost touched this point when he said, "I am a man; and I think that nothing that touches humanity is foreign to me." There is an interesting incident in connection with that statement in the works of Ter-

ence. It occurs in the first scene of the first act of the play called *Heauton-Timoroumenos*. When the actor announced these words in a Roman theater, it was such an enlargement of the horizon of those people that the enthusiasm broke up the play. And yet only twenty-five lines had been uttered before those Romans. For once they stood upon the mountain summit of a Kinchinjunga, and caught the vision of what it was to be burdened for others. "I am a man; and I think that nothing that concerns humanity is foreign to me." But, if a heathen Roman poet had such an outlook, can the follower of the Christ have a narrower limit? Indeed, the living do not mark the limit of our obligation; for this life is "a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." We recognize our debt to those who are dead. We build their monuments, as in our Capitol Square General Andrew Jackson is memorialized, just as he is in front of the White House in Washington. The tall shaft that stands foursquare on the banks of the Potomac is an expression of our indebtedness to the Father of Our Country. The names we give to our children are an expression of the debt we owe to those who are gone, but we sometimes forget those who are yet to be born. I walked once through the Charter House School in London. Probably many of us are forgetful of the fact that a plain man who made his own money endowed it—Sir Thomas Sutton; and in this gift he did much for those silent partners who are yet unborn. Into these halls walked little Isaac Barrow, who discovered and taught Isaac Newton. Into these halls came Addison and Steele. Here also came John Wesley, a poor boy, the son of a poor

man. There he sat on those hard oak benches at Charter House School. But, after he came out of the gates of Oxford, what music was his preaching! How it streamed like a river of life! Into these halls went William Blackstone; and how much are those who work in the law indebted to him for the clear expression of those hard principles of common law! Into these halls went Grote, the historian of the Greeks, who brought back with him from the study of the past the mighty men to stand before us, claiming our admiration. Into these halls came Havelock, who marched to the relief of Lucknow through the flames of war in the heat of an Indian summer, who took the women and children under his protection, and laid down his life close by the scene of his victories, to receive after his death plaudits that ought to have nerved his arm long before he reached the end. Into the halls of Charter House went Thackeray, who has helped many of us. Sir Thomas Sutton knew none of these, but he founded a place where such as these could be prepared to make the best that could be wrought out of life. You see, then, that those yet to be born belong to the "another" mentioned in this verse by the apostle.

There was born among the mountains of Virginia many years ago a poor boy who made a fortune. Before he died, Samuel Miller laid down a million of dollars for the founding of a school where boys and girls could have every opportunity. He recognized the need of suffering humanity.

"We are all on a journey. If one is like to give way, the other must refresh him; if one is likely to fall, the other must help him up."

The subject has just been touched. The effort has

been to treat it on rather a large scale; but it is a principle which, if God brings it to bear upon our hearts, will make different men, and better men, of us than we have ever been.

A sailor once told me that, if a whale be taken that already has a harpoon in it, the captor must give salvage to the vessel to which the harpoon belongs. I asked, "Ben, what do you make out of it?" He laid his old rough hand on my shoulder, and replied, "Try to do good in the world. God stamps your name and mine on every word we speak and on everything we do; and, when He gathers up the jewels, don't you think He will give us salvage?" Many of us have toiled through the long day and have no evidence that our work has been a blessing; but, if when the harvest is reaped, when the grain is gathered, when the joy of the harvest home has come, we find that one heart has been touched and helped by our lives, by our word, be sure God will not turn that life down without giving it something of commendation for that act, because done in His name and by His help. Oh, that some of us may receive this text into our hearts, and go out with the determination to bear the burdens of those who need, and so fulfill the law of Christ! Amen.